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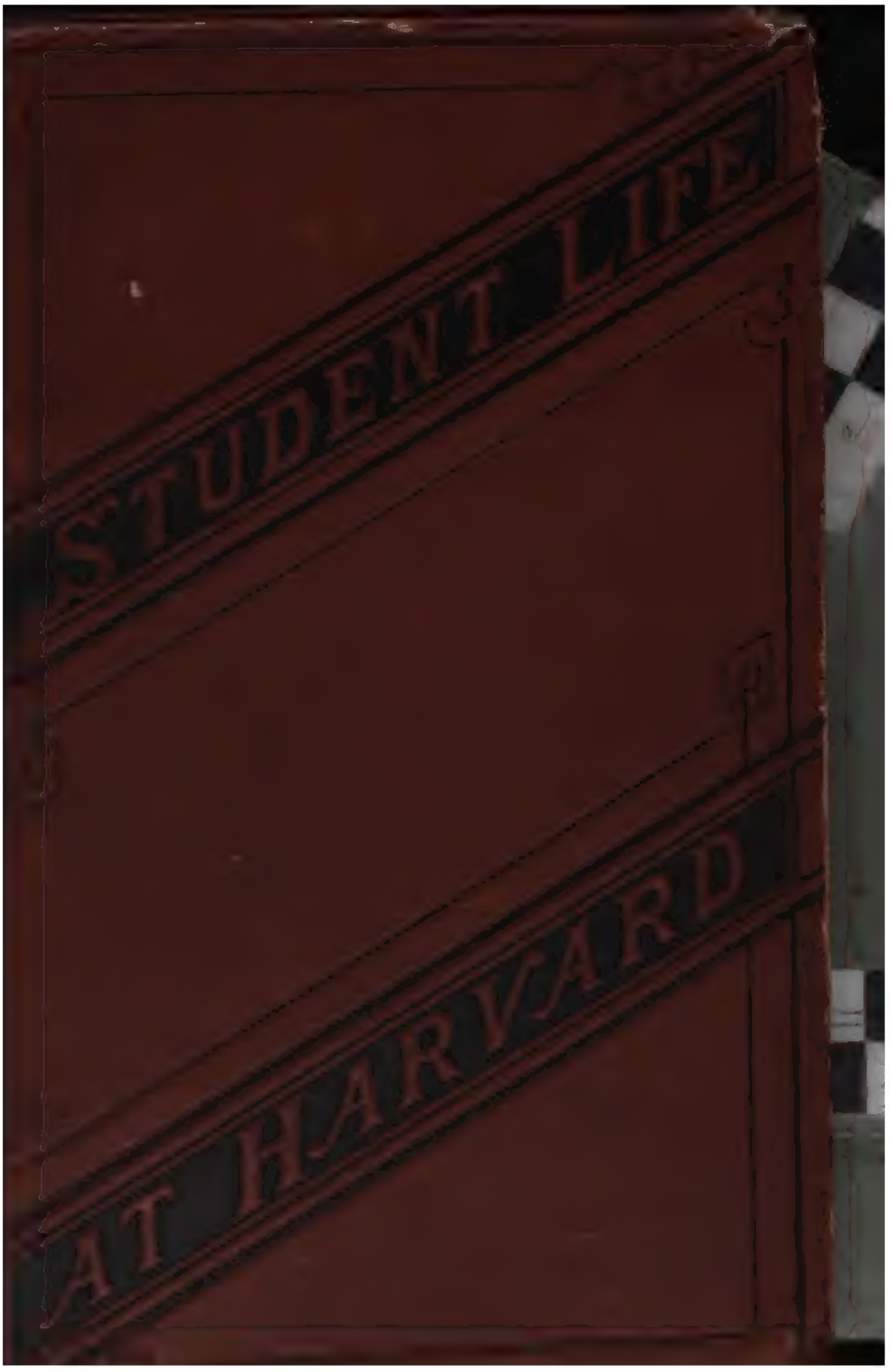
STUDENT LIFE
AT HARVARD

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Tripp, George Henry

STUDENT-LIFE

AT

HARVARD.

Quorum pars *minima* fui.

BOSTON:
LOCKWOOD, BROOKS, & COMPANY.
381 WASHINGTON STREET,
1876.

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PREFACE.

THE object of the book now in the reader's hands is to give a faithful picture of student life at Harvard University, as it appeared to undergraduates there rather more than half a score of years ago; the story following for this purpose the fortunes of the hero, from his examination for admission to the Freshman class, through the succeeding four years. Having had this object in view, the author trusts that no apology will be necessary for the expressions of opinion which the characters make, nor for the freedom of speech which they are allowed in these pages.

Though the task of portraying all the varieties of student life at Harvard is one which might well demand the offices of a more able pen, the author feels that writing, as he has done, with an intimate knowledge of the events recorded and the characters portrayed, he will be found to have given a full, if not a brilliant, exposition of the subject. Memoranda made immediately after the occurrence of the

events described form the basis of the book, while a large portion of the chapters on boating were borrowed from the diary of a well-known Harvard oarsman.

BOSTON, Oct. 10, 1876.

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STUDENT-LIFE AT HARVARD.

I.

ENTERING.

"Is that University Hall?"

"Yes; and I presume we are both going there on the same errand. Do you try for Sophomore?" The reply was made by a fine-looking young man, with dark side-whiskers, fashionable clothes, and the bearing of one who had seen much of the world.

"Oh, no! for Freshman."

The last speaker was a fresh, frank, noble-looking young fellow, full six feet tall, with an honest face, bright eyes, and thick, curling, chestnut hair. He might have been twenty years old, and looked as though he had lived a free and happy life in the country. A certain simplicity of manner, and lack of fashion in his apparel, made his whole appearance a marked contrast with that of his companion.

"I am Freshman too," continued he of the side-whiskers, with a smile which was strangely winning; "and," he continued in a half-patronizing tone, as the twain walked on, "we go in at University Sixteen at

eight o'clock, as you may perhaps know, to register names and present credentials. At nine, we go into Harvard Hall, — the brick building with the belfry, — and do our papers. But excuse me," he continued, with his characteristic smile: "my name is Huntingdon, — Walter Huntingdon from New York."

"And mine is Samuel Wentworth."

"From Boston?" said Mr. Huntingdon, glancing half-curiously at his companion.

"Oh, no! from Little Harbor, down in New Hampshire."

"Yes, I know the place; at least know where it is. Are they going to rub us much to-day?" he added carelessly, after a pause.

"I can't help dreading it, though I have had careful instruction, and ought to pass with clean papers," was the earnest reply.

"It will be 'rub and go' with me; a most merciful dispensation if I pass at all," half soliloquized Huntingdon. "I would give something if the confounded bore was well over. Suppose we sit together when we go in to do the papers. I will wait for you at Harvard Hall, and we may be able to help each other over the rough places."

"Very well," and the two young men joined the large group collected on the hard shady driveway in front of University Hall, toward which they had been walking across the college yard.

Already there were more than a hundred assembled, and others were fast arriving. They were mostly young fellows sixteen or seventeen years old, with occasionally a face that might be five or even eight

years older than the average. These candidates for admission, or "sub-freshmen," were very readily distinguished, even by an unpractised eye, from the undergraduates. They looked too nervous and unhappy to be any thing but what they were. Some boys had their fathers with them, stimulating them to keep their courage up, and do their best. Here and there might be seen a college tutor, or perhaps an assistant professor, talking with the parent of some youth who had been reading with him for the examination. At a distance a knot of Sophomores had posted themselves on the green turf, and in right merry mood were criticising the new-comers, and making up their minds what sort of stuff the next Freshman class was to be made of. Freshmen themselves till within a week or even less, they need to behold a real, live new Freshman, to be fully assured that they can be called by that opprobrious epithet no longer. A word might be said about the beauty of the breezy elms, the cool, shady walks, the grass-plats so tempting with their fresh verdure, and the unique buildings: all these things shall be seen many and many a time by and by, when there will be leisure to admire all. Just now the anxiety and excitement of examination is too absorbing.

As the clock in the square struck eight, the bell rung on Harvard Hall. The group on the drive before University, now doubled in size, broke up in a hurry. The young fellows crowded up the stone steps, through the northern doorway of the hall, and through into Number Sixteen. Not a very imposing room or a very pleasant one, Samuel Wentworth thought as he scrambled to a seat, and looked around. The building

had evidently been constructed for use and durability, rather than for beauty or comfort. Wentworth saw in front of him, at the east end of the room, a platform surmounted by a heavy wooden table; behind the table, and covering the end wall of the room, was a large cloth curtain, rudely colored in representation of some plain or scene of ancient Greece. The walls were painted a dingy yellow; the floor was sanded and well worn; and from the front of the platform common yellow settees were arranged one above another, like the seats in a theatre. This was the young student's first glimpse of college life. Quite different the reality thus far from his romantic anticipation! But the work of registering names claims our attention.

Evidently there were others besides Mr. Huntingdon, who were impressed with the advantage of securing a choice of seats in Harvard Hall on this particular occasion; for long before nine the steps leading up to the door were packed with the same throng that had stood in front of University an hour before. As the hand on the church-dial crept round to the hour, the janitor came in his well-worn suit of gray, his large bunch of keys in hand, and a smile on his pleasant face, which seemed to say, "Oh, you need not be in so much of a hurry: you won't be so eager to go in here some of these days." Many a year has he unlocked the door for just such an impetuous company; has seen them come back at the beginning of each term, their faces grown more and more familiar, till, at Commencement, the college sent them forth with her blessing, and newcomers filled their places.

"This way, Wentworth, — there in the north-west

corner: those are the safest seats," said Sam's new friend in an excited half-whisper, as, the doors being opened, they were carried forward by the irresistible impulse from behind. With a rush and a scramble, they secured the coveted position, — the two end seats at a blue deal table facing the wall, and quite in the corner of the hall.

Harvard Hall! What a magnificent, impressive structure those words had called up to Sam's fancy a short space before! Harvard, the oldest, stateliest, and richest of American colleges, must needs centre all its glories in Harvard Hall. The exterior had not promised much; but even that promise was not fulfilled. Here was the same sanded floor under his feet. The blue deal tables and benches looked cheap enough; and the whitewashed walls and bare iron posts which supported the story above were utterly devoid of ornament. Many portraits there were: in fact, the walls were quite lined with them; but little time was afforded for their inspection, as a paper with printed questions and a blank-book were soon placed before each candidate; and while lynx-eyed tutors and proctors patrolled the aisles, to see that there was no communication between the candidates, every man went diligently to work, and wrote out the answers as best he might, one hour being allowed for each paper.

Huntingdon seemed often to find "rough places;" and to the discomfort of Sam, who had worked very faithfully for this examination, and came to it well prepared, asked a great many questions in the course of the morning, writing them on bits of paper, and pushing or tossing them to Sam, who sometimes whispered

the answer, sometimes held up his book for inspection, and sometimes tossed back a bit of paper in return. Thus, in translating English into Greek, the young gentleman from New York copied the exercise entirely, Sam waiting patiently for him; and, as this was the last exercise of the morning, the two young men passed out of the hall, leaving quite a number of their fellow-candidates still hard at work.

At the foot of the steps were a half-dozen or more grouped around a young man, evidently the oracle of the occasion, who was answering questions, and making explanations, with unerring accuracy. He was tall, pale, light-haired, with a grave manner, a bold forehead, and a clear gray eye. Sam, whose mind was still perplexed with several doubtful accents and forms, approached, and soon found himself engaged in a warm discussion with his new fellow-students. Huntingdon, standing apart, waited with manifest impatience and disgust for a few minutes: then stepping up, and passing his arm through Sam's, he quietly drew him away.

"Come: 'let the dead past bury its dead.' It can make no difference now whether your accents were right or wrong, though I would wager any amount you have ninety per cent correct. Let's improve these three hours by going into Parker's, and refreshing the inner man." As Sam seemed to hesitate, he added, "If you stay here, some truculent Soph. will capture you, and have a dinner at your expense."

But in spite of the fascinating manner in which the invitation was extended, and the uninviting aspect of the hot and dusty square, Sam held back. "I guess I won't go, thank you;" and as Huntingdon, waving his

hand, ran off after a passing horse-car, he said half to himself, half to the retreating figure, "I dare say I can get something to eat here somewhere."

"Ahem! Eat? To be sure. Hotel accommodations unsurpassed, only a few steps farther on. Just my dinner-hour too; and if I know myself, and I believe I do intimately, I never refuse an invitation to feed." The speaker, a trim, dapper-looking little fellow, with a brown face and close cropped hair, to Sam's infinite surprise, took his arm, and sauntered on with indescribable nonchalance.

If Sam's first and natural impulse was to knock the impudent fellow down, his abundant good-nature soon got the better of it, though he half stopped in sheer astonishment.

"Oh, come on, young man!" said this new acquaintance coolly; "don't be bashful: there's nothing that pays less than that here. You've come to college, I suppose."

"Yes."

"Well, mighty good thing that is: makes a man a man quicker than any thing. Fresh., I suppose?"

"Yes."

"H'm! I thought so," casting a quick glance at him. "Ah! I don't envy you much. Freshmen!" in a contemptuous tone. "Freshmen are poor devils at best; they always excite my deepest commiseration; they ain't much better than dogs. Sophomores!" with a knowing squint at a weed, and a snap at it with his slender cane. "Sophy isn't much better off. You see, they have to grind so over those blessed mathematics. But when a man gets to be a *Junior*," and the little fel-

low straightened himself up, "there is some sense in that, you may just bet! I say, Smith,"—

"Wentworth," interrupted Sam.

"Oh, yes! of course, Wentworth,—beg pardon,—I say, Wentworth, you ought to be anxious to fidd-up handsomely for the honor of dining with a Junior. Let me tell you one thing, Wentworth" (confidentially): "never treat a Soph.,—it is money thrown away, worse than thrown away, *wasted;* but when you get a chance to do the handsome thing by a *Junior*, ah, do it, Wentworth,—do it without fail!"

By this time the twain were seated as comfortably as may be at Kent's, the best refectory that the Cambridge of those days afforded, and, from the tempting variety which the bill of fare presented, concluded to take some beefsteak and fried potatoes, with a bottle of ale for the Junior.

"From these parts?" asked the latter inquiringly.

"Not exactly. I live at Little Harbor."

"Where in the world can that be? I never heard of such a place."

"In New Hampshire; not more than fifty miles from here."

"Well. They don't teach us much geography here." After a pause, "How have you been getting on with your papers? Hard, are they, this year?"

"Not very, I should say," and Sam offered them for his inspection.

"No, thank you," said the Junior with a grin. "You know more about them than I do. I couldn't do them now if my soul's salvation depended upon it. It does beat all how quickly anybody can forget Latin and Greek. Going to room in the buildings, or outside?"

"That I don't know. I thought it time to engage a room after I was admitted."

"Ho, no! Some fellows apply six months or a year beforehand; and if you can manage to be tutor's or proctor's Freshman, you have a first-rate room, a better show for next year, and are sure of Holworthy."

"What is a proctor?" inquired Sam, looking up innocently from his beefsteak.

"A proctor? Why, a proctor's an animal who has a room in a bad entry, to keep the Sophs. there from murdering the Freshmen," said the Junior slowly, keeping his eye all the time fixed on Sam. "His Freshman has a room right under his nose, and is under his especial care and protection, and so gets off with less hazing sometimes," the Junior added with a wink and a knowing wag of his head.

"What do you mean by being sure of Holworthy?" asked Sam, not altogether disconcerted at the information thus vouchsafed.

"Oh! Holworthy is the Seniors' heaven. There is nobody there but Seniors, — that is, none of the lower classes; and the rooms are tip-top, a large study-room with deep window-seats looking out on the yard, and a bedroom besides for each chum. A fellow will generally do any thing, or room anywhere at first, for the sake of getting into Holworthy senior year. Get a chum and a room in the buildings somewhere: you'll have no sort of show for Holworthy if you don't; besides, if you live outside, you miss half the fun of college life."

"But how am I to get a room in the buildings? I don't know any one to chum with."

"Oh! Fanny'll be on hand when you go to get your admission papers, and give out the rooms; and you won't have any trouble in picking up a chum. I never saw mine in my life, till five minutes before we agreed to go in together; and there isn't a better fellow in the world."

"Whom do you mean by 'Fanny'?"

"Oh!" said the junior with a laugh, "you'll find out who Fanny is in due time;" adding, as they arose from the repast, "Come around to my room, and make yourself comfortable till three o'clock. My name is Haskill. You can rest off, and see what a college room is like;" and they made off to the cool room in Stoughton, Sam thinking that the money paid for his new friend's entertainment was not so badly invested, after all.

The first exercise of the afternoon was the paper on ancient history and geography; simple enough as a whole, but there was one question the answer to which Sam was utterly unable to recollect. Recall the facts to mind, or any incident in any way connected with them, he could not. He had done enough of the paper to pass, but felt ambitious to answer all the questions correctly. He had noticed a good deal of communication, besides what had passed between himself and Huntingdon, and it had been done with impunity; the instructors who were on duty to prevent it apparently not caring to make an example of any one: so after a good deal of very nervous hesitation, and feeling very mean and uncomfortable all the while, he leaned over in Huntingdon's direction as far as he could, and, with a furtive glance around to see that no one was looking, whispered, "What about the second battle of Mantineia? where was it, and who fought there?"

"Sit up, or they'll spot us," said Huntingdon as if talking to the table; "four eighteen — Agis and" —

"No, no! the second battle?" Sam asked, this time in a louder whisper.

"Oh! the second," Huntingdon replied, consulting his paper, and watching a favorable opportunity. "Epaminondas," and the single word brought back the entire story fresh to Sam's mind. Unlucky Sam! He had gained the object of his desire, but at what a cost! His movements had been fully observed by one of those sharp-sighted tutors, who had at last concluded that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. Indeed, this violation of the rules had been too open to be passed unnoticed. Sam had just finished writing the answer, when he felt himself touched on the shoulder.

"Were you communicating just now, sir?"

All the blood in Sam's healthy system rushed to his face and neck, as he answered, "I was, sir."

"What name, if you please?" the tutor asked in a sharp, precise voice, and with a manner which was afterwards very familiar to the young man.

"Wentworth."

Sam saw the tutor's pencil write, "Wentworth, history," and, as the officer moved away, felt as though, so far as entering college was concerned, it was all over with him. Some few of the young fellows looked at him compassionately; but, for the most part, those who had witnessed the scene exchanged knowing looks of mingled congratulation and exultation. Presently Huntingdon touched his arm, and asked if he were not going out to take a breath of fresh air before mathematics.

"You take it altogether too hard," quoth the latter, as they passed out of the hall. "I am sorry they spotted you; it is too bad: but at worst it will only be one condition. Of course they won't pass you on this paper; but you know it well enough, and can make it up without difficulty. Pluck up courage, and do something splendid on the mathematics and the 'orals,' and I will wage any thing you will pass clear. The chances are, the tutor won't report you: he won't if he is a decent fellow."

But all Huntingdon's well-meaning words of consolation and encouragement had very little effect on Sam. There was that within him which the former gentleman knew not of. Of course he would tell the story when he reached home, and explain his conditions; if, indeed, he should be so fortunate as to be only conditioned, and not refused admission on any terms. His mother should know the reason just as it was; and he felt even now the rebuke of her silent sorrow, — sorrow not because he had failed to pass an examination, for that might happen to any one, but because he had shown such a deplorable lack of manliness and common honesty. He thought too of his proud, high-spirited sister, and wondered how he was going to look her in the face, — she who had been his second self; and setting these friends aside, and considering what he had done by itself, he felt that he had been little better than a thief.

The bell rang at four, and he went into the hall to do the geometry paper with a heavy heart; and, when the day closed, he felt that the afternoon's work had been a total failure. That night he spent alone; and he promised himself, that, should he be admitted to college, he

would be honest in all recitations and examinations, and take a just credit for what he knew, and for nothing more. This determination he kept. At the oral examination the next day, being Tuesday, as he was well prepared, and had recovered in a measure from his despondency, he did do something splendid, and had hopes that, after all, some lucky chance might carry him through.

Five o'clock of this Tuesday afternoon saw a hundred and fifty or sixty anxious young fellows assembled in a large room in University, known as the Old Chapel, waiting to learn their fate, while to and fro hurried the overtasked college officials, not yet ready to report in full. This room was decidedly more comfortable than any of the college apartments the young man had seen as yet. The settees were comfortably cushioned; and the hall was at least passable in point of architectural beauty. While all were bearing the delay attendant on making out the papers, with the best grace possible, a gentleman, tall, thin, with grayish hair and beard, spectacles on nose, and speaking with a curious nasal drawl, ejaculating every third or fourth word with a funny little snort and a twist of the head, announced from a desk that, if any two wished to take a room together, there were still several rooms to be had.

Sam concluded, and correctly, that this must be the "Fanny" whom the Junior had referred to yesterday, and that, if he wished to secure a room in the college buildings, he must needs do so now. He was making his way to the desk, when Huntingdon accosted him.

"Have you a room and a chum?"

"No, neither," said Sam expectantly.

"No more have I," rejoined Huntingdon, with his most fascinating smile. "Suppose we take a room together."

"Nothing could please me better," replied Sam, with a flush of pleasure, for he thought his new friend the finest fellow he had ever seen. They went up to the desk together.

"Fanny" could give them a room in Stoughton or a room in College House: every thing else had been assigned.

"What kind of a room is the one in Stoughton?" asked Huntingdon.

"Very good room indeed," replied the curator with his characteristic snort and an odd look at the questioner over his spectacles, at the same time perching his head on one side, putting his hands into his pockets, and thrusting his pencil into his mouth with a decided upward tendency, as a fast young man sometimes holds a cigar.

"What sort of apartments in College House?"

"I'd put my own son there," he replied, removing the pencil for a moment.

"Front, or rear?"

"Oh, rear!"

"Well, he needn't bite one," half whispered Huntingdon to Sam.

"I guess we will take the room in College House, though it is out of the yard."

"What names?"

The record was made, and that really very important matter was settled. The papers were then ready; the doors connecting the Old Chapel with the President's

room, and that with the regent's, were thrown open; and the tutor whom Sam had such good reason to remember called, one by one, though not in alphabetical order, the names of the candidates, in his sharp, precise manner. They were to receive their papers, pass down the stairs, and go away quietly. Go away quietly! and that after a man had passed a successful examination on four or five years' work! Many a glad huzza in the entry below, and even on the stairs, attested the joy which the happy fellow felt, at being well over with it all.

At last came the name "Wentworth;" and with beating heart Sam passed into the President's room, received with a bow a kindly smile, a "Mr. Wentworth," and a glance from eyes that evidently intended to know him when they saw him again, some folded papers; thence on through the regent's room and down the stairs, hardly daring to learn his fate.

"All right! isn't it?" said Huntingdon, who was waiting for him. "I am."

"I haven't looked yet."

"Well, let us examine. No, you are not either. History,—oh, well, that won't trouble you much," he exclaimed, clapping him on the shoulder.

"No. It isn't half as bad as I expected. I am sure I congratulate you on your success," said Sam with an attempt at a smile. "Come and see me in the morning at the Revere," and he started off for Boston disconsolately enough. Unlucky Sam!

But the scene around the southern doorway of University Hall was lively indeed. It was in vain that the crowd was told to disperse, or that the janitor, himself

as well pleased as any one, exhorted them to leave the premises. The steps and plat of ground in front were thronged with glad faces. Every one seemed to have been successful, and glad friends were warm in their congratulations. "Hurrah!" shouted one small fellow, half tumbling down the steps, hat and umbrella in one hand, and his papers in the other. "Good for me! only four conditions! I'd have sold out my chance pretty cheap an hour ago;" and he was welcomed with outstretched hands into a noisy group with cries of "Good for you, Charley!" Indeed, it cannot but be a glad company; for when is one happier than after he has passed his freshman examination with clean papers, and looks forward to the weeks which are to follow, weeks of unalloyed enjoyment, with perfect freedom from all care? At last he has reached the goal toward which he has been so long striving; at last he is one of those mysterious beings, a college student.

II.

THE WENTWORTHS.

In the pleasant sitting-room of the quaint, old-fashioned Wentworth mansion-house, a girl is practising at a piano. She has found a difficult passage in the music, and is mastering it with quiet but unflinching perseverance. The rhythm of the harmonious movement pours itself out on the still summer air, falters, breaks, and stops; begins again, falters, breaks, and stops. At a half-shaded window a lady sits sewing. Something in the unfinished phrase of music, or it may be her own anxious thoughts, unconsciously stops the play of her delicate fingers; and the work drops forgotten from her hands, as she looks out upon the sea, stretching away off till it meets the sky, soft and gleaming and dreamy before her in the midsummer time. It is a slight, almost girlish figure, and a face of womanly beauty, purity, and strength, which the passing years have touched but lightly, albeit it is a little sad in its expression.

The sea! What a picture comes up before her as she looks out upon it from her shaded window, bringing back, fresh and warm and tender, the one romance of her life! She sees a boat coming across a mad wilderness of waters, to the rescue of a fated ship's company; the glad joy of deliverance from deadly peril thrills her

"Yes, we saw it. We went out to Cambridge Wednesday morning, and Huntingdon hunted up an old fellow with a big bunch of keys, just to see what we were coming to, he said; but we didn't find much. The room is about fifteen or sixteen feet square, only one flight from the sidewalk in the square, in a building that they call College House. It is just over a grocery-store, a rear-room; and the two windows look out into a dirty back-yard full of boxes and bundles. There is a grate, a closet for clothes, one for wood and coal, and a bedroom about the size of your piano; it may be a little wider, but certainly no longer. How we are going to squeeze two beds into it, I can't see. Huntingdon said the rooms in College House were designed for a single occupant, but that every thing is so crowded now, that they have been obliged to double up."

Then as the brother and sister sat in the broad doorway of the old house, looking out on the now peaceful ocean tinted with the gorgeous hues of a midsummer sunset, the one listened eagerly while the other told all his hairbreadth escapes in the "orals," — how he was very near being called up on a passage in Greek, of which he couldn't have read a word, but, as luck would have it, did make a regular "squirt" on another passage (to which last expression Kate objected, till Sam said it was college vernacular; after which she accepted it readily); confessed that his expectations of something very grand in the college buildings had been disappointed; told all about his adventure with Mr. Haskill, and what a strange though good-hearted young man he was; and at last came back to his chum, whom

he declared to be the finest and most gentlemanly fellow in the world.

"Didn't you get acquainted with any more of your classmates?"

"No. Yes, I did, — with a Mr. Villiers. We had a discussion about a Greek accent. He was right, and I was wrong," said Sam, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"I don't see any thing so absurdly funny about that."

"I was laughing to think what a comical-looking youth he is;" and Sam described his appearance as he had stood before the steps of Harvard Hall, grave and dignified, answering first one question and then another. He did full justice to him too, so far as was possible after so slight an acquaintance; and the picture was not unpleasing to Kate.

"I believe I should like him better than the other," she said after a time.

"What! better than Huntingdon, better than my chum?"

"Yes," Kate replied, musingly.

"Ah, wait till you see!" said Sam, confidently.

Little Harbor had in colonial days been a port of considerable importance, though for generations before this time hardly a vessel had entered its waters. An insignificant river, broadening as it entered the sea into a basin triangular in shape and of considerable magnitude, afforded a safe retreat when the waters of the outer harbor of the neighboring city were rough and tempestuous. A high rocky point well covered with cedars

and firs, jutting far out into the Atlantic, protected it from the rough east wind; and an island alternating with strips of white sandy beach and wood-covered rocks, it might be a mile in length, formed the northern shore, separating it from the outer harbor. The third side, irregular in outline and varied with bold bluff and fertile plain, formed a part of the many acres of the Wentworth estate. On the point, distant three or four miles from the mansion-house, across the ever smooth waters of the basin, and on one of the finest locations on the New England coast, some Boston capitalists had built a mammoth hotel for summer guests; and the numerous attractions of the spot were beginning to attract the attention of the public.

One afternoon, Kate, glancing out of the window, saw her brother coming up the path from the landing, accompanied by two young men whom she had never seen before. She recognized them at once from the description she had heard, and was not in the least surprised when Sam ushered them into the room, and introduced one as Mr. Huntingdon, and the other as Mr. Villiers. The first glance satisfied her that Sam had been within bounds in his praise of his chum, and that he was a finer gentleman than any she had ever seen. There was something irresistibly fascinating in his winning smile, his smooth manner, and his conversation which adapted itself perfectly to the company and the subject; but, beneath the admiration which she could not but feel, there still lurked a distrust which she had entertained from the very first, and which her inmost self told her must not be too hastily renounced. She liked the clear, honest gray eyes, and the grave

manner of Mr. Villiers, though he was absurdly dignified.

"What a picturesque situation for a dwelling, Miss Wentworth! It must be a hundred feet sheer down to the water," and Huntingdon glanced with evident admiration at an irregular part of the house built on a rock hanging high over a cove below, as they strolled about the grounds. "I hardly ever saw any thing more romantic in Rhineland, to say nothing of matter-of-fact New England."

"I imagine my grandfathers had an eye to safety from Indian attacks, rather than to a romantic situation when they built there," returned Kate pleasantly. "That is the very oldest part of our very old house, built nearly two hundred years ago. It has stood unused for more than a century."

"It isn't haunted, I hope?" said Huntingdon with a smile.

"Indeed, it has always had that reputation," replied Kate, half seriously. "Please don't go too near the edge. It *is* a hundred feet down to the water, and a hundred feet more to the bottom, at the very least." As Huntingdon rejoined her, she added, "This deep place under the bluff has always been known as Constance's Pool."

"On account of some family tradition?"

"Yes: a very beautiful girl, a great-great aunt of mine, threw herself down from her overhanging window, on the very eve of her marriage."

"What could possibly have been the cause of such a proceeding?"

"No one ever knew."

"She was bewitched," interposed Sam, who with his mother and Villiers joined Kate and Huntingdon, when they all seated themselves under the shade of a massive oak. "We have had all sorts of folks in our family, and a thorough-going old witch, who was finally drawn on a plank, and shot with a silver bullet, among them; at least, so Caleb says."

"Caleb is our man-of-all-work, who was born on the place, as his father was before him; and he is very fond of telling stories of bygone days," explained Mrs. Wentworth.

"You must prize these oaks very highly," said Villiers to Kate. "I never saw any thing more suggestive of strength and endurance."

"You would think mother prized them, if you had seen her when a man came and wanted to buy them," said Sam. "He was a constructor at the navy-yard, and wanted them for ship-timber. There are thirty of them, and he offered a hundred dollars apiece. I never saw mother really angry before; and, as for Kate, she was furious: weren't you, sis?"

At this, Kate looked just a little furious at her brother's garrulity; and then, with a softening expression, "We love every one of them," she said.

The scene which was spread out before the party was one to send a thrill of pleasure through the heart of the most sluggish. The deepening shadows of the now sombre oaks had already inwrapped the irregular pile of the mansion-house, which seemed in the half-uncertain light to be suspended over the dark waters below. Beyond, in the quiet half-shade, the waters of the basin were undisturbed by a ripple. A hundred

windows of the hotel on the point, three miles away, flashed back the golden light of the setting sun till the pile seemed all ablaze, while sky and ocean vied each with the other in gorgeous coloring, till they melted together in the purple distance.

Mr. Walter Huntingdon had seen too much scenery in his experienced life to waste his admiration on a sunset, when almost at his side was breathing loveliness, a loveliness very much more to his taste. He vowed that never, in the Old World or the New, had he seen a more charming girl than his chum's sister; and he was sure, too, that she possessed beauty of character. The afternoon had been a continuous astonishment to him; and he felt inclined to bless the good fortune which, incomprehensibly it seemed to him, had led him to cast his fortunes for the coming four years with the unsophisticated country boy.

Words are powerless to describe Kate Wentworth's beauty. She had an abundance of wavy black hair, deep blue eyes, alive with ever-varying expression; a complexion fair as a lily, and fresh as a June rose; and a figure which, though girlish as yet, betokened the hearty elasticity and vigor of perfect health. As the two strangers took their leave of the ladies (Sam having declared that in another hour the low tide would make the return by water that night an impossibility), Huntingdon sincerely regretted that his engagement with a party of friends on a yachting voyage, and the arrangement for an early start in the morning, made it impossible for him to accept Mrs. Wentworth's invitation to tarry there for a time.

"But Mr. Villiers is not going away in such haste, I trust," said Kate.

No: Mr. Villiers had intended to remain at the hotel some weeks, and he was not likely to shorten the time because of the afternoon's experience.

Mr. Huntingdon sailed away next morning, and left Villiers at the hotel, where it was fated he should not remain long; for Sam, full of enthusiasm at the thought of having a classmate for a companion, called for him early in the morning, took him to sail, and then home to dinner. As they tarried, a furious thunder-storm burst, the wind hauled to the east, a cold rain set in; and Villiers was detained a willing prisoner at Mrs. Wentworth's house.

The young stranger passed an evening full of quiet enjoyment, the like of which he had never known; and ever looked back upon it as one of the happiest events of his life. It was impossible for any one not to feel at home in the house of Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter. The harmony of the home-circle was so perfect that a more fastidious guest than Villiers must needs have been charmed, while to him the beauty of this quiet domestic life was like a revelation. Never before had he met two ladies who seemed to embody his ideal as did this mother and daughter: the one so lovely, with all the graces of womanhood; with a quiet care and thoughtfulness for others which made her peculiarly attractive by contrast with the selfishness he had so generally encountered: the other so bright and beautiful that it seemed to his perhaps romantic fancy as though she must be a creature designed for a better existence than this, whom no man might even dare to more than worship from afar. He could hardly understand how the words of careless, familiar praise of her

beauty, which his classmate had uttered so flippantly the evening before, could have been spoken. He listened to the music, and took his part in the conversation as occasion required; but, in spite of himself, it was with the air of one abstracted.

Much of the time during the next three weeks the young men spent together; and their friendship ripened fast. Sam, with his impetuous enthusiasm, soon concluded that, next to his chum, he could not like any one better. With all his admiration for Huntingdon, he did not yet feel quite at ease with him. Sometimes he was conscious of being patronized a little, and he had even thought that Huntingdon made sport of him on certain occasions. He was entirely willing to acknowledge the latter's superiority in every way; but he entertained no such exalted opinions of Villiers. They went boating together; and nothing could have been more awkward than that gentleman's first performances with the oar or tiller, though Sam was obliged to confess that he was a very apt pupil.

"I never saw anybody greener in a boat than he was ten days ago," he said to Kate; "and now he sails about extremely well, and has all the names of every thing pat, too."

"I have noticed that he learns very quickly," was the quiet reply.

"I don't think it is that so much as that he sticks to a thing so. We were becalmed outside yesterday, and had our choice of staying there, or pulling in. He took an oar, and I took one. You know he looks like any thing but a strong fellow, and the old boat has over a ton of ballast in her; but he wouldn't give up

till we were alongside the landing. Why, he fitted for college in two years, and is a year younger than I am."

"Has he ever told you any thing about his family or friends?" said Kate after a little time.

"Not much. He says he has neither father nor mother, but has lived with an uncle near the city, — he didn't say where, — and always did about as he pleased; but I will ask him particularly, if you say so," said Sam, with a laugh.

"If you dare!" exclaimed Kate, with a stamp of the foot by way of emphasis. "I was only thinking about it on your account; as, indeed, mamma and I do almost every thing on your account in these days." With a half-consciousness that this was true, Sam ventured no reply.

George Villiers had, as he said, been allowed to do very much as he pleased; but it had been, and was still, his pleasure to pursue a very different course from that which most young fellows would have followed. Thorough integrity seemed to be the keynote of his character; and one might as well try to move a mountain as to endeavor to persuade him to do any thing which he did not believe to be strictly right. As diligence was, with him, only another name for common honesty, whatever he did undertake he strove with all his might to accomplish; and at this time he was a curious compound of wisdom and ignorance, profoundness and simplicity. He had never seen the inside of a theatre, or a billiard-saloon, or a bar-room. Sam said he believed he was the only man in the class who never took advantage of translations, or "ponies" as

they call them, at some time or other. With his peculiar appearance and grave manner and his other equally peculiar traits, he could not have many friends or admirers among a class of thoughtless young fellows; and he was voted a most unmitigated "dig" by those of his classmates who noticed him at all, at least during Freshman year.

The two ladies, however, judged him more kindly and more justly. His regard for Mrs. Wentworth was reciprocated by her from the first. With her delicate perceptions she saw the strength of character and nobility of purpose that possessed him; and she rejoiced that it was possible for her son, on whom, as Kate had truly said, all her thoughts were centred in those days, to have so rare a friend. Kate was a laughter-loving girl; and she could not restrain herself at times, when with her mother or brother, at the recollection of some of Villiers's curious ways; but a little acquaintance with the object of her mirth served to imbue her with a thorough respect for him; and this increased, while she noticed his peculiarities less, as their acquaintance progressed. There was scarcely any point about which she knew a little, — and she was an extremely well read and cultivated young lady, — that he did not know a good deal, more thoroughly; and they had many a pleasant talk together during this summer-time.

"It is a pity, isn't it, mamma, that Sam couldn't chum with Mr. Villiers? They would get on nicely together, I'm sure; and he has a room all alone."

"I do wish it had happened so."

"It can't be helped now, I know; but," she continued, with a flush of enthusiasm, "I know what I

am going to do, though I wouldn't dare if it were any one else." One day, towards the last of his stay, she said to him suddenly, "Mr. Villiers, I shall expect you to take famous care of Sam next year. He is as good a boy at heart as any, but very impulsive and thoughtless. Mamma is very anxious about him, and fears he may get into trouble; and I am sure she would feel that there was much less danger if you would look after him a little, and let us know if any thing goes wrong."

Though Kate's face became crimson, Villiers was too much confused himself to notice it; for never was a young man more taken aback. "Your brother, Miss Wentworth, — he is really older than I am, and — and — cannot well be more inexperienced. I hope I may always be his friend; and," looking straight into her eyes, "I assure you, you shall hear from me if need be, though I trust and am sure such an occasion will never come."

"I am sure I thank you very much, and so does mamma," said the young lady now cool enough, extending her hand, which Villiers thus touched for the first time.

III.

HOW SAM SIGNED THE REGULATIONS.

At the beginning of each college year, indications of an active eruption were wont to manifest themselves for several days about the yard and buildings, it being the custom for every one to move into what was considered a better room; and for the time confusion reigned. Handcarts stood before the doors of the dormitories; and, piled on the walks or steps, would be seen heaps of books, furniture, bedding, pictures, the household goods and gods of the students, in lamentable disorder, while the owners rushed wildly about superintending the process of transportation. The moving used to be conducted by divers members of the Fenian brotherhood, whose charges were something enormous. These destroyers of student property, as they had an opportunity to exercise their skill but once a year, seemed possessed of a determination to break and injure to the utmost.

It was on a beautiful September morning that our young student made his way across the already busy square, and through heaps of luggage mounted the steps of College House, to room No. 18, the door of which was securely fastened. Some one told him that "John Read" could give him the key; and he started off

in quest of that functionary, remembering him well too from his previous interview. He encountered the good-natured old Irishman, bent nearly double by rheumatism, or by the constant exercise of humility; for he was the lowest in rank, though by no means the least useful, of all the college officials, in front of Hollis. The reflection that he came lowest in the college hierarchy, and that there were so many towering one above another, and all resting on his shoulders, might well bow him down. In true college style of irresponsibility, straightening himself up to get a fair look at the new-comer, he referred Sam to the steward, and was almost instantly whisked away by an impatient Sophomore, to unlock a door, or hunt up a missing carpet.

At length the young student entered his dormitory, his home for the coming year. The room had been cleaned and garnished after the usual fashion. A coat of very thin bluish-white paint served to render the many dark stains on the woodwork especially prominent. A similarly effective coating of whitewash showed that at some time the gas had been left burning too high, and had blackened the ceiling. A lock of enormous size had been put on above the place where the old one used to be; and a piece of new wood which had been fitted into the door, and sundry large cracks in the panels, bore witness to the terrible strains it had at some time endured. That door looked ominous: it had precisely the appearance of having been violently burst open when securely fastened. As Sam threw open the windows, a strong odor greeted him from some salt-fish spread out to dry in the yard of the grocery-store below. There were also sundry empty sugar-boxes and

molasses-casks swarming with flies, and a pile of rubbish of all kinds, — not a very pleasant prospect below; and the range of vision was limited, by the rear of neighboring buildings, to a hundred yards at the farthest. To a lad delicate perchance, and delicately and luxuriously reared, unused to absence from home, and dreading the contact with strangers, the reception which the college used to extend with its barren, uncomfortable, and even unhealthful Freshman quarters, and utter lack of protection from Sophomore terrorism, was often any thing but re-assuring.

Two men were carrying a heavy bookcase through the entry; and the owner was shouting to them to be careful. The voice sounded familiar, and Sam went to the door to look. Yes, it was the Junior who dined with him on examination-day, as brown as a mulatto, from a tramp through the mountains with half a dozen jolly fellows. Suddenly he caught sight of Sam, who stood modestly waiting to be noticed. "Why! how are you, Smith, — no, *Wentworth?*" he exclaimed, grasping his hand. "Room here?" looking in. "I'm opposite just down there, and you must be neighborly. Got a chum?"

"Ah, yes, a splendid fellow by the name of Huntingdon."

"H'm," with a doubtful inflection. "That swell fellow from New — Look out there!" and he darted down the entry to save his property if possible, returning, however, almost immediately.

"Oh! Wentworth, if you haven't bought a carpet, I have one that I can let you have at your own price. It's good enough for anybody, — the one I had last

year, you know, — only, when a fellow gets to be a Junior, he must swell a little if he's ever going to in this life: so I've bought a new one, particularly as the old gent came down handsomely this year. Now, if you want to see it, and like it, you may have it for eight dollars. Kernel would give me twice that; but I be —— if I wouldn't give any thing away before I'd sell it to Kernel. Want to see it?"

"Certainly," said Sam; and the two disappeared down the stairs.

The carpet, albeit a little worn, would do very well, Sam thought; and, as economy was one of the very numerous virtues he had within the last few days resolved to practise, he bought it at once, and with Haskill's assistance carried it from the basement of Hollis, where it had been stored, to his room. Then investing in a paper of tacks, a hatchet, a pair of scissors, and needles and thread, he worked for two hours like a beaver, fitting and putting it down. This task being satisfactorily accomplished, he had borrowed a chair of Haskill, and was resting from his labors, wiping the perspiration from his face, and sitting tipped back in the chair, with his feet on the rounds, when three or four Sophomores came trooping down the entry, and looked in through the wide-open door.

"Wonder what there is in here," said one.

"Freshy, I guess, by the looks," said a second.

"Hallo! are you a Freshman?" called out the first speaker; and in they came, four of them, nice pleasant young fellows too, Sam thought, though, from what he knew of college etiquette, he took it for granted that they were going to haze him.

"I say, did I understand you to say you were a Freshman?"

"Freshman?" said Sam, in a voice which was intended to express surprise, though without distinguished success. "I don't know what you mean: I'm the new professor of Hindostanee;" and he fell to wiping his face, which grew warmer every minute. By this time the visitors had come close to him; and one gave the chair a downward push, which brought it on to its four legs with a jerk that nearly sent its occupant to the floor. Sam promptly resumed his former position, though much more ill at ease.

"So you are the new professor, are you?" asked the same interrogator with a grin.

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

Sam was silent.

"You mean 'Yes, sir,' don't you? It's polite, you know, for a Freshman to say 'Yes, sir' to a Sophomore: didn't you know it?"

"No, I didn't."

"You mean 'No, *sir*:' say so," in a firm voice.

Sam hesitated: after all, it was nothing, and he said, "No, sir."

"Now say, 'Yes, sir.'"

"Yes, sir."

"There, that's right, and just as well as being obstinate. You never will have any trouble at college if you are not obstinate;" and again he gave the chair a downward push, which brought it into its normal position. "Why in thunder don't you sit still? you were near coming down on my foot that time," and the laugh went round at Sam's expense.

"Look here, Freshy," said a dark, straight, plucky-looking fellow with a piercing black eye, "haven't you any more manners than to sit, and allow your company to remain standing, especially when they are your superiors?"

"You see I have only one chair, and what is that among so many? It would only be a bone of contention."

"Good! Freshy's found his tongue at last, haven't you, Freshy? And now let's have him read some Greek. Producing a small morocco bound volume from his pocket, the Sophomore opened it, and held it before Sam's face with the injunction to go ahead, while a second gave his head a bob forward, as he vainly tried to fix his eyes upon the page.

"That's right, only a little louder: we are rather hard of hearing," said the holder of the book, as Sam found it impossible to fix his eyes on a single word. "Come, louder, I say!"

Our young friend was waxing wroth: his good-nature was almost his most prominent characteristic, and never gave way before any reasonable amount of nonsense; but to have hands laid on him was too much.

"You forget," he said; "I don't profess Greek: Hindostanee is my language, and I can't read Greek at all."

"By ——! you shall read it whether you understand it or not," said the holder of the book savagely: "what's that first word?"

Sam sprang to his feet, and swung his chair aloft with both hands.

"Come," said the one who had thus far been quiet,

"he'll get mad yet, and bite somebody: leave him alone till some other time. Let's wait till he gets rid of some of his furniture," glancing round at the empty room, "so that when we come again we can at least have standing-room."

"Good-by," said he of the black eyes, shaking Sam's hand. "You're a good fellow, and plucky; and I'm glad to have met you. My name is Wilkinson."

"Don't forget to call on the President this afternoon, and pay him your compliments;" and away went the jolly Sophomores down the stairs in great glee.

Such was Sam's first experience with the truculent Sophomores, of whose outrages he had heard so much. He could not help feeling that he had at least met the enemy without being badly worsted. Hardly had the last one left the room, before Haskill appeared in the doorway divested of coat, waistcoat, and shoes, — his regular lounging-costume in warm weather, — pipe in mouth, hands in pockets, and his short light hair standing out in all directions.

"So they've been roughing you a little," he said with a very satisfied laugh, Sam thought. "How do you like being hazed?"

"Oh, pretty well; only it seems a cool proceeding to come into a man's room uninvited, and then insult him, and not particularly fair when you are three or four to one. I was near pitching into them at last."

"Glad you didn't: best keep your temper, and not show ugly; it only cooks up a bad class feeling, and there's always enough of that any way. Generally they only want to see what the new-comers are made of, though when they get started they do carry the

joke pretty far sometimes, particularly if one shows the white feather. But I was surprised that those fellows molested you: they think an awful lot of themselves; and it isn't often that a man who considers himself a gentleman will take any part in hazing, unless the class honor is involved, or something like that, you know. If they come to see you again, it will be as friends; and you'll be in luck to know them. I thought I'd better keep shady, and let you figure it out yourself, though I don't mean to have you hazed, if I know myself. Didn't one of them shake hands with you?"

"Yes: Wilkinson he said his name was."

"He's to be captain of the 'Harvard' this year, and is the best oar in college, and is the second or third man in his class, a mighty strong class too; and that Parker is just about the nobbiest boy I ever saw. Come along: its grub-time, and my turn to treat."

Returning from Kent's, they found Huntingdon just arrived. He greeted Sam warmly, smiled approval at the carpet, and then briskly suggested that they had better go and see Kernel. "We must sleep here to-night; it's three o'clock now, and the sooner we stock up the better, eh, chum?"

"Well, if you do go to Kernel's, just look out you don't pay him more for his old traps than you can get new ones for," said the Junior, who had replenished and lighted his meerschaum,—a beautifully colored bowl,—for his afternoon smoke. "He has a way of asking more for old things, that have been used for twenty years, than you need pay for new. I never got swindled by the old Jew myself; but I've seen other fellows sold so bad, that I've sworn a solemn oath never to have any

thing to do with him. I'd sooner give any thing away to somebody who could get some good out of it, than sell it to such an old Jew as he is, no matter how much he would give; and, as for buying any thing there, why, if I believed in patronizing dishonesty, perhaps I would; but then I don't, you know." And the Junior by way of emphasis took a long pull at his pipe, and sent two or three fine rings of smoke gracefully sailing across the room, to the great admiration of Sam, who had never seen that clever trick done before.

During this harangue Huntingdon had given one short contemptuous look at the speaker, and thereafter ignored his existence, as he knew so well how to do. Sam observing his inattention, and recollecting that the two had never met before, promptly introduced his chum.

"Ah, glad to see you," exclaimed Haskill, drawing one hand from one pocket, and for a moment removing his pipe from between his teeth, and the other hand from the other pocket, and extending it towards Huntingdon, who without a word just touched it for an instant as if he were afraid it was dirty; then, drawing his arm through Sam's, "Come, chum: we haven't any time to lose. — Happy to have you call again, sir," with a bow to the Junior; and the two young men, our hero not quite understanding it all, took their departure for Kernel's.

"By ——," said Haskill between his teeth, as he made his way back to his room, "that is a little the cheekiest and most impudent fellow I ever saw yet; and that's saying a good deal, for there are some mighty swelly and conceited chaps in this old mill, especially among

the Seniors. What won't that man be before he graduates, if he is only permitted to keep on? Ah, but won't he get taken down?" and the little fellow rubbed his hands gleefully at the thought. "Wouldn't I be one of a crowd to put him under the pump, if I *am* a Junior! I'm sorry for that Wentworth: he's a good fellow, but dead sure to be an ass in such company."

Kernel's was as much an appendage of the college as the steward's office, the college book-store, or even the regent's. The proprietor of the establishment gained an honest livelihood by buying furniture, carpets, pictures, and the like, of the students at the end of the year, or, indeed, at any time when one of them was "hard up," at the least possible price, and selling them, as opportunity offered, at the greatest possible price. As those who sold were for the most part in immediate need of money, and eager to realize on their property, for which Kernel paid cash, while those who bought were careless and a little "flush." he was often able to sell at many hundred per cent advance on cost, and realize a very pretty profit. Were it not that his sphere of activity was necessarily limited, he might have aspired to rival the most princely merchant in his gains; but, as it was, the business supported only a spavined horse and a boy. The man himself was a curiosity; short, red-faced, sober and honest-looking withal, with eyes suffused with tears as occasion required, and a voice to move the heart with its husky tearfulness. He never permitted his saddened countenance to relax into a cheerful smile, nor his mournful voice to assume a natural tone, even at the conclusion of a most profitable bargain.

How well students remember him! Nothing that they had to sell was ever of any value. A carpet, — it was either too large or too small, or too much worn; at all events, it would not be salable. A piece of furniture, — it was rickety or old-fashioned; of no use to anybody, particularly to him. It was wonderful how the market value of the same article changed, when once transferred to his shop. It was curious, too, how well he knew whom to trust. No student with a slender or precarious income ever found credit with him.

Our friends had the advantage of calling on him before the rush had come; and they found his shop in its most inviting aspect, with all its old rubbish revamped and varnished, patched and furbished, and the stubby little man himself standing ready at the door to greet them.

"Good-day, gentlemen," said Kernel, rubbing his hands, and allowing a tear to steal down either cheek. "What can I do for you to-day, gentlemen? carpets, tables, chairs, lounges, bookcases, bureaus, bedsteads, mattresses, pictures," he rapidly continued in a husky voice, and with a long drawn-out rising inflection. "I've got a splendid assortment to-day, gentlemen: guess I can suit you to-day." After some little delay our friends made a list of such articles as they required, with the prices.

"Where shall I send them, gentlemen?" asked the furniture-vender, pencil and note-book in hand, and with the deepest emotion.

"We will look a little farther before purchasing," replied Huntingdon.

"You won't get them any cheaper for the quality of

the goods, you may be sure," sounded after them as they left the shop.

But they did find a cheaper place, and new furniture too, a few doors farther on.

In the evening Sam went to hunt up his friend Villiers in the entry above, where he had a room to himself, and was made acquainted with Fred Lewis, "A classmate and a very near neighbor of yours too," said Villiers.

"Yes: I'm proctor's Freshman; and besides a front room all to myself, I am supposed to be under the especial protection of that dignitary," said Lewis, with a pleasant laugh.

"He looks as though he needed to be protected by somebody, doesn't he?" said Villiers.

"I should think as much," replied Sam, viewing Lewis's broad proportions (he was the most muscular man in the class). "What do you have to do in return for all these good things?"

"I'm blessed if I know, but I suppose I shall in good time;" and the big Freshman lounged awkwardly enough out of the room, with a hearty invitation for them to be neighborly. Then the two friends had a quiet, restful talk about the summer, and the coming term with its new and trying experiences; and Sam certainly slept the happier that night for his call on Villiers.

The next two days were devoted to getting the condition disposed of; hunting up a boarding-house, — though Sam soon after joined a club-table; purchasing the necessary books, and making acquaintances. Friday afternoon somebody dropped a note, directed to Mr.

Samuel Wentworth, into his room. It was done so quickly that Sam did not catch sight of the messenger. The note stated that the President wished to see Mr. Wentworth at his office at four o'clock that afternoon, and was duly signed. What business the President could have with him was more than Sam could comprehend. He thought he must have done the paper on the condition correctly. Was it possible that he might be sent home, after all? It was with a good deal of solicitude that at the appointed hour he knocked at the door of the President's room.

"Come!" sounded sharply from within; and entering, Sam recognized the pleasant face of the gentleman who had handed him his admission-papers on that hot and unhappy July evening.

"Mr. Wentworth," said Sam, bowing modestly, and drawing near, note in hand.

"Ah, how do you do, Mr. Wentworth?" said the President, looking up from his writing, with an inquiring smile.

"You wished to see me," said Sam, after waiting a moment for the reverend President to come to business; but of this fact the reverend President seemed not to be aware.

"I received a note from you," said the young man, extending the summons. The President took it, read it, and again the pleasant smile spread over his face.

"No. I didn't want you for any thing, Mr. Wentworth. It was a Sophomore hoax, I suppose;" and he handed the note back.

"A what?" said Sam, a little dumbfounded.

"A — a Sophomore hoax, that is all; and not a

very good imitation either. See, here is my signature and the college form," showing a printed form with his signature in the corner; "but you couldn't know that, of course. You may rest easy, Mr. Wentworth," he continued good-naturedly: "I shall never mention it, and I am sure you won't." Then, seeing that the young man was a little dazed, "You can sign the regulations, now that you are here, if you like; and then you won't have had your errand for nothing;" and he called, "Mr. Harris!" and turned to his writing.

So Sam signed the regulations, and went back to his room, feeling well pleased that he had kept the secret of the note to himself, as his errand to the President's office might have been a difficult one to explain.

IV.

"BLOODY MONDAY NIGHT."

Saturday and Sunday passed quietly; and on Monday morning the round of college-life fairly began. There were daily prayers in the chapel at a quarter of seven in the morning, followed by an hour for breakfast, and then the three recitations of an hour each; one at eight o'clock, one at noon, and one at four. All the classes, and particularly the Freshman, went to work with a will. Once in motion, the great machine runs more smoothly every day; and the tasks follow each other with a regularity that keeps every one busy. But there is nothing monotonous about a Freshman's first term; for in addition to the novelty of the life itself, so different from what he has had at home, there is certain to be some interesting experience for every one, which together with the hazing, that is expected, even if it never comes, makes the first six months not the least exciting period of the entire four years. Some extracts from the letters which Sam wrote home at this time will give a good idea of how it fared with him.

"The first Monday night of the year," he wrote, "is called 'bloody Monday night,' and is the traditional time for hazing Freshmen; because there is always a Faculty meeting, and the Freshmen are consequently

unprotected; and because they have not had time to become much acquainted: at least, so chum says. It has been the custom for I don't know how long, to have a game of foot-ball on the 'Delta,' about sunset, between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The game has always been rough; once or twice limbs have been broken, and it almost always ended in a fight between the two classes: so that it had gradually grown into disfavor with the Faculty. Last year they determined to stop it, decreed that there should be no more foot-ball, and gave the present Sophomore class instructions not to participate in the game. Of course the decree of the Faculty was felt to be an injustice; and not a little curiosity was manifested as to whether the Sophs. would heed the order, or be plucky enough to carry through the annual contest in spite of it.

"Monday morning, as a Sophomore who has a room down the entry was passing the door, chum called out, 'Is there going to be a foot-ball on the Delta this evening?' It was an impudent question under the circumstances; but chum is no respecter of persons. The Soph. put on a scowl, and growled out, 'There will be a foot-ball there fast enough, if you —— Freshmen dare to kick it.'

"Of course *we* had received no warning from the Faculty, and were not supposed to know any thing about Faculty decrees. All day long chum was around at the different rooms, drumming up recruits, and, to make sure, notes were circulated at recitations; and the result was a great turn-out on the part of our men, — more than eighty, Huntingdon said, under his leadership. There were not more than half as many Sophs.;

but they were desperate-looking fellows, with old hats, and coats turned inside out, or disguised in some way, so that in case any of the Faculty should come around to 'spot' them, as they probably would, they might confound them in their evil intentions.

"We were all assembled on the Delta, a fine triangle of ground surrounded by large elms, — the play-ground of the college, by seven o'clock, we facing east, and the Sophs. west; when one of them came forward, and threw down the ball into the open space between us; then with a yell they rushed forward, and it went flying over our heads, before I had time to think about it. In less than two minutes there was just the grandest scuffle and confusion I ever saw; it was hard to tell friend from foe, and more than one pair rolled over in the dust; but it was not long, or it did not seem long, before the ball was well down to the east end of the Delta: then there was a tremendous tussle for ten minutes; and, as luck would have it, the ball fell close to the fence and near where I was. Fred Lewis and myself both ran to send it home. A Sophomore was making desperate exertions to reach it too, and we three were much nearer than any one else: so I called out to Lewis, who was a little behind me, to look out for the ball, and I would take care of the Sophomore. He saw what I meant to do, and aimed a blow at my face, which I dodged; and we both went down. I couldn't see the ball or any thing else for a time; but I heard our men yell, and the crowd around the Delta clap their hands, and knew that the game was won; and then we two were on our feet, picking up our hats. 'No offence,' I said to the Sophomore:

'I couldn't help it very well.'—'Oh, no! that's all right,' said he. He looked as though it was all wrong though; and I recognized him as the one who had called us —— Freshmen, in answer to chum's question in the morning. The fellows were wild with excitement and delight at having beaten the Sophs., though it was really no great achievement, we were so much more numerous than they; and it was some time before we could get into position for a second game. This was shorter than the first, because after beating them we no longer felt afraid, as I suppose every one did (I know I did) at first. It was dark by this time. Some of the crowd who had lined the fence jumped over, and joined in the fun; and the kicking and jostling and shouting continued long after the ball was sent home. There then was a great cheering by the Sophs. and by our men, and by the crowd outside, which now comprised pretty much the whole college; and after a time we broke up." . .

Though Sam's letters home were very replete with information, he did not tell all the adventures he participated in. He did not think it necessary to relate that, after the football, Will Adams had invited them all over to Kent's for the purpose of "standing treat." To Kent's they had repaired, however, at his invitation, with a mighty thirst for "cobblers" after their dusty work. But unfortunately the Sophomores were there before them in greater force; a fight had ensued for the possession of the premises, and our friends had been totally routed, and driven from the field.

"We are going around to Adams's rooms, chum,"

Huntingdon whispered to Sam,—"just a few of us;" and so, after the attempt at Kent's, Sam went with his chum, Lewis, Longstreet, or "Charley," Lyman, Smith, and Tom Hawes, to the spacious and elegantly furnished apartments which Adams occupied, and where, being in a private house, they were tolerably safe from molestation.

"I always mean to do my part so far as I can," said Adams, turning on the gas; "and perhaps I can furnish some of the 'delights of peace,' even if I'm not much of a fighter.—Wentworth, I'm glad to meet you," he continued, as he shook hands cordially with Sam, the two meeting there for the first time. Adams was the wealthiest man in the class, a slight, delicate fellow, with light hair, a kindly blue eye, and an indolent manner. As a matter of course, he never lacked for friends, though there were few of them that hesitated to crack a joke at his expense. He was always dressed with exquisite taste, and had prudently stood outside the Delta during the foot-ball game, notwithstanding the half-insolent calls of his classmates.

"We have reason to be thankful that our late defeat was not a victory," said Huntingdon, as he witnessed the preparations that Adams was making for their entertainment; and indeed they had. The choicest champagnes and sherries, as well as stronger liquor for such as desired, were furnished in abundance, together with cigars, pipes, and tobacco; and the company soon became hilarious.

"You don't drink yourself, Mary," said Lyman, with a wink at Huntingdon. By "Mary" he meant Adams.

"Let's send out and get some milk," shouted Long-

street. "Milk is his tipple." At this there was a roar.

"Do have a cigar," said Huntingdon, passing the box to him; for their host's inability to smoke was a standing joke among his friends.

Then, some allusion being made to the foot-ball victory, Lewis declared that Wentworth was the man who had done it, which statement was received with uproarious applause, and shouts of, "Wentworth, speech! speech!"

Now, Sam was wholly out of his element. He had never been present at any thing like this before. He had never tasted champagne in his life, though on this occasion he had imbibed freely, and the tobacco-smoke was most disagreeable; but he got on to his feet, and with the aid of the table managed to stay there. Of course he made a fool of himself, though he furnished cause for the most unbounded and noisy merriment on the part of the others, till finally Huntingdon got him into his chair, and soon after to his room. As I have said, there was no mention of all this in his letters home.

"They have a way here," be wrote, "of squirting water, not always the cleanest, at Freshmen, out of big syringes. Perhaps two or three of us are walking unsuspectingly along, when *whist* comes a stream of water, thrown from a window or some other vantage-ground; and, if we look up, we see half a dozen Sophomores laughing at us from behind a shutter. This is one of the many petty annoyances a Freshman has to submit to, though it led to a really funny incident last evening. A Junior, Haskill (of course you remember

him), rooms nearly opposite; and we see a good deal of him. He says the Junior year is a loafing year; and I should think it was for him, for he is in our room smoking a good part of the time, and was there last evening; and, for a wonder, chum was there too. We were sitting opposite one another at the table which is in the centre of the room, working out the morning's Greek, when somebody knocked at the door. 'Come in!' called chum, without getting up. The door was flung wide open; and instead of seeing a visitor, as I glanced up from my book, a stream of water went whizzing over the table, thrown from one of those big syringes, and struck full on the opposite wall, though with such force that not a drop fell short. I sprang, and shut to the door. 'A compliment for one of us,' said chum. 'I believe it was the fellow you grappled at the foot-ball match. If I don't have him under the pump before I die, I sha'n't rest in peace.' As the entry was quiet, there seemed nothing to do just then: so we went on with our work. Haskill sat a few minutes giggling to himself, and then rose to go. 'Don't hurry,' said I. 'Oh, yes. I must be off: time to turn in,' he replied. He opened the door, and was half way out, when a second stream of water struck him full in the face and chest, and drenched him thoroughly. I never saw a more ridiculous-looking fellow than Haskill, or a madder one. The joke was too good. Lewis rallied, and roared with laughter. Winthrop with his pipe from the next room, and even Villiers, came to see what was going on. The two Sophs. were pretty well cut up about it, and were profuse in their apologies; for of course they had not dreamed of hazing a Junior.

"The Sophs. are off on hazing expeditions most of the time now, though, except having our windows broken, we have not been seriously troubled yet. The proctor for our entry has a sweetheart some miles away; and, as he goes to see her every evening, the consequence is that we are left without our natural protector. Every Freshman door in the entry and in the hall above has been broken down more than once. They knock at a door: if admitted, well; if not, they form a wedge, and down it goes. How badly poor Villiers has been hazed, only he and his tormentors know; but it is certain his furniture has been entirely demolished twice; and they say they have made him crawl through a row of chairs, though I don't believe that. One day Wilkinson, a prominent Sophomore who looks in to see me now and then, advised chum to shave off his side-whiskers. Chum wouldn't do that for the world: he thinks too much of them. 'To be sure, it doesn't matter to me,' said Wilkinson; 'but it would be pleasanter to shave them off yourself, than to have a parcel of fellows do it for you. They shaved me last year; and there was nothing agreeable about it. Oh, it's a common thing to shave a Freshman, or cut his hair. Our tutor in mathematics last year — you've got a new one, haven't you? — had a cushion, a small one, stuffed with Freshman whiskers he got in that way when he was in college; and I should much rather be my own barber, if I were in your place.' I asked chum afterwards if he were going to shave. He said, 'No, Wilkinson was only stuffing us;' but he sleeps with a revolver under his pillow. I don't think he will be troubled, for he is the most popular man in the class."

Those were pleasant times for the young student, in spite of the hard digging he had to do; and work hard at his studies he did, as did the class, almost to a man, during those first six or eight weeks: so that at recitation he made a very good appearance indeed. Huntingdon had acquired the reputation of being the best in scholarship, as he was foremost in popularity and fine personal appearance. He was the class leader in all movements that were set afoot, was personally acquainted with every man in the class worth knowing, and was on intimate terms with many of the most prominent Juniors and Seniors, before two months had passed by. Our hero could but feel that to be the friend and chum of such a man was glory indeed. In truth, he was the envy of many, and received not a few attentions and favors for his chum's sake. Huntingdon himself treated him with a good-natured sort of consideration which quite won Sam's gratitude. Whether this was the result of a principle which would always have made him polite towards one with whom he must of needs be intimate, and who could besides repay his attentions by sounding his praises far and near, or of Huntingdon's recollection of that splendid, bright-eyed girl whom he had seen and admired for one short afternoon; or whether he was really a little touched by the affection which he plainly saw the boy entertained for him, and really had some feeling for the simple-hearted youth for the first time away from home and friends, — the result was the same to Sam, who regarded his chum as the very beau-ideal of a gentleman, one to be admired, praised, and imitated so far as possible. That this was Sam's opinion of Huntingdon, was plain for all to see.

There are always some men in the class who become prominent and well known before the first six weeks have passed by. Among our friend's classmates, Charley Longstreet, the most diminutive, had already acquired this prominence by his pluck and daring. One morning early in the term, he appeared at prayers with the first Freshman silk hat. It is an unwritten law, though none the less firmly and rigorously administered by the Sophomores, that Freshmen shall not wear silk hats until the second term. "They would be *blasé*, you know, if we permitted them to exhaust all the pleasures of life at the outset," said a Sophomore to Huntingdon, with a knowing wag of the head. On this particular morning these gentlemen were in too much of a hurry for their breakfast to interfere, or, more likely, they did not fully take in the significance of this daring deed: at any rate, Longstreet walked away from the chapel in triumph, wearing his tile with the fullest glory. He was closely surrounded by a body-guard of protectors, comprising Huntingdon of course, and Sam, and brawny Fred Lewis, Lyman, — who had already the reputation of being the coolest and most impudent Freshman, (the "cheekiest" man in the class, to use the college idiom,) Tom Hawes and Smith his chum, boating men both, and Will Adams. Together they quite obscured the new hat; and probably the Sophomores did not see it at all that morning. Longstreet even ran the gauntlet at morning and noon recitations; but fickle fortune forsook him in the afternoon. Wilkinson, that tall, dark, plucky boating man, backed by two or three of his friends, intercepted Longstreet in the five minutes when half the college was rushing into recitation, and

half rushing out: the body-guard availed not; the beaver flew spinning from the little man's head, was hustled by the crowd which instantly gathered, for a few seconds, and no man saw it more; while for several days afterwards the Sophomores wore bits of black silk at their watch-chains. I believe the first Freshman beaver invariably meets with a similar fate.

Hazing was naturally a topic of especial interest to the new-comers in these days. After the first burst of Sophomoric wrath, there was a lull; but the Freshmen are never quite free from annoyance during this first term. "I had a visit from two of them last night," said Lewis one day, as he settled himself in Sam's easy-chair, for a pleasant half-hour's chat.

"How was that?" asked Haskill through the cloud of smoke that, as usual, enveloped him.

"Well, it was a little peculiar, their visit," said Lewis; and his loud laugh rang out at the recollection. "They came in just as I was going to bed, and *mum* was the word. I hailed them three or four times, but couldn't get a word: so I took the cue myself. If they wanted any thing they made signs for it, and kept their gravity too, which was more than I could do, for some of their pantomime was funny. But it got played out for me after two or three hours: so, seeing that they seemed to have no notion of quitting, I turned in about one o'clock."

"How long did they stay?" asked Sam.

"I'm blessed if I know. They sat there smoking, as mum as ever, the last I saw of them: when I woke up this morning, their places were unhappily vacant."

But Lewis's adventures were not always so tame. It

was only the very next morning that he appeared at prayers with a very dark ring under his left eye, and the orb itself in a considerably damaged condition.

"Why, how's this?" said Tom Hawes, grasping his friend's arm, during the rush from the chapel. "Had a row, eh?"

"I'll bet it took more than one to do it," said Longstreet, pressing up. Almost immediately Lewis was the centre of a little crowd; for among his friends his prowess was thought to be invincible.

"Well," said Lewis leisurely, "three of the dogs came in last evening pretty late. I was writing out the 'English into Greek,' and had pretty nearly finished it. I wasn't very glad to see them, for it was late, and I was tired: so I just kept at work without looking up. One of them sat down on the table; it's a little one, you know, and he pretty much covered it: so I pushed him off."

"And I'll bet he went off, too," said Longstreet, gleefully.

"Yes, he went off," continued Lewis quietly; "and I went on with my work. Then that big light-whiskered fellow" —

"Jackson, a perfect scrub," interposed Huntingdon.

"Well, I didn't know his name. He took hold of the table to pull it away. I jumped up, and held it; and it didn't move very far."

"I guess not!" said Tom Hawes, with a grim laugh.

"Then we both pulled, and the table came my way; and I don't see exactly how it was, but one of them hit me in the eye before I knew what he was up to."

"But you laid 'em all out, I know you did," said Longstreet, fairly jumping up and down.

"Yes, I floored two, and they left in a hurry; and it was lucky too, for my mad was up; but they will be after me some of these cold nights, and I shall have to pay for it."

"If they do, we'll make a class matter of it," said Huntingdon, with a grave authority which he could assume so becomingly. "It is about time this sort of nonsense was stopped. The honor of the class demands it."

To this grave proposition there was a very general assent.

"And I say, fellows," said Longstreet, whose suddenly assumed air of dignity and importance made everybody laugh, "we mustn't wait any longer. The only way is to have a secret society to put down hazing. Just come around to my room after breakfast, will you? Lyman and I have drawn up some articles, and we'll organize regularly; and the very first time that anybody is hazed, we'll just take some thundering Soph. or other, and do the same to him."

The idea met with general favor. The society was duly formed, and joined by all the big-fisted and plucky Freshmen, and by some that answered neither description. Happily its efforts were never called for however.

As soon as the novelty of the situation begins to wear off, and familiarity with the duties and customs of the college removes to a degree the feeling of constraint which pervades the class at the outset, the Freshmen, or certain choice spirits among them, begin

to indulge in a little sport on their own account; though their jokes are, for the most part, simple and innocent enough.

"We get a good many 'cuts,'" wrote Sam in one of his letters, "in this way. There is a man in our division who dislikes study in the extreme, and who cares even less about reciting than he does about studying. We go in to history three times a week at eight in the morning, and recite in a room in the basement of University. The tutor seldom comes till the last minute, and almost always finds the keyhole plugged. We all stand expectant, knowing the situation of affairs. The tutor comes sedately around the corner, pulls out his key, applies it to the keyhole; but it will not go in. 'Some one has stopped up the keyhole,' he says, in a manner which shows how very childish it appears to him, while we all look as sober and sympathetic as possible, 'so we can't recite this morning: take to —— section next time.' So we have an hour to loaf in. The young man tried this little game one morning on the Greek tutor, who isn't quite popular. The keyhole was securely plugged, and we all knew it, and expected a cut of course; but the little man's eyes snapped when he took in the situation of affairs, and he marched us all into an adjoining room which chanced to be vacant, and 'deaded' three-fourths of the entire division; for we were not prepared for such a flank movement."

Sam himself did not escape the unruly spirit which at this time pervaded the class, but took a full part in the petty mischief that was committed.

"What in the world have you there, chum?" asked Huntingdon, as Sam came into the room one afternoon

from four o'clock recitation, with radiant manner, and threw a white, chalk-covered object on the table.

"What does it look like?" said the Freshman triumphantly.

"Like a blackboard eraser, I should think."

"Well, so it is: we have become plunderers of college property, we fourth division men. We wanted to rough old Bullard somehow ["old Bullard" was the new tutor in mathematics]; and so every man in the third division carried off the eraser from his board, without rubbing out his work. Bull is as blind as Bartimeus of old, and didn't perceive the abstraction till our division was sent to the board, where there were no erasers. The old chap was wonderfully surprised, and the fellows were expecting a cut; but he rallied his wits, borrowed an eraser from the next room, cleaned the board himself, and went on with the recitation, and then had each man rub out his work as he finished his explanation. When the hour was up he said, 'Some of the members of the class have made it necessary for me to treat you all with primary-school discipline;' and he filed us out one at a time."

"Pretty good," rejoined Huntingdon from his book; "but I think he rather had the best of you that time."

"Perhaps he did; but that is the eraser he borrowed, and he'll have to get a new supply for to-morrow."

V.

A CHANGE IN THE COUNTRY BOY.

As the first term drew on, a change came over the spirit of the letters which Sam wrote home; and well might this be so, for it was but a faint shadow of the change which was fast transforming the young man himself from the simple rustic country boy, into the conventional college student. It was in this case only a chapter, however, out of the story so familiar to every Harvard graduate. A good hearted, impressionable, impulsive young fellow leaves his home, and the restraining vigilance of friends and parents, with character all unformed, and is at once dazzled by the brilliancy and variety of his surroundings. Paths hitherto closed now lie open to his feet: why should he not tread them? There is no one to question him as to his habits or his associates, to mark his going out or his coming in; and it is in this first flush of liberty that the greatest danger lies, — a danger which is fatal to so many.

It must not be inferred that our hero had as yet manifested any very alarming symptoms. In point of fact, he was still very far behind his chum's set, in almost all the characteristics which made them prominent; but the progress which he had made towards proficiency

in their line of accomplishments was very marked; and the tendency of his thoughts and actions was a cause for alarm. He had fully made up his mind to learn to smoke in good time, much as he knew it would grieve his mother. That home-world, dear as it was, which was all he had known for so many years, looked very small to him now, compared with the larger sphere which surrounded him. The precepts and principles, which he had been wont to regard as infallible there, seemed now, in the light of his new surroundings, to admit of a far different interpretation. "A fellow can't always be tied to his mother's apron-string: a man must have his own mind about these things, and use his own discretion. Women are no judges of what is right and proper for a man; are they, chum?" he had said to Huntingdon more than once; and to those sentiments that gentleman had acquiesced very much as to a mathematical axiom. Before that memorable "bloody Monday night" when he had entertained Adams's choice company at his own expense, a glass of wine had never passed his lips. He had secretly resolved that his experience on that occasion should never be repeated; but he had come to consider cobblers as "very nice indeed," and could not see how a glass or two of punch could do any harm.

"I don't mean that it is good to keep yourself full of whiskey all the time, as Stetson does; of course not that," he used to say to Villiers; for the two young men had many a discussion about these things. "There is such a thing as going beyond all reason in any thing; but, if you go around with the fellows, you must do your share."

"Then don't go with them," was Villiers's earnest reply, "if you cannot avoid their vices."

"They are about the nicest fellows in the class, vices or not."

"There are others just as nice, whose example is not dangerous."

"It is all very well for you to talk, Villiers: you are a monument of self-control, and it's different with you; but I like to go with the fellows, and do my share when my turn comes around."

His turn used to "come around" pretty often, for he was a most generous-hearted fellow; and before the term was half through he had thus trifled away almost the entire year's allowance.

In the matter of dress he was a transformed being. He had come with what was supposed to be a very proper outfit; but his sensitive eye soon taught him that there was a defect somewhere, and, acting under his chum's suggestions, he had patronized a fashionable tailor without delay. The taste was as new as its indulgence was delightful; and with the aid of the skilful salesman, who saw the young man's weak point, he selected one suit after another, till, as he afterwards said, "I never knew what possessed me; but I bought clothing enough that first term to have lasted the entire four years." When he came to include in his expenditures what he had paid for gloves, flashy scarfs, and French boots, the sum-total was alarming, if not in itself, at least when he remembered his resolutions to practise economy.

It is difficult to describe the exact change that had come over his manner. Impressionable as he was, he

had caught something of the polite indifference of his chum, of the cool impudence of Lyman, of the braggadocio of Longstreet; and there was at this time an airy conceit in his manner, as though the college and all its appurtenances had been made for his especial benefit, that was a little ridiculous; for, after all, nobody was imposed upon by his pretentious ways, and nobody at this time considered him a swell. It took longer than this to make a man of the world of him; and few of his new associates forgot his original rusticity, least of all the young men whom he was imitating. Their ways and modes of dress and deportment, their debonair good-fellowship, their easy spending of money, and their peculiar grace so captivating to Sam's refined and nice appreciation, were with them the accident of nature, or the growth of habit. A novice could not acquire them in a day. Sam was Huntingdon's chum, and Huntingdon was at this time the most prominent and popular man in his class: so he was everywhere received out of compliment to the hero of the hour, when on his own account this could not have been so.

"What sort of a fellow is that Wentworth? he seems to be with your set a good deal," asked a friendly Junior of Lyman one day.

"Oh," returned the latter with his cool laugh, "Wentworth is a very good sort of fellow at bottom, I guess; only he hasn't quite got the clover-seed raked out of his hair yet. Huntingdon has taken him up: that's the reason you see him around with us so much."

There were several reasons why our young friend did

not carry his follies (for vices he had none) to an extreme. His experience at examination had taught him a bitter lesson; and he was fully resolved to avoid any thing that should send him home in disgrace. Mistakes he would certainly make; but they would be errors of judgment, not of the heart. Then the Freshmen tutors kept him very busy indeed; the three recitations a day came around with the utmost regularity; and it sometimes seemed as though the task-masters vied with each other to see which one should work the class the hardest. "They display a zeal worthy of a better cause," Huntingdon used to say with a half curse, as he came in late at night from some gay company, and, turning on the gas, sat down to a two or three hours' dig. Complaints of this grew more and more frequent as the term advanced; but unquestionably a great deal of mischief was thus prevented. Best of all, however, Sam was coming more and more under the influence of Villiers.

There was nothing, indeed, that the young man really enjoyed more at this time than the society and friendship of Villiers. He always felt a little constrained in his chum's company, and was frequently ill at ease among his friends. He could not talk as they did, and he knew it, and he knew that sometimes they made game of him; but there was nothing of all this to mar his friendship with Villiers, who always received him with honest cordiality, and for whom he entertained every day a deeper regard. So these two young men, so different in many characteristics and yet each possessing a singleness of heart, were much together. They went off on long tramps in the deli-

cious autumn afternoons, and explored the country for miles around. They read out their Latin and Greek together, for Huntington almost never studied until after midnight; and Sam owed much of the excellent show he made at recitations and examinations to the thorough preparation he had made by going over the work with Villiers; for the latter prepared his lessons in the most thorough manner. Everybody said Villiers was a most unmitigated "dig," and so he was; but he seemed to think that hard study was the object for which young men went to college, and never minded being called a dig. Those much-esteemed Freshman performances, so generally admired by the class at large, such as stealing signs, plugging up keyholes, carrying off college-property, and promoting class fights, received no approbation from him. A member of the Faculty itself could not have been more grave than Villiers was at each fresh recital of these reprehensible performances. Such a man could not possibly be popular; and Sam used sometimes to feel a little ashamed when, in company with his studious friend, he encountered his high-blooded acquaintances. But in his own soul he knew that his friend was right, and did battle for him with manly warmth, whenever occasion offered, declaring that he was a splendid fellow, and every inch a gentleman, if there was one in the class.

"I believe he would lead the class, too," he said to Lewis, as the two were enjoying a half-hour lounging in the glow of the latter's open fire, talking over class matters, "if he were not so tremendously conscientious as to never look into a pony."

"Not use any ponies! Why the man must be

insane; it don't seem possible to grind all the grist we have without," was Lewis's exclamation.

"Well, Villiers reads without a translation almost as fast as I can with one, although he isn't always sure of the sense of a passage, and occasionally finds one that is altogether too much for him."

"I wouldn't believe a man could be so foolish."

"Oh, he's more decided about that than any one thing! I had to laugh at him the other day: he carried the joke to the extreme," and Sam laughed heartily at the recollection.

"How was that?"

"I was in his room reading out the Thucydides with him. You know how tough it has been lately. We have read it all out together, and for that reason I have ponied very little. There was one passage we couldn't make any thing of; so we skipped it, read out the rest of the lesson, and came back to it for another twenty minutes; but it was no use. Villiers was fairly stuck, and I half enjoyed the situation. There was but a short time to spare; and as it was my day to be called up, and I didn't relish the idea of deading, I hurried to my room, took a little ride on the pony, comprehended without trouble, and brought the pony back to read the passage to Villiers. 'Oh, please don't read that to me, Sam: I never use those translations!' he exclaimed, in a half-horrified way that made me laugh in spite of all I could do. 'All right,' said I; and I threw the book down. 'Suppose we go over it once more,' and I commenced reading. When I came to the passage in question, 'Skip that, Sam,' he said: 'you didn't get it fairly.' And we went in; and he was nearer a dead

than I ever knew him to be before. That is what I call carrying the joke pretty far; don't you?"

"I should think it was, and mighty foolish too. The tutors take it for granted that every man uses a pony, and give out the lessons accordingly; and what is the use of making a martyr of yourself?"

Not unfrequently Sam used to shock his friend's sense of propriety by proposing, in a spirit of mischief-loving fun, some project that he knew would meet with his disapproval; for no other purpose than to call forth the look of grave disapproval, or the earnest expostulations sure to follow.

"Come in, and have a cobbler or a glass of ale," he would say, as they were passing Kent's. "I am as dry as a fish."

"No, I never drink cobblers or ale," Villiers would invariably reply in a grave tone.

"Well, no matter if you don't: come in with a fellow."

"No. If you please, I will wait for you outside." He was never induced to enter an ale-shop, or drink a glass, even when in after-days he consorted much with the boating-men of the college.

"Oh, Villiers!" said Sam gayly to him on one occasion, as they were sauntering across the square, "I know you are a lover of the æsthetic and the beautiful, and I want to show you the prettiest girl you ever saw in your life; that is, if she's at her usual post of observation;" and, taking his friend's arm, he walked him slowly past a certain window where millinery goods were wont to be displayed, and within which a very pretty girl indeed was to be seen sitting at her sewing.

"There, old fellow! did you ever see any thing prettier than that?"

Villiers said nothing, but turned upon him one of his grave and reproachful looks, that caused Sam to explode with laughter.

"Come," he said, struck with a sudden idea, and pleased with the thought of being able to shock Villiers, "I need some cravats badly; and how I should enjoy wearing them if made by such pretty and delicate fingers!" And the two young men entered the shop, Villiers with considerable hesitation, for he knew well that Sam was in no need of cravats. To the open disappointment of one, and the secret amusement of the other, they were waited on, not by the blushing little fairy (she seemed an innocent, blue-eyed little thing, hardly out of childhood, and was even more interesting, Sam thought, in her black dress, seen from across the counter), but by an ill-favored spinster of forty-five, who emerged rather unexpectedly from behind a curtain, and asked, in a sharp voice, what they wanted. There was no help for it now, however; and after some deliberation Sam ordered his neckties, and the pair departed.

Sam laughed long and heartily at his own discomfiture. "Did you ever see any thing so exceeding lean and ill-favored? If Pharaoh's kine were half as bad, I don't wonder that seven were enough to breed a famine."

It was several days after this, that they happened to be passing, when Sam said, "Come, Villiers, those neckties must be finished: we'll go and get them. I wonder if the she-dragon is on duty this time.

She proved not to be. "Yes, the ties are finished," said the girl with a conscious blush, and proceeded to wrap them in a paper; but when Sam drew forth his pocket-book with an inquiring glance, "I — I — really don't know how much aunty is going to ask for them," she stammered, with the prettiest confusion.

"If you will ask her, I will look in again," said Sam with a half-roguish look. "No," he exclaimed, as she extended the parcel to him. "I won't take them till I pay for them;" and he was evidently well pleased at the prospect of another call. Indeed, notwithstanding Mr. Villiers's grave looks, there seemed to be no alternative. Sam was such a frank, good-looking fellow, in spite of the airs he had assumed, with his fine figure, curling chestnut hair, cheery face, and honest warm-hearted manner, that the little milliner was not the first who had smiled upon him at Cambridge; but for some reason Villiers seemed to be impressed with the duty of seeing to it that he did not order too many cravats.

Indeed, since the promise which he had made to the bright-eyed girl on the river's bank, on a certain golden summer afternoon, he considered it quite as much one of the duties of his college life to deepen and strengthen his influence over Sam, perceiving as he did the peculiar dangers that surrounded the generous-hearted, impressionable, impulsive boy, as to dig out his Greek or mathematics; and such was his thorough-going manner, determination of purpose, and strength of will, that he was likely to succeed in any undertaking. Other young men might drink and smoke, and play cards and billiards, and idle away their time; might steal signs, plug up keyholes, destroy college property,

cut prayers, recitations, and church services, instigate class fights, and flirt with pretty milliners. That these purposes did not constitute the object for which he had come to college, he knew, and he honestly believed that that ought not to be the case with any honest young fellow: at any rate, he was determined that his friend should not fall into these ways if he could prevent it. Thus it was that he was always glad to see him at his room; was always ready to lay aside his book, and chat, no matter how time pressed; never refused to go over a lesson with him, though he might be perfectly well prepared; and was ever ready to start off on a tramp.

He exercised a tact and discretion too, worthy of an older head, in not thrusting in his friend's face his disapproval of the dangerous ideas and habits Sam was coming to adopt. His disapprobation, however deep, seldom found utterance, unless Sam broached the subject, as he often did, simply to hear Villiers talk. A serious, a reproachful, or a grieved look, was his only retort; and Sam was often honestly ashamed of himself when he saw how patient and enduring the noble fellow was. It was as natural for our hero to look to some one for confidence, sympathy, and advice, as it was for him to breathe; in this particular, he was a very child; self-reliance was something he had yet to learn: he was homesick enough, too, at times, with a mighty yearning for home and friends. Huntingdon, we may be sure, was not the man to bestow much comfort on a home-sick boy; and after a mute and unaccepted proffer of his tenderest friendship to his chum, he felt himself drawn very near indeed to Villiers.

Thus the term drew on, and "Thanksgiving recess"

was at hand. Sam looked forward to a happy week at home, where he hoped to persuade his chum and Villiers to accompany him, when an act of thoughtless folly came near cutting short his college course at the outset; and, almost at the same time, the part which he took in a practical joke well-nigh broke his friendship with Villiers.

Longstreet and Sam were going to town together, to the theatre. In high spirits, they crossed the square and found a car, half full of passengers, the patient horses waiting for the well-known *whang* of the bell. It was already quite dark, and neither conductor nor driver was anywhere to be seen. The two Freshmen stood on the curbstone contemplating the car. There was nothing unusual in one's being left thus; but it was not every day that so quick-witted and daring a Freshman as our friend Longstreet was at hand. This latter individual looked around warily for a moment, and then whispered, —

"Wentworth, do you know how to drive?"

"I hope I do!" Sam replied indignantly.

"Well, suppose you try now. Don't make such a thundering noise. Jump on, and drive that car to Boston, and I'll collect the fares: when we get to the other end, we'll leave the old ark to get back if it can. Eh? quick about it, now."

Sam had not yet learned to say no. He hesitated. "Come, Wentworth, it will be too late in a minute; and it will be just the jolliest lark." A little reluctantly, Sam took his place on the platform, and loosened the brake; the horses pricked up their ears, the bell rang, the car started, and they were off on their novel ride.

Longstreet acted his part characteristically. He tied his handkerchief around his neck, pulled up his coat-collar, gave his hat a twist downward over his eyes, and, keeping a sharp lookout, filled the car by the time they reached the 'Port. Then rattling along at a good pace to the bridge, he went through, and took up the fares with the utmost nonchalance. Sam, on the front platform, had rather the hardest of it. The horses were so well trained, that he had only to loosen and tighten the brake; but the night was dark and chilly; there was little fun, and ample time for reflection. The way had never seemed so long before. They were making good time over the bridge, when the door behind him opened, and Longstreet, having taken up the fares, came out on the platform, exclaiming in a confidential tone, —

"One dollar and eighty cents, and some tickets, Wentworth; a big haul, isn't it? But I, for one, am done for, — spotted, by thunder! and I guess we both are, for that matter. Old Bullard is aboard; got on at Quincy Street, and looked surprised enough at seeing me."

"Do you think he knew you?"

"Knew me! I guess he did. He said, 'Good evening, Mr. Longstreet,'" the pseudo conductor replied, imitating the smooth-spoken manner of the tutor. "There's just a squeak for you, though a mighty small one. Do you make for Parker's as soon as we get to the Revere, and maybe he won't see you. But *I'm* done for; he caught me making off with one of his blackboard-rubbers, you know, and suspects I plugged his keyhole, though I didn't."

So the two students squandered the dollar and eighty

cents, and tried hard to think they were having a good time, though Sam was far from feeling comfortable, as he thought of the consequences of his exploit. The officers of the railroad company were heartily disposed to bring the offenders to justice, made application to the Faculty, which honorable body held a special session, and placed the matter in the hands of the police; but Mr. Bullard kept his own counsel, and the affair finally blew over. Of course, all the class, and the college too, knew about it before long; and the two young men were heroes for a time. "It is the best thing that has been done yet, chum," said Huntingdon, approvingly. "I wouldn't have believed you had it in you;" and he really began to have some respect for Sam. Everybody else said it was a great thing, too, except Villiers, who looked unusually grave; though the freshness of this sensation had hardly passed away, before Villiers had occasion to look graver than ever.

VI.

AN ESCAPADE.

There remained but a week more of college routine, before the Thanksgiving recess; and this particular evening found Sam hard at work reviewing the geometry for the examination which was the first exercise the next morning. When thus engaged, he heard a knock at the door, and called out, "Come in!" without looking up from his work. Almost immediately he was conscious that something extraordinary was on the carpet; and a glance showed him three grotesque-looking objects filing into his room.

"I'm in for a hazing now," flashed through his mind. "Huntingdon is away for the evening, and there are three of them."

The Sophomores appeared to be most effectually disguised. Old hats were pulled down over their eyes; their faces were as black as burnt cork could make them; each one wore a handkerchief tied around the throat, while their coats were apparently turned inside out. Sam had heard of Sophomore masquerades at the expense of different men of the class; and the stories now promised to be most unpleasantly realized.

The visitors walked in quietly enough, and seated themselves in a row, leaving the door wide open. The

gas flared, and the cold damp air blew in, for the Sophs. had, as usual, chosen a rainy night for their escapade. Sam rose quietly, and shut the door. He half determined on a sortie to get re-enforcements, but concluded to face his enemy alone, and, resuming his seat, asked very politely what he could do for their entertainment. This and various other remarks which he made only elicited a grunt or two from the strange-looking visitors; and by degrees it dawned upon him that they were no more Sophomores than he was: they were far too lamb-like and modest, and he felt certain that the smallest could be no other than Longstreet; so for a moment he enjoyed the silence and the awkward constraint of his guests.

"Well, fellows," he exclaimed when he could no longer keep his gravity, "the make-up is good, but the action is altogether too tame. You ought to stir around more, lock the door, grab the poker, upset the table, put out the gas, break down a bedstead or two, and intimidate a fellow. And, Longstreet, anybody that had ever seen those trousers once would never forget that you and no one else must be inside them."

At this the four laughed heartily, and Longstreet, jumping up, and pulling off his big hat, said, "I told you, fellows, it wouldn't go down with Wentworth. I knew he'd know me fast enough. But haven't we had good fun though!" and the little fellow's eyes rolled most comically.

There is another knock at the door, and in comes Lewis, with a grave face, and book in hand. Of course he had come to see how Sam stood being hazed; and his well-feigned gravity gave place to an immense laugh, as he perceived that the trick had been discovered.

"Who in the world are you two?"

"Don't you know me, Wentworth?" a smooth, almost girlish voice inquired.

"Oh, yes, — Adams, of course; but I never should have guessed if you hadn't spoken. — And you," going up quite close to the third, "must be Tom Hawes."

"Nobody else," said Tom, who forthwith produced a pipe, and began his customary occupation. Again there was a laugh at the odd appearance of the three Freshmen.

Now Smith came in, most accidentally and innocently, of course; and then Winthrop from the adjoining room, with his inevitable pipe and his peculiar giggle. Haskill, hearing a noise, dropped in from across the way; and all were very jolly, and smoked so fast that presently one could hardly see across the room, so that Sam was glad to open the door again, and Adams took refuge at the window.

"Too much for you, Mary?" said Tom, with a chuckle.

"Well, it is a little strong," said Adams, gasping; and there was a fresh laugh at his expense.

"I guess Sam was the only one who suspected you right off; wasn't he?" asked Lewis.

"Yes," called a voice from the window. "We hazed the rest of them fast enough."

"We killed the bear; didn't we, Mary?" said Longstreet; and there was more mirth.

"Then you've been somewhere else?" inquired Sam innocently, at which the room rang again.

"Guess they have," chuckled Winthrop from his pipe, which consisted principally of an immense pickle-jar, that it took both hands to lift, filled with some kind

of prepared water, through which the smoke was drawn. "They've been the rounds, and sold pretty much everybody."

"Yes," put in Longstreet, gleefully: "you just ought to have seen Winthrop turn pale, and tremble. He thought his time had come: he actually let his pipe go out;" and the laugh was turned on Winthrop, for his cowardice was well understood by all.

"But Lewis was sold the best," continued Longstreet. "He stood our nonsense for just about five minutes, then made a charge at us, and would have ruined us in two minutes, if I hadn't called out who we were, just as he was throttling poor Mary there; that made us a little more careful about our actions here."

"I was mad some, that's a fact," said Lewis, by way of apology, turning very red at the thought of the hoax. "I thought hazing was about played out for this year; and I believe you did come near getting hurt."

"Well, now, is there anywhere else we can go?" said Hawes, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and putting it carefully into its case; "because if there's no more fun to-night, I'm going home to clean up."

"Have you been up to see Villiers?" suggested Haskill, after a pause.

"Villiers!" "Villiers!" "Just the idea!" "Just the thing!" "Go and try it on Villiers!" came from all sides; and Lewis in his delight gave Haskill a pat between the shoulders, which came near felling him, adding the affirmation that he was a brick, while there was a general expression of wonder that Villiers should have been forgotten.

"Well, he's been hazed, so that I thought you

wouldn't have much trouble there," said Haskill, coolly, at the same time awakening the envy of half the smokers present by the perfect ring of smoke which he sent gracefully sailing across the table.

"Well, now," said Longstreet, excitedly, "let's manage this better. Oh, he'll be as mad as the deuce; but we can't help that: we'll" — and he suddenly lost himself in meditation. Very funny the little fellow looked, with his eager eyes, black face, and short light hair standing out in every direction from his head, as he gazed abstractedly at the ceiling.

"Now, see here," said Lewis in a hoarse whisper. There was general silence and attention. "It won't do for you three fellows to go up, and then all the rest of us to come trooping after. Any fool would know that it wasn't all straight for a dozen fellows to come grinning into his room at this time of night; and of course we want to be there, and see the fun."

"Of course we do!" they all exclaimed.

"Well, I know just how to manage it. It's mighty rough on him, I know; but" —

"Not a bit rougher than it was on me," said Winthrop.

"Somebody must go up to his room first. You, Sam, go up and ask about some demonstration you pretend you don't understand. If he is there, and the coast is all clear, stay where you are; and in three or four minutes we'll send these boys up, and they can begin to haze him."

"Then the rest of us can follow. Lewis, you are a strategist!" said Smith.

"No, the rest of us won't follow yet: wait till I get

through. I've got it all chalked out just right. I'll go up myself, and be mightily surprised at what I see. I'll tell him that the Sophs. are having a punch in the room next to me, and are getting ready for the grand hazing scrape of the year. I'll propose that I go and rally all the fellows I can find, and that we make a stand, and put a stop to such work; and then I'll come for you. There, how's that?"

"Capital, Lewis!" "Stunning!" "Couldn't be better!" one after another exclaimed.

"Don't make such a thundering noise," said Lewis, relapsing into his hoarse whisper. "He'll be down here to see what's going on." Immediately all began to move about on tiptoe. "If you fellows don't spoil every thing by being green, we'll have some fun. Here, Tom, pull that handkerchief up so as to cover your ears; get a pair of trowsers for Charley to put on over these striped things. There, that is better. Now, Sam, you be off, for it is getting late, and, if every thing is right, stay till the boys come, and then act exactly as though you were being hazed. — And you fellows," as Sam withdrew, "act as though you were regular Sophs., and weren't afraid of any thing. Freeze to the shovel and poker, and the Indian club, if there is one; upset some of the chairs and a table, and mount guard at the door: you ought to know how the thing is done," at which ingenuous remark there was a laugh from Haskill.

Book in hand, Sam left the jubilant Freshmen behind him and mounted the stairs to his friend's room. Villiers had just finished his final preparations for the examination in the morning, and welcomed Sam with his

warm, honest cordiality, and was only too happy to sit down with him, and go over the troublesome proposition. Our hero did not in the least realize how mortifying a joke he was taking a part in at his friend's expense. He had not looked on that side of the matter. He was a most thoughtless young fellow in those days; and that is the only excuse there is for him.

The well-matured plan of Lewis was successfully carried out. In a few minutes the three pseudo-Sophomores made their appearance, and they had improved very much by practice and instruction. Longstreet immediately made a rush for the poker; but Villiers, who had been hazed past all endurance on one or two occasions, and had firmly made up his mind not to submit to such treatment again, considered the poker his best friend. He made a rush for it too, and secured it. Foiled in this attempt, Longstreet danced wildly about the room, overturning a table covered with books, and several chairs. Adams very quietly sat down in the easy-chair from which Villiers had risen at their first entrance; while Hawes slammed the door, and put his back to it, as if to prevent any egress.

These movements had barely taken place when there was a knock; and, the door being opened a little by Hawes, Lewis pushed his way through. At first, he was too much surprised to speak. Then he took Villiers and Sam into a corner apart, and whispered excitedly that the Sophs. were having a rousing punch in the room next to his.

"They made so much noise that I heard them through the partition: they are planning a grand raid, and mean to give it to some unlucky devils; and I guess these

fellows are the advance-guard. The rest will be along soon enough. Now I'll stay with you; and we'll pitch these three out of the window, and serve the others the same way when they come along; or perhaps I had better go and rally all the fellows I can find. Let them bring pokers and clubs; and we'll make a stand, and beat them off, if it's a possible thing: for it is about time that this cursed hazing was stopped."

"That's my idea too," said Sam. "We'll keep any more from coming in, if you are not gone too long."

"Well, what do you say, Villiers?"

"Go," said he, after a moment's hesitation, with a solemn determination that was almost too much for Sam and Lewis.

The latter rushed out; and the two Freshmen waited in suspense. The marauder, in the person of Longstreet, was making havoc in the bedroom; but, with the probability of the present appearance of the main body of Sophomores, Villiers thought it best to wait till Lewis returned. He stood near the door, clutching his poker, his face pale with determination, while Hawes still braced his back against the door, and Longstreet made general disorder.

Almost instantly Lewis returned. The door was pushed open; and a dozen Freshmen burst into the apartment, armed with such weapons of defence as were at hand, and ready for that very serious emergency, a collision with the Sophomores.

"Where are they?" said Smith, sternly, brandishing a base-ball bat.

"There they are," said Winthrop, setting his pipe down on the mantel-piece for safety, and pointing to

the three hazers, who had withdrawn into a corner of the room.

"I thought you said half the Sophomore class was here!" exclaimed Smith, lowering his bat with a look of disappointment.

"Don't you be alarmed. They'll be along fast enough," said Lewis, vehemently. "You wait about three minutes."

"Keep a good guard on the door, Sam; and don't let any body in," said Smith, warningly.

"I should think you'd better keep a good guard, and not let anybody out," put in Haskill coolly, pointing to the trio, who from their corner were edging their way toward the door, evidently bent on beating a retreat.

"That's so! Don't let any of them off," cried Lewis, at the same time edging away from them. "It isn't often we corner any of the dogs like this. — Here, Villiers, why don't you pitch into them, and pay off some of the debts you owe?"

Villiers stood grasping his poker hard, and looking dangerous. He was strong enough, and, when aroused, desperate enough, to be a most formidable antagonist. Urged on by Lewis and the others, and seeing his tormentors nearing the door, while the rest stood aside as if to give them passage, he rushed forward, and clutching the foremost, no other than Adams, by the throat, was strangling him as fast as possible, when Hawes, — for every one else was convulsed with laughter, — called out, "There! let up! stop! it's Adams! We're not Sophs. at all!"

Villiers, as soon as he recovered from the surprise

incident to this most unexpected revelation, joined, with all his heart, in the uproarious merriment that ensued.

"I supposed you were regular Sophomores," he said simply, when the uproar had subsided: "it never once entered my head that you could be any thing else."

"No, I should rather guess not," returned the delighted Longstreet. "I flatter myself that this little game was pretty well played," and he sat about restoring order in the confused room.

The poor fellow enjoyed the joke so heartily, and took it all in such good part, never once thinking but that Sam and Lewis and all his classmates had been duped as well as himself, and was so very polite and gentlemanly and simple in his manner, that it was a pity to disabuse him. Haskill beat a retreat. "It's no business of mine," quoth he as he descended to his room, "to let him know he was the only one sold. I'm sorry I said any thing about hazing him; for he's a good fellow, if he is a dig. Gad! I wonder how Wentworth will crawl out of it."

Sam was at that moment wondering very much the same thing, and stood apart with a very serious face, looking into the fire. I think all were sorry that the success had been so perfect; and mayhap they had departed, and our friend never known the extent to which he had been victimized, had not Winthrop found it impossible to keep so good a secret. This youth, who had just charged his pipe afresh, walked up to Villiers, while there was an awkward silence on the part of the company, and grinning stupidly through the smoke said, "Well, Villiers, I suppose you think none of us

knew who those fellows were; but we did, all of us. They had been all around before they came here,—to Lewis's and my room, and Wentworth's; and everybody found them out before long, so we thought we'd see if we couldn't do any better here; and I'll be hanged if Lewis didn't fix it just right, and it's the best thing that's been done this year," and he indulged in a fresh laugh, though this time he had but little company.

"Well, gentlemen," said Villiers, breaking the silence, after a moment, with the saddest face in the world, and with the least perceptible tremor in his voice, "I never suspected any thing wrong, because I didn't look for hazing from my own classmates."

They had begun to drop out now, feeling a little ashamed for the most part, save perhaps Winthrop, whom nothing could shame.

"Don't take it so hard, old fellow," said Lewis, giving him a friendly clap on the shoulder. "It was all my fault, and I'm mightily sorry. I planned the whole thing, and am the only one to blame; and pretty well done it was too, or I'm mistaken. But I didn't mean to hurt your feelings; and I wouldn't have done it for the world if I had thought about it two minutes."

"I ask your pardon from the bottom of my heart," said Adams, in his graceful, indolent manner. "We had no right here on such an errand."

"Well, I don't," said Longstreet, rolling up the whites of his eyes.

Sam was now left alone with his friend; and they both sat in silence, looking into the fire. Only once, when Winthrop had declared they were all in the plot against him, had he turned towards his friend, as if

expecting that he at least would disclaim all part in the affair; and the look of mute reproach which overspread his face, stronger than words or even an angry blow, cut Sam to the heart. Whatever were his faults, and of faults he had his full share, he abhorred any thing like treachery; and treacherous he felt that he had been. He alone of them all knew his friend's tender and sensitive nature. He knew better than any his isolated position, treading alone the path of duty, despised by many for his constant application, secretly envied by not a few who grudged him his high standing, and an object of indifference to the rest. That he who knew all this so well, and who almost alone of the whole class called himself Villiers's friend, should conspire against him, was hard indeed. He sat thinking over these things, and watching the flickering blaze.

Nor was Villiers inclined to be talkative. He was conscious of having been thoroughly duped. The black fellows had been real Sophomores to him; a dozen classmates had been witnesses of his credulity: and before breakfast the next morning he would be the laughing-stock of the whole college. He had realized before this that it was too much to expect sympathy from the class at large; but that this young fellow in whom he felt so deep an interest, whom he had taken to his heart, and who seemed to return his friendship, should be no different from the rest of them, was hard indeed. At this moment he felt quite forlorn and discouraged.

At length Sam broke the silence, and meekly said, "Villiers, I know that nothing I can say can undo the mischief I have done. I didn't for a moment think

what I was doing; but I feel and know just how mean and contemptible I have been. I can't think of any thing bad enough to say about myself. If you will forget it" —

"It's all right, Sam," interrupted Villiers; "I thought I must have been mistaken in you; but I know that I was not. You know I don't care about the others." The two parted better friends than ever, though it is plain that, through Sam's thoughtlessness, the friendship of these two had nearly come to an end.

Next morning the letter from home came with the invitations for Huntingdon and Villiers to spend the recess at Mrs. Wentworth's, which was immediately communicated to his chum. Huntingdon accepted with pleasure. It was hardly worth while to go to New York for just five or six days; and though he had many invitations elsewhere, (for the distinguished-looking Freshman had come to be quite prominent socially), he had his own reasons for preferring to accept this one; while Villiers assented cheerfully to Sam's earnest request, if for no other reason, to show that the follies of the night before had been heartily forgotten.

But before the time of departure arrived, Sam renewed an acquaintance with an old playmate, or, rather, with a playmate of his youthful days; which resulted in bringing about a friendship with Adams, and establishing him on a very pleasant social footing at Cambridge.

To Sam's surprise, Adams one day took his arm, and asked him if he remembered a Miss Eldredge.

"No," replied Sam, not recognizing one of his little playmates under that name.

"One who used to live near you at Little Harbor," suggested Adams.

"Ah! Mary Eldredge! yes, indeed; she isn't your — your" —

"She is a very particular friend of mine," returned Adams, quietly. Everybody knew that Will Adams was "very sweet" on a Miss Eldredge who was, so everybody said, the nicest girl in Cambridge; and Sam now perceived why it was that Will's classmates, or rather his companions, called him "Mary."

"Yes, I remember her well; but it must be seven or eight years since she has been to Little Harbor."

"Very likely: she saw you in the street, and asked who you were, and insisted on my bringing you to tea this evening."

Sam demurred to this, not being much of a lady's man.

"I shall be especially obliged to you," continued Adams, "if you will go. There is to be a ball at the new hotel somewhere near your place on Thanksgiving night; isn't there?"

"To be sure, there is," returned Sam, who had been looking forward to the occasion with glowing anticipations.

"Well, Mary — Miss Eldredge is going down to spend Thanksgiving with her cousins at Gov. Eldredge's. He lives somewhere near you, doesn't he?"

"A matter of seven or eight miles."

"That's pretty near for the country, I take it. At any rate, she is going, and going to the ball of course. It must be a bore, but can't be helped as I see. I can't get off any way, or I should go too."

"You had better manage it somehow: you would have no end of a good time."

"No, I can't go, but you will; and I want you to take particular care of Miss Eldredge, and you must go to tea this evening."

"Then I must," returned Sam, laughing: "only, to tell the truth, I'm awfully afraid of these Cambridge girls."

"I don't blame you. I should be afraid of them myself if it was worth while; only this one isn't a Cambridge girl (except that she is here attending school), but an old friend of yours, and of your mother and sister, and a very good friend too."

The two young men went to tea that evening as arranged; but the introduction of Miss Mary Eldredge must be deferred till the Thanksgiving ball.

VII.

AT HOME.

The well-remembered sitting-room in Mrs. Wentworth's house had put on its winter garb, and looked especially cosey and comfortable to the three students, after their long ride in the chill evening air of autumn. A warm blaze from the ample fireplace tinted the quaint oak mouldings and panels, and the curious antique furniture, and shed its amber light over the rich carpet; a large stand of thrifty house-plants filled the generous bay-window, and a splendid ivy, branching out from it, quite made the circuit of the room; a large, massive, curiously carved oak table, a relic of Colonial days, served at once for book-case, secretary, and work-table for the ladies; the piano was in its accustomed corner; and a most grateful air of domestic harmony and quiet comfort pervaded the apartment. This had ever been the family room of the mansion during the winter season.

"We were very selfish, I must confess," said Kate as they sat by the firelight, "to invite you gentlemen here at this season of the year for so long a time; for really we have very little to offer in the way of excitement. The two pigs are to be killed to-morrow; and if you are of a bloodthirsty disposition, you may like to witness the deed;" and she laughed merrily. "Thanks-

giving eve we are going to entertain a little company," continued Kate. "Sam has so many friends living far and near, that mamma thought it would be pleasant for him, and perhaps for you, to meet some of them."

To this Huntingdon replied that it would certainly be very pleasant.

"Thanksgiving evening there is to be a grand ball at the hotel on the point; that is, grand for us. We are to have a band from Boston; and I have no doubt that the company will feel honored that three Harvard students grace the occasion with their presence."

"Yes, particularly when they discover that they are Freshmen," said Huntingdon.

"Then you will certainly require some rest after so much dissipation, and at least one day to compose your minds after your twelve weeks of hard study; for you really have a most worn-out appearance." (They did not, indeed, look as though they had consumed much midnight oil, or wasted themselves with too constant application.) "Sunday I presume you can go to church, like exemplary young men."

"I, for one," returned Huntingdon, "am quite unprepared for such a round of pleasure: we shall go back quite *blasés*."

"But, really," continued Kate, "you don't know how disappointed I am, that you should all be in such a hearty condition. I believe there can in reality be very little hardship or hard work about college life, after all. Mamma and I have worried about Sam by the hour together, imagining all sorts of horrible things; that he was being destroyed by those wicked Sophomores, or that he was ruining his health by hard study, —

though we ought to have known better than that, — and I'm sure I expected to see you all pale and languid; and, I declare, I think it is too bad!" At this ingenuous statement there was a good deal of mirth.

Some little time after this, as Kate and Villiers were by themselves for a moment, she said to him, "I have been very glad to hear so good an account of you; and you don't know how glad I am," she added, with deepening voice and color, "that Sam has done so well. You can't know how anxious we have been about him, mamma and I. He is so thoughtless and impulsive, and so easily influenced; his letters gave accounts of such strange doings, too. But the President speaks very flatteringly of him; and I am sure his good standing is owing a great deal to his being so much with you. I want to thank you ever so much for being so good a friend to him."

I cannot even guess what reply Villiers would have made to this most unexpected speech, had not the others joined them just then, and covered his confusion; but I am sure that the pleasure of those three minutes more than repaid any sacrifices he had made.

Then Huntingdon wondered whether Miss Wentworth's fingers still retained their wonted magic power over the piano-keys; and that young lady, ever ready to please, seated herself at the instrument.

"That is right, Kate!" exclaimed Sam. "I knew that there was something wanting to make me feel quite at home once more, — as though I had never been away. You know the pieces I like best: play them all." For the next hour the boy was a picture of happiness and contentment. Seated on a low stool at his mother's

feet,—his mother whom he loved so dearly, and whom he had not seen for so long,—listening to the familiar music, college-life with its duties and pleasures, hazing, and Freshman pranks, and the future with all its bright anticipations, passed from his consciousness; and he lived over again the days of his boyhood with their many happy hours.

Nor had Mrs. Wentworth known a happier day than this for years. In spite of her anxious forebodings, her darling boy was at home once more, safe and well; unchanged, except that her fond eyes saw a manlier beauty in his comely proportions, and smiled approval on his newly awakened tastes and graceful and open-hearted extravagance. What was money if it made him happier? He should have it without stint. If he could but grow into the measure and fulness of a noble and honest man, like the one whose image was ever in her heart, she would ask for nothing more. Now, at least she would not think of the dangers that beset him: she would cherish hopes, and hopes alone. For once in her life, she forgot her duty as hostess. May we not pardon her?

What castles in Spain, filled with beautiful possibilities, Villiers was building all this time, it would be hard to tell. All conversation had long since ceased; and the melody of the music, and the golden light of the fire, filled the room. Huntingdon was conscious of time and space, if no one else was, and was even then wondering how long this sort of entertainment was destined to last.

"What a party of dreamers!" Kate's merry voice rang out, as she rose from the piano. "I do believe I played you all to sleep with that last slumber song."

"For one, I am tired," said Sam, as he rose, and shook himself; "and I know you fellows must be too."

The circle broke up for the night, and the room was tenanted only by the shadows that danced grotesquely on the walls; and even these disappeared as the flickering light faded, and left a heap of glowing embers.

How desperately Huntingdon would have been bored by the simple pleasures of this country life, if he had not had his chum's sister to flirt with during these five days! He had counted on this diversion, to be sure, or the Wentworth mansion would never have been honored with his company. There was from the house a magnificent view of the ever-changing ocean; and nearer, the placid waters of Little Harbor shut in by the two encircling arms of the land, with the river flowing hard by, and the brown turf sloping gently to its brink, formed a very pretty picture in the mellow autumn air. There was a most charming walk extending for miles along the river's bank, over brown fields and through still, leafless woods, with here and there a rocky point thick set with evergreens; but if Huntingdon found any charm in these attractions of nature, it was because he viewed them with a very fresh and charming blue-eyed girl for a companion and guide. In that short summer afternoon which he had spent in her company, he had put forth all his powers to please, and felt certain that he had made good progress in her favor. He had resolved then to complete his conquest at the earliest opportunity, and had come to her house at this time with a recollection of his determination which an hour in her company had only served to deepen and make firmer. With his peculiar tact at bringing about

his own ends, he took her off the next morning for one of her favorite strolls, and made more progress towards a frank and friendly intimacy than Villiers had done during all those summer weeks that he had remained at the hotel. He was more charmed with her, too, than he could have thought possible.

"By Jove!" said he half musingly as he repaired to his room to make his toilet for dinner, "that girl is the most entertaining compound of sprightliness, charming simplicity, and innocent enthusiasm, I ever saw. She is as fresh as a daisy and as sweet as a rose; and there is real grit in her too. I shouldn't be at all surprised if a man might make an awful ass of himself, and think he was getting on to his heart's content, when really she hadn't thought of him twice. Well, I propose to try the experiment, and I can't see who there is to head me off: there will be the pleasure of the pursuit if nothing more."

Fires were blazing in every room of the house on Thanksgiving eve; and their warm ruddy light welcomed the fast-assembling guests. It was to be a company of young people from the neighboring farms, for the most part; though, as Adams had suggested, a matter of six or seven miles was not considered, in counting up the neighbors. The company was soon complete, — a score of pretty girls, fresh, rosy, and tastily attired, with perhaps half as many young men for escorts.

The large room on the north side of the house, hardly used once in a decade, with its oak floor and wainscoting, hung with a long row of family portraits, had been stripped of its cumbersome furniture, a roaring fire had been built in the fireplace, and the games were to be

played there by its light; for this was to be a boisterous merry-making, "something to give you all a good appetite for to-morrow," Sam remarked, gleefully. Villiers and Huntingdon were soon presented to the guests, and all was in readiness for the games.

"Now," said Sam to his sister, "let us all go into the north room before any one settles down in here. If we can once get fairly started, there is no danger but that they will have a first-rate evening."

"What shall we begin with, Sam?"

"Oh, there is nothing better than blindman's buff."

So to the north room the company repaired. Sam placed a bandage across Kate's eyes, and then over his own. The single simple rule of the game, that the lady must catch a gentleman, and the gentleman a lady, was announced; and with a shout Sam rushed forward toward the point where he had last caught a glimpse of a parcel of roguish-looking girls. There was a sound of suppressed screams and rustling drapery, and the group scattered in breathless excitement before his advance; but not quite soon enough, for his arms were closed around a victim, and the handkerchief was forthwith transferred to her eyes.

Kate, though not less active or skilful, was not so fortunate: many a big fellow broke away from her grasp, or with a hearty "haw, haw," dodged under her arms.

"It isn't half fair," she said, pausing a moment to recover breath after her brave though fruitless exertions: "you gentlemen are so hard to hold. I have caught ever so many, and they all get away."

There was a laugh at this ingenuous statement, from masculine throats; and Kate darted forward in the direction whence it proceeded.

"There goes another," she cried, as a youth slipped under her arms, which had otherwise enfolded him. "Ah, Mr. Villiers," said she as she fairly cornered that gentleman, who had been vainly and awkwardly endeavoring to escape her, "I have caught you, have I? you will have to kneel, you are so tall. Is that too tight?" she added, as she covered his eyes with the handkerchief. "I must be quite sure that you do not see at all. How many fingers do I hold up?" and there was a half-suppressed giggle from the girls: "three? No. I think you are blind enough;" and indeed he was, as blind as Bartimeus of old. The game was to be played, as far as he was concerned, without any advantage on his part: whether he succeeded in capturing a successor was a matter of secondary consideration.

For the succeeding twenty minutes, the sport was infinitely amusing. It would be difficult to imagine a more awkward or ridiculous figure than was cut by our good friend Villiers, as he moved about with bent back, head thrust forward, and outstretched arms, most soberly in earnest withal. Did he corner a bevy of breathless girls, — for he moved around with an energy that kept every one stirring, — just as he was about to enfold them, they rushed shrieking under his arms, and he grasped the thin air. Occasionally he would bring up against the wall of the room, with a bump; and he must have ached from more than one bruise.

"Pull up the handkerchief a little," whispered Sam to him. "You must see something, or you never will

catch anybody." But this Villiers would not do. At length his arms closed around a female form; and at the same time he felt himself securely grasped. Amid shouts of laughter, he pulled the handkerchief from his eyes, only to see that he had caught the young lady who was for the moment his partner in the game.

Now Kate declared that they had had enough of blindman's-buff; and several games which entailed a redemption of forfeits on the company were heartily enjoyed, until they adjourned to the dining-room to partake of a substantial supper.

A group of young men standing apart by themselves were earnestly discussing some apparently very interesting question in half whispers. Sam's quick ear caught the word "Copenhagen;" and, with a roguish smile, he darted out of the room, and presently re-appeared with the maternal clothes-line.

"What in the world are you going to do with that rope, Sam Wentworth?" exclaimed a merry-looking girl in a more than half-pleased manner. (They had by this time returned to the north room.) "I hope you are not going to hang yourself."

"No, I have a better use for it than that: we are going to play Copenhagen, and kiss some of you girls."

There was a general exclamation, on the part of the young people, at this announcement. The young men manifested their hearty approval of the idea; and the young ladies were in a flutter of modest embarrassment. One or two, more decided that the rest, declared that *they* would not play *that* game, at any rate. But the line was speedily reduced to the proper length; and, more or less reluctantly, all joined the circle.

"Come, mother," called Sam: "we want you too;" and, in truth, she was far from being the least attractive in point of personal beauty.

"You will have to excuse me this once," said Mrs. Wentworth, kindly: "I am a little too fatigued."

"I will keep Mrs. Wentworth company, if you please," said Villiers. "I believe I never saw this game played; and I am sure I should only be in the way."

At this most innocent confession, there was a general titter on the part of the girls, while the young fellows, with less self-control, laughed outright.

"Oh, nonsense!" returned Sam, merrily. "You will learn it in two seconds; 'for it is nothing but kissing;'" and he brought his reluctant friend into the ring. "Keep fast hold of this rope with your hands, and look sharp that none of the girls strike them: if one does, you must kiss her before she can get outside." In a whisper to the young lady who was next him, he added, "I would wager any thing that he never kissed a girl in his life."

There was no delay; and the frolic was almost immediately at high carnival. The game was played with a zest which our country neighbors alone know how to give to such sports. But amid all that light-hearted company, there was no one who entered into the spirit of the fun with a keener enjoyment than the fastidious Mr. Huntingdon. This fine-looking young fellow, with distinguished manner and fascinating face, was the hero of the evening. The young ladies declared that he was splendid, and struck his hands, and allowed him to kiss them with the best possible grace; all save Kate, who eluded his pursuit to the end. They were less kind to

their rural beaux, however; and many a one had a rough struggle with some brawny young farmer, preferring to be almost pulled to pieces, rather than submit to conditions which had been agreed upon from the outset.

Villiers's modesty at least was the genuine article. He stood there all this while, keeping a sharp lookout for his hands, and feeling very uncomfortable, and unquestionably much disgusted too, at seeing these rough farmers, one after another, kiss the fair young hostess. She was far too sacred an object, in his estimation, for such rude treatment. In an evil moment, however, while his wits were a-wool-gathering, this same young lady gave his fingers a smart rap, and slipped under the rope, looking as rosy and as roguish as possible.

He had no alternative but to enter the circle, though he had never before experienced any thing more unpleasant. What does not a shy, modest young man suffer at such a time as this! It was evident that the girls had no idea of having him kiss them: they dropped the rope whenever he came near; and he must needs have remained a long time in the ring, had not Kate taken pity on him, and permitted him to touch her fingers, after which, being fairly seized by Villiers, she put up her rosy cheek for his salute. Thus it happened that Villiers was more fortunate than his more accomplished classmate, though he barely touched her face with his lips, turning as red as a rose at the time, while Sam, who had been waiting and watching for it, was convulsed with laughter.

This was the last game, as many had a long drive home before them, and it had been prolonged to a late hour. Before the party broke up, they gathered around

Kate's piano, and sang for half an hour the simple popular songs of the time; and I am not sure but this was the very pleasantest part of the very pleasant evening. Then with much muffling up in furs and warm wraps, and much shaking of hands, and many invitations to Huntingdon to call, and injunctions to Sam to be sure and come and bring his friend, the guests departed; and quiet reigned once more in the Wentworth mansion: once more the manes of the long since departed Wentworths held possession of that quaintly ornamented and gloomy old room.

The next evening was the occasion of the grand ball. The toilets of our party were completed at an early hour; the family carriage, a somewhat cumbersome and old-fashioned but most comfortable vehicle, was brought into requisition; and, after an informal tea, our friends started on their eight miles' drive to the hotel on the point, a dangerous journey over the rough roads, with a less experienced driver than Caleb.

The hotel, an immense structure, had been secured and made ready for the occasion, lighted at every window, and warmed as thoroughly as possible. The large dining-hall had been transformed into a ball-room, and elegantly decorated; and, when the Wentworth party arrived, the ball had already begun. The lights shone brightly over "fair women and brave men;" the air was filled with the inspiriting music of the band, and the dancers were treading the measures.

This, be it remembered, was no common country ball, for the notables of the neighborhood from far and near were gathered together, and from out this assembly you might have culled a great deal of wealth, culture,

and distinction. An ex-governor, whose name has been heard, there certainly was with his family, a judge of high repute, and several families from the blue-blooded aristocracy of the county. There was also a sprinkling of uniforms amid the brilliant toilets, several officers from the government yard attached to the neighboring city being present; and even a metropolitan ball-room might have fared badly by comparison.

Villiers who did not dance, and who was thus very glad to act as escort for Mrs. Wentworth, soon found himself introduced to some very agreeable people, who were also content with watching the enjoyment of the young people, and found the evening passing most pleasantly.

"Every thing quite *au fait*," was Huntingdon's inward comment, as, after a promenade around the hall with Kate, he led her out for a quadrille. The girl had never shone to better advantage: the spirit of the music seemed to possess her feet, and the very poetry of motion was exemplified in her graceful dancing. She was the very picture of innocent enthusiasm and beauty.

Sam, mindful of the charge which Adams had given him, took advantage of the time between the dances to seek out Miss Eldredge. He made the circuit of the hall in quest of her, receiving many a hearty greeting from his youthful friends and acquaintances, with many an encouraging pressure of the hand from his older friends, and presently encountered the Eldredge party. Mary Eldredge, "the nicest girl in Cambridge," was at least not a great beauty. She was a decided brunette, *petite* in figure, graceful though decided in manner, and brimful of life without being too energetic. She

had that rarest of gifts, perfect tact, and a kindness of heart which almost never made an enemy. There was withal a subtile magnetism about her character and influence which made one forget that she was not handsome; and she attracted those about her with a stronger power than any mere charms of face or figure could have given her.

"You come late to the feast," she said, giving Sam her hand and her best smile.

Sam. — Yes: we had a long drive over a dangerous road.

Miss Eldredge (accepting his proffered arm, and joining the promenaders). — I should have never recognized my little playmate in the beautiful young lady your sister has grown to be. Does she know I am here?

Sam. — No. I kept that back for a surprise. I wanted to bring you up, and see if she would remember you.

Miss E. — The two gentlemen of your party are classmates?

Sam. — Yes: Huntingdon is my chum, and Villiers a particular friend.

Miss E. — I have heard about them both. I want you to take me to your mother and sister at once. (They passed on.)

Kate was so entirely monopolized by the gentlemen that it was not easy to secure her attention at once; but Sam made his way to his mother's little circle, and his companion was almost immediately transferred to Villiers. After introductions and greetings, these two joined the promenaders.

"I never danced in my life, Miss Eldredge," he said, looking straight into her eyes (the band had struck up a bewitching waltz, and the young lady's eyes had for one instant glanced almost unconsciously at the couples that were circling around the hall), "or I should certainly ask you to be my partner now; and it is hardly just to keep you from the enjoyment."

Miss Eldredge. — Oh, no, indeed; a little rest is refreshing. You say you never dance. You don't think it wrong, I trust? I hope it isn't; for I enjoy it so much.

Villiers. — No; I can't see why it is, — properly indulged in. I am sure I regret my ignorance.

He looked enviously at Huntingdon, who whirled by with Kate in his arms.

Miss Eldredge (following his glance). — That lady with Mr. Huntingdon is an elegant dancer, is she not? (very demurely). — Do you know her name?

Villiers. — Miss Wentworth, — Sam Wentworth's sister.

Miss Eldredge. — Is she, indeed? You must know her well, then. She is almost a pretty girl; is she not?

Villiers (a little startled from his placid dignity). — I should say she was more than "almost."

Miss Eldredge. — Why, no, Mr. Villiers: her hair is very well (Miss Eldredge had been secretly admiring those beautiful tresses); but you don't call her nose a perfect feature, do you?

Villiers (with warmth). — I am sure I never noticed that her nose was bad. She has the finest eyes in the world; and her figure is — is —

Miss Eldredge (with a merry laugh). — Divine, Mr.

Villiers; so it is, — *incedit regina;* is that correct? Ah, Mr. Villiers, your admiration shall be a secret which you shall see I can keep, if I am a woman. I knew Kate Wentworth for one short summer, some years ago; and she was the bravest and truest, as she is now the most beautiful, of girls.

Villiers's confusion was too complete to admit of any reply.

"Tell me about some of your funny college scrapes," said the young lady, with graceful tact. "You students must have splendid times."

"I have had very little part in any thing except the regular routine of the course," replied Villiers; "but I witnessed one prank, a few evenings ago, which might interest you. They are building a new dormitory near University; and as the roof was covered with a coating of tar, there were a good many empty tar-barrels scattered about. The Faculty have their meetings every Monday evening, in a room in the second story of University; and there is but one entrance for this end of the hall. Some of the fellows (of course, no one knows who, whether Freshmen or Sophomores) thought the tar-barrels would be best used to make a bonfire, and also conceived the plan of blockading the Faculty in the hall: so a dozen or more barrels were piled on the steps in front of the doorway; and in a very few minutes there was a splendid blaze. There was no danger to the building; for it is fire-proof. Immediately there was a cry of 'Fire! fire!' and everybody rallied at once, making as much shouting as possible. The faculty heard the uproar, and saw the blaze, and came rushing down stairs in hot haste; but not a soul of

them could get out, for there was a wall of fire a dozen feet thick between them and the outer air. You could just distinguish their figures flitting about in the entry; and the situation was ridiculous enough for them. There was now more shouting and cat-calling than before. This lasted six or seven minutes, when the janitor, who is on the lookout for such things, came with his lantern and a long pole, and pushed the pile of burning barrels off the steps, and set the prisoners free."

"That was certainly very funny." Miss Eldredge did not say that she had heard the story before, though of course Adams had told her all about it. Then Kate, who had learned, through Sam's tardy information, that her friend was present at the ball, came up with Huntingdon, and the two young ladies greeted each other with all the ardor of girlish enthusiasm; and, for a time, that part of the hall was the scene of some very honest and hearty enjoyment.

All this time, Sam had been drinking in pleasure as only a cheery young fellow who was acquainted with everybody, and a general favorite, could. It delighted his mother's heart to witness his enjoyment, and see how very welcome he was among young and old; and to hear the hearty good wishes for his success that came from all quarters, as she was greeted by one after another of those exclusive families who belonged strictly to her social circle, but with whom she seldom met. There was nothing but admiration and good-will for her two children; and though she took no part in the festivities, she was the happiest person in the hall.

But while the evening sped away so pleasantly to

our party of friends, the accomplished Mr. Huntingdon most unaccountably made a very grievous blunder. He had enjoyed a half-hour with Miss Eldredge, to whom Kate had introduced him, and had presumed upon a familiarity that the circumstances hardly justified, and which he would have been the last person in the world to assume, had he known his fair companion's connections. As he paced with her on his arm, slowly, for the company had deserted the supper-room, and were again thronging the floor of the hall, fragments of a conversation might have been heard, which quite capped the climax of his unwarrantable conduct.

Huntingdon (in his freest and most familiar manner). — Do I know Adams? ha, ha! I certainly do know the youth. *Sancta simplicitas!* He is a perfect baby; in his set all the fellows call him *Mary*.

Miss Eldredge was silent in astonishment for a time, for she had heard much of Huntingdon from her "Will," and supposed of course that he was Adams's friend. "Pray, what has he done to be distinguished by that particular name? Has he a little lamb?" she asked at last, with the least possible sarcasm.

Huntingdon. — No; but he is a little lamb, — Mary's little lamb (and the gentleman laughed very heartily at his conceit). He is sweet on a girl in Cambridge, by that name, and so we rough him about it. But then he is more of a girl than a man. He never smokes, for he can't, though he has been trying to learn; and he never drinks for the same reason. When we go in to Kent's, we always call for milk for Adams.

Miss Eldredge (coolly). — I should think he might be a very nice young man.

Huntingdon. — Oh, he is a *nice* young man. He went out rowing in our club boat one evening last month. You have to slide down a rope to the boat; and when the tide is out, it is perhaps eight or ten feet. It was about low water when they came in. The men went up hand over hand, except Adams; he was so breathless that he couldn't help himself at all; and they had to hoist him up boat and all, as they did, after chaffing him awhile. We have no end of fun with him.

Miss Eldredge. — Yes? I should think a student who did not drink or smoke, and who was not a big-fisted sort of athlete, might be a phenomenon, indeed.

They passed on, although even then Huntingdon had not perceived his error.

"What in the world have you been saying to Miss Eldredge about Adams?" asked Sam, in alarm, of his chum, some minutes after this.

"Nothing in particular," replied that gentleman, a little blankly.

"I should think it was something very 'particular' from what I heard. Didn't you know that she is from Cambridge, on a visit to her uncle, and that everybody calls her the nicest girl in Cambridge, and that Adams is awfully sweet on her, and she on him?"

"The devil!" was Huntingdon's rejoinder.

Sam laughed in spite of himself at his blank look.

"Why didn't you tell me, chum?" Huntingdon exclaimed, half fiercely.

"Well, you needn't devour me. I supposed everybody had heard about Mary Eldredge and Adams: in fact, you told me yourself. And I did try to catch your

eye. I made faces at you, till the lady I was with wanted to know if I had the toothache." At this the young man laughed again.

"I tell you it is no laughing matter, chum!"

Nor was it. Adams was, as has been here recorded, the wealthiest man in the class, and by no means the simpleton that he appeared in the eyes of Huntingdon and some others. Accustomed to the free use of money and all that money could bring, from his earliest youth, there was to him no temptation to indulge in the license which for the time bewildered so many of his companions. Wine and tobacco he had always on hand for the use of his friends; but to indulge too freely himself was another matter. His perfect breeding turned aside the wit and ridicule which his thoughtless fellow-students vied with each other at this time in showering upon him, with a calmness that deceived many as to his character. By degrees he was sure to take his true position among the most respected of his class. Since he was entirely under the control of Miss Eldredge, who was herself universally liked, enmity from this quarter would indeed be no laughing matter for the ambitious Freshman; and Miss Eldredge's feelings towards Mr. Huntingdon were emphatic.

"I am sorry to say it," she said to Kate, in answer to the question how she liked the gentleman, "but I think that Mr. Huntingdon is a most thoroughly disagreeable and conceited person."

Kate's blue eyes opened to their very widest.

"I sincerely hope that he is not a friend of yours, and I am sincerely sorry that he is your brother's chum; for I do not believe that there is any thing really honest

and true about him. I don't often speak this way about any one; but he has wounded, I might almost say insulted me, in a manner and to a degree I believe I can never forget."

The festivities of the evening were drawing to a close; but the great event of the occasion was yet in store for Villiers. He had lamented to Kate his ignorance of dancing early in the evening.

"You must dance a contra-dance with me, Mr. Villiers, before we go home," she had said. "I shall not let you off."

So Villiers had studied with all his might the figures of the contra-dances; and now he claimed his fair mistress for the Virginia Reel, the last dance of the evening.

"I would like to take a stand pretty well down in the set," he said to her; and as they took their places in the long line, and he felt a consciousness of his own awkwardness, although in truth he made a very good appearance indeed, he made a resolution to master this accomplishment during the coming winter, whether he learned any Greek and mathematics or not.

VIII.

AFTER THE BALL.

Huntingdon entered the room at a late hour the following morning. Kate alone had made her appearance, and was giving her plants their usual attention. The young lady looked very pretty in her simple toilet, and fresh beauty, which the excitement of the previous evening had but served to heighten; at least, so thought the gentleman as he took her proffered hand, and bade her good-morning. He then devoted himself to admiring her plants, as in duty bound.

"Yes, they are very nice; but they must require a great deal of time and attention," he said.

"But see how beautifully they repay me. I should hardly know what to do without them. Just look at this heliotrope: is it not splendid?" Kate asked, pointing to a magnificent plant thick-set with blossoms.

"It is, certainly, and I wish I might have a sprig." At this the young lady broke off a fine spray, and gave him.

"Thank you, very much: I shall treasure this." And, with a significant look, "You know its meaning, of course?"

"No!" exclaimed Kate, with the least perceptible deepening of color, "I did not know that it meant any

thing in particular. What does it mean?" she added, looking up from an ivy-leaf she was dusting.

"I — I — believe I will let you make that discovery for yourself," Huntingdon replied, with a bow and a smile, which was just a little confused. "Have you quite recovered from last night's fatigue?"

"Oh, yes: have not you?"

"Yes, from the fatigue; but I am afraid not from the ball. In truth, I feel it may be a long time before its effects pass away."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Kate, in alarm. "You are ill? I thought you seemed a little pale." With an anxious glance at his face, she added, "Let me speak to mamma."

"Please do not: I am perfectly well. I meant that I shall never forget the ball; I never enjoyed an evening so much."

"I am sure we ought to feel very much complimented," said Kate, modestly. "I was very much afraid you might not find any partners who could dance to your satisfaction."

"Yes," returned Huntingdon, with his characteristic smile and a winning enthusiasm, though his manner was quite too familiar. "Then let me tell you something. I had for a partner the very best dancer I have ever seen in my life, and she was without exception the most beautiful and one of the most elegantly dressed ladies I have ever had the good fortune to meet."

"Who could it have been!" said Kate in honest surprise. "What did she wear? I wish you had pointed her out to me. Miss Eldredge is very nice, but not wonderfully handsome, I think. Ah, I forgot Miss

Haliburton; she is the great beauty of these parts: she is really a lovely girl."

"It was not Miss Haliburton. I think you could produce the dress she wore; and I am quite sure the flowers with which she was adorned grew in this very window," was Huntingdon's gallant reply.

"Oh, sir," said Kate with a mortified and indignant flush, for there had been that in the gentleman's manner, more than in his words, which had given cause for displeasure, "I thought you were in earnest, though I might have known you were not. Please do not speak to me again in such a way. I can but feel that you are making sport of us here, and that your enjoyment is simply pretended."

I am sure that Huntingdon would have persevered in his compliments in spite of the rebuke he had received, and the consciousness that of all times the hour before breakfast is the most inopportune for making love, had not Villiers and Sam entered the room at that moment. He was well pleased with the exhibition of spirit which he had witnessed. The angry flush and gleaming eyes were quite to his mind. As he had himself said, the pleasure of pursuit was more than the joy of possession.

The afternoon and this same room witnessed a tête-à-tête of quite a different nature, between the young lady and the grave Mr. Villiers. Sam, agreeable to his undertaking, with divers of his young lady friends, had carried his chum off to make some calls; Mrs. Wentworth was doubtless engaged with domestic matters; and Villiers, occupying awkwardly enough an easy-chair near the ample fireplace, sat silently watching

Kate's exquisitely shaped and nimble fingers as she wrought at crochet or something of the kind.

Villiers sat quite ill at ease, while moments that ought to have been blissful slipped away one after another. Not a thought could he summon worthy of the occasion, or even of utterance. He was conscious of acting the part of a blockhead. He would have run away had he only dared; but he did not dare. Though he had never ceased to think about Kate Wentworth since the summer afternoon when he had looked down into her eyes; though thoughts of her were sometimes woefully mixed with his Greek roots and mathematical problems, and her bright face often looked out at him from the leaves of his lexicon in a wonderfully perplexing way; though her songs rang in his ears all that autumn so full of varied and curious experiences; though she was to him the impersonation of all that was bright, beautiful, and good, combining in her sweet self the graces and perfections of all the heroines whose acquaintance he had made in the realm of story; and though he knew that he loved her with all the power of his deep, determined nature, — he was afraid of her, terribly so, and fairly dreaded being left alone with her. These and other thoughts floated across his mind as he sat fascinated, and watched her fingers weave their spells.

The young lady, however, ran on pleasantly from one matter to another, without noticing her companion's embarrassment perhaps, certainly without divining its cause, till, as the early twilight deepened, the shadow of her brother's departure, and the many weeks of almost unbroken quiet that were to follow, seemed to spread itself over her, and her fancies grew less bright.

"Ah, Mr. Villiers," she said, after one of the pauses, "you can see that it is not always so pleasant to live here as it was last summer. Take away our boating, walks on the beach, and scrambles over the rocks, the drives through the woods, the city company, — and we lose all these during the winter, — and there is little that is attractive remaining. Sometimes I wish we could go away altogether."

"It was very charming here last summer," said Villiers, rousing himself; "and I am sure it is delightfully pleasant now. I have not missed boating or city company; and, for one, I have been extremely gay."

"I wonder if this one is making sport of me too," thought Kate, as she recollected her experience of the morning. But a glance at his honest face assured her that nothing of that nature was to be feared.

"Yes," she replied, with the least curl of her lip: "Mr. Huntingdon was gracious enough to express a similar approval, this morning, of the entertainment we have afforded. For the moment, I almost thought that it was he speaking."

"I am sure I ought to consider that very much of a compliment," said Villiers, plucking up his courage. "Huntingdon is the finest looking, most accomplished, and most popular man in the class; and even a faint and momentary approximation to his excellence is more than most of us can aspire to."

"You two do not seem to be very dear friends," said Kate, laughing pleasantly, not ill pleased perchance at the answer, and the tone in which it was spoken. "I always thought that all young men in the same class at college were the firmest of friends, willing to do any

thing in the world for one another, and bound together by the strongest ties imaginable. I am sure, if I were there," she continued, merrily, "I should love *all* my classmates dearly."

"Then it is almost a pity you are not."

"And not quite?"

"No," returned Villiers, blushing, "'almost' I said. I suppose there are many strong attachments formed before the four years are ended: we have been there less than four months, and you must not expect too much of us. Huntingdon and I may be the firmest friends in the world before class day; so that I should not be chargeable with the slightest fault in respect to my regard for him."

"Oh," returned the young lady, "I did not mean to charge a fault now."

"I wish I knew the name of a song you used to sing last summer," said Villiers, after a little time. "If I did, I would ask you to sing it again."

"I wish you did," returned Kate, at once surprised and pleased; "for I should be glad to sing it for you: but I have so many songs. Can't you hum a little of it, or whistle it?"

Villiers's lips formed themselves to utter the sounds he loved so well; but, after a moment's hesitation, he stepped to the piano, and played the first three or four notes of the air with one finger.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Kate, brightly. "You like that? it is my favorite song." And, after a short prelude, she poured forth the melody of her rich, sweet voice. Poor Villiers was enchanted. The clear, full notes of the song rose one above another with exquisite

tenderness and inspiring power. It was a song at once of devotion and triumph, of adoration and passion; and so identified with the young man's new-born love as to ever be, to him, the one song above all others.

"It is a hymn to the Virgin," said Kate, breaking the stillness that followed, "sung in the Roman Catholic Church. I found it last summer, among some of mamma's old music, written out on a sheet of paper, and have no way of even guessing how old it is, or who wrote it. That Church has a great deal of very beautiful music; but this happened to please me more than any I had ever known, and I sang it continually for a time, till Sam said it had become tiresome. Since then I have put it by for special occasions. I give only a very faint rendering; for there is a choral passage, which I must needs omit. Given fully in a church, I think it would be very impressive."

Sitting thus, in the dusky glow of the fire, stirred with the inspiration of her presence and the contagion of her cheerful, sunny disposition, Villiers felt his awkward dread fast wearing away; and with its flight many graces of thought and character came coyly forth to show the man in his true nature. Surely he was one adapted to inspire any thoughtful girl with respect and regard, even if he failed to awaken a more tender sentiment. He was so profound and yet had such simplicity of heart, so noble in his thoughts and sentiments, so enthusiastic and true in his friendships, so tenderly thoughtful for others and forgetful of self, and withal so invincibly energetic, that he could hardly fail to win the friendship and admiration of even his thoughtless and high-blooded classmates, and, as he

himself had said half in jest, "be bound to many of them by a thousand strong and tender ties," before the college days were over.

Before this hour, long remembered by him, had passed, and while Kate was fain to sit gazing into the glowing coals, and leave her work until she had a stronger light, he told, in answer to her suggestions, what little there was to tell of his simple history. Without father or mother since his early infancy, he had lived with an uncle, a bachelor, enjoying the most perfect liberty in every sense of the word. As far back as his recollection extended, the library had always possessed for him a peculiar charm. In his secluded home he had grown up almost without a playmate; and books had stood him in the stead both of parents and friends. A short hour daily with his uncle had afforded the only instruction he had received while preparing for college, his own determined purpose accomplishing the rest. This confidence in regard to his youth, brief as it was, had never been extended to any classmate, however intimate, or to any other friend. It was a peculiarity of his, though not to be mentioned as an especial virtue, never to talk about himself; and the grave dignity of his character was of a nature which rendered curious inquiry almost impossible. This young man was certainly a phenomenal student; but his life at Cambridge is one of the brightest and most inspiring recollections of college-days which those of his classmates whose fortune it was to be his friends possess.

May the Fates deal gently and kindly with Villiers in his love affair, and prosper his wooing! It has come too soon in his life, and too early in our story, but things

must be told as they are; and he is no ideal character, but only the very noblest and manliest of students. Somehow and somewhere he had acquired a faith that there was something in life more worthy of pursuit than enjoyment, than success, than happiness; and that something he called duty. Faithful, independent, thorough-going allegiance to duty, was the key-note of his life and character. When a man has adopted this belief, recognized its truth, and determined to live in accordance with it, he is every inch a man, whatever his years, or his ignorance of the world; and so, both for his own sake, and for the sake of the fair, true-hearted girl whom he loves, may he be successful in his passion!

All this time the conversation between these two, sitting in the twilight before the cheerful hearth, had been uninterrupted, and it certainly strayed on to curious ground; for Villiers was propounding some theories in regard to magnetism, and the mysterious power which one human mind may sometimes acquire over another. As he discoursed on this weird subject, citing one curious fact after another, with his large gray eyes piercing through the firelight at her, Kate became conscious, or thought she did, of a sensation as new as the stories which she was listening to for the first time, and almost felt relief when Sam, returning with his chum, came with merry talk and bustle into the room.

Sam had made up his mind to approach a very disagreeable matter without further delay; and this was to ask his mother for more money. She had asked him how much he would need for the year's expenses, and had at once doubled the amount which he named, so

that he had commenced his college-life with what seemed to be a small fortune at his disposal; but this, as has been seen, had already been dissipated. In addition to this, he owed a considerable amount, while, with the exception of the small purchases made in furnishing his room, not a single legitimate college-bill had been paid.

Sam had not associated with the young people who lived around his home, and who were without exception industrious and frugal, without falling into their ways of thinking. The idea of a college-life had been distasteful to him at first, solely because he should be obliged to use his mother's money so largely, and for so long a time; and he had argued the matter with a good deal of feeling, and protested that at least he would be strictly economical. Recollecting all these things, it was very humiliating to ask for more funds; but there seemed to be no alternative.

"Mother," he said, and his voice trembled a little, "there is one thing I have done that I hardly dare think about, myself. I don't understand really how it came about. I must have been bewitched, I think; but I have spent all the money you gave me, and more, without paying for any thing. I don't mean to have it happen again. (In truth it did not.)

Mrs. Wentworth had turned pale at his first words, and Kate had looked up in alarm; but she forthwith indulged in a hearty laugh at Sam's rueful appearance as he made his confession, and his mother was too much relieved to feel any thing but happiness.

"How much do you owe?" she asked, kindly.

Sam named the amount, at which his sister's eyes

opened to their widest extent. "I should say that you must have been bewitched most decidedly," she said, a little tartly.

But his mother's heart was filled with thankfulness and kindness only. "If a little money is all, your troubles shall be soon ended," she said, drawing Sam to her.

"It is all, and bad enough too."

"All that there is, is for you two," she continued; "and I want you to spend as much as you please: only," and her voice and color deepened, "spend it honestly; don't ever part with money for any thing you would be ashamed to have us know about."

Sam felt a little guilty, but he answered, "I think I can promise you that, mother."

"And you won't read me any more lectures on economy, will you?" said Kate with a merry laugh.

Sam was silent and grave. At length he said, "I don't quite understand it all, myself. I know now, that it was very foolish and wrong to waste so much; but somehow at the time every thing seemed to be necessary, and not only that, but almost unavoidable; and, until the money was quite gone, it seemed as though there was a plenty left. I know," he added, resolutely, "that nothing of this kind will happen again."

"It would be hardly possible," said his mother, "that you should get on without mistakes; and I know that your own judgment must be your guide, and that it will in the end be a sure one; but, oh, Sam, do be careful. I cannot warn you as I would like to, because I know the world very little; but if you can go on through the four years without mishap, I shall be the proudest and happiest woman in the land."

"And with reason too, mamma," said Kate, with an admiring look at her brother.

"I am going to open an account with the bank in Cambridge," continued Mrs. Wentworth; "and whenever you wish any money hereafter, you have only to supply yourself. I wish you to do every thing that is manly and generous without stint, and to enjoy these precious days of your youth while they last."

So ended the much-dreaded interview.

As the Sunday evening twilight deepened, and the shadow of the next morning's separation drew on, there was no one, save Huntingdon, who was not sorry that the recess was over. That gentleman had enjoyed the simple pleasures of rural life to rather more than his heart's content. He felt that he had made two blunders, and this irritated him. He missed his cigars sadly, which he had foregone for the time, and his gay companions, and the excitements attendant upon a city life. Though Kate had apparently been not less friendly, he could see that she was on her guard, and that no farther progress could be made in that direction for the present. For one, he was more than ready to go back to Cambridge.

It could not be otherwise than that the two ladies should feel sorry to have the young men go. The house would be very dull without them for many a day; and the daily round of simple duties, pursuits, and pleasures would needs for a time be less entertaining than of yore. Villiers, I fear, would fain have dallied away his existence under the charm of Miss Wentworth's smiles, and of this domestic harmony so new and so enchanting. Even Sam would have been well

pleased with a longer breathing-spell; but the dawn of the following morning came all too quickly, and after a hurried breakfast by candle-light, and a brisk drive through the chill morning air for the early train, the three students were whirling on toward Cambridge.

IX.

STOUGHTON TWENTY-EIGHT.

The students had all returned, and the college machinery was at once in the most excellent running order. The Seniors were all industrious, the Juniors enjoying their privileges to the fullest extent, the Sophomores were orderly, the Freshmen undisturbed; and the ensuing two months constituted perhaps the very best working season of the year.

"There is going to be a meeting of the boating men at Stoughton 28 this evening, to see about raising money to buy a class shell," said Huntingdon to Sam, as the two sauntered leisurely to their room from the post-office. "Why don't you go around, chum? I should think you might pull in the crew, or even in the Harvard by and by; you are big enough," he continued with an admiring glance at Sam's fine proportions, "and you know all about boating, and enjoy it so much. It would be a grand thing for you too," he continued, in his half-patronizing, half-confidential way. "You can't think how it helps a man to be good at some one thing, either a splendid oar, or in the Nine, or the Glee Club, or the Pierian, or a good gymnast. It is a hundred times better than the rank-list. Anybody who has a mind to dig can stand well there." The accomplished

Freshman, for he was proficient in almost all these matters, had given his chum similar advice before; but this time he had touched a responsive chord.

Sam's eyes sparkled. "I should like to pull in a crew, above all things," he exclaimed. "I wonder I never thought about it before. I am ever so much obliged to you, chum, for putting me in mind. I will go by all means."

"Be sure to put my name down on the subscription paper for fifteen dollars," said Huntingdon. "If I were in your place, I should come down with something handsome, say twenty-five, or more if you like." As they reached the entrance of College House, he paused an instant, and said, "Coming up? The meeting is at half-past seven, and it's about that now."

"No," replied Sam. "It is time for me to be off now;" and he disappeared in the gloom in the direction of Stoughton.

Boating at Harvard had been for many years a feature of great interest among the undergraduates and their friends; but it was at this time by no means the perfect science it has since become. No such thing as organization had been thought of either by each separate class or by the college as a whole. A few choice spirits, ambitious for boating honors, would form themselves into a boat-club early in the Freshman year, buy an old "lap." from one of the upper classes, and do as much work as they could in the fall. When the class began to wake up to some interest in boating, in the spring, and wonder if there was going to be a crew, this organization served in good stead.

In the university boat, or the "Harvard," as it was

called, matters were even more loosely managed. Some one man was usually left over of the last year to be captain and pick his crew; and because this was often so inefficiently done, or the selections made through favoritism, on several occasions the anomaly was presented of a university crew that was inferior to a class crew. There has been a great improvement in all these things during the past decade.

Sam knew, of course, that there was a boat-club; but so closely had the new and strange experiences of the past three months crowded one upon another, that he had never until this moment realized the full signifi cance of the fact; and thus it was with eager steps he crossed the grounds, and mounted the stairs, one flight after another, to Stoughton 28. The room is quite at the top of the building; but it is not often that Fresh men are so fortunate as to obtain one of these attics. They are quiet, cosey, and comfortable, and usually fall to the lot of Sophomores.

"Come in," rang out a voice in answer to Sam's knock; and, "Here's Wentworth." "How are you, Sam?" "Here, take a pipe!" came from half a dozen sides at once. He declined the pipe; and surely there was no need of additional fumigation, since, of the twenty-five or thirty jolly fellows who were crowded into the apartment, nearly every one was smoking. Half a dozen were stretched full length on the two little iron bedsteads that stand in one corner, and were having a merry time. As many as could were half sitting on the big study-table, each easy-chair held a couple, and the deep window-seats were filled; others stood in groups of twos or threes, smoking and chatting. The room itself

was perhaps twenty-five feet square, and very low studded. In the corner behind the door was a pile of base-ball bats; near by were some heavy dumb-bells and Indian clubs; foils and boxing-gloves adorned the little space above the mantel; there was the oddest assortment possible of pictures hung around the wall; and books were everywhere scattered about in the direst confusion. Ordinarily there was a fine assortment of pipes on a little stand between the windows; but at present they were all in use. Add to all this volumes of tobacco-smoke almost obscuring the gas and the blazing fire, and you have Stoughton 28, as it was on this occasion.

The room was occupied by Hawes and Smith. The hour appointed for the meeting had passed; and as arrivals had ceased, and it was plain that there would be no more in attendance, Lyman rapped briskly on the table. Immediately the boisterous merriment subsided, the groups broke up, the Freshmen assumed more orderly positions, and in a moment silence reigned.

Lyman, standing at the table, began, "Classmates, this meeting has been called at the request of a good many members of the class; and," looking around, "I presume some one, better acquainted with the subject matter to come before it than I am will explain its purpose."

There was a dubious silence for a few minutes, followed by whispered expostulations from a group lounging on one of the beds; and presently a fellow whom we have seen before came forward, pipe in mouth.

"Mr. Chairman!"

Lyman. — Mr. Smith, gentlemen.

Smith. — What I want to say is (puff), that we have called this meeting to take some action about raising money to buy a class shell. (Applause, and a succession of puffs from Smith.)

Lyman. — Excuse me, Smith, but I would like to remind the fellows that it is against the regulations, to hold a class meeting without permission from the President. I tried to get permission for this occasion, but Prex. wouldn't give it; said he "hadn't any authority," you know. (Laughter and applause.) If we make a noise so that that everlasting Bogey (the proctor in charge of the entry) hears it, and discovers what we are about, *we* shall get publics, if nothing worse. That is all, Smith.

Smith. — Of course it is customary to have a class boat, and we must have one; and there is none too much time to order it in. I believe they generally (puff) vote (puff) that each man in the class shall pay a certain amount (puff, puff), say three dollars (a succession of puffs). McKay will build us a shell for three hundred dollars (puff, puff), and have it ready by the time the river is open; and I make a motion that we vote to assess the class three dollars on each man.

So saying he retired to the bed amid subdued applause.

Smith, unless you touched him on boating, was not much of an orator. He pulled the bow oar in the club boat, and promised to hold the same position in the crew next spring; yes, and in the "Harvard" too, by and by. He was rather short, light-haired, and muscular, and a great favorite. His popularity was destined to increase; for he was to show himself one of the best

bow oars that the college ever turned out. He handled an oar much better than a lexicon, and did the "dips" and "half-arms" more skilfully than the English-into-Greek exercise. In truth, it is uncommon for a boating man to be much of a dig.

After a silence, Lyman looked inquiringly around.

"Get up and say, something, Tom," said Smith, nudging his neighbor on the bed; and reluctantly, for speech-making was the very least of his accomplishments, Tom Hawes got on to his feet, and faced the company.

"I've got a letter in my pocket from a Yale Freshman, a friend of mine. He says they expect a challenge from us for a race next summer; and he says (reading), 'We are confident of being able to turn out a strong crew, and hope you will not fail to invite us to meet you on Quinsigamond in July.' (Applause.) You know, fellows, how hard it is to get those Yale men to come to the scratch; but this fellow is a friend of mine, and I know what he says can be depended on. Of course we can't do any thing without a shell; and the only way that I see is to raise the money, and buy one; and so I second Mr. Smith's motion." With this, Tom retired, very red in the face, and very warm, to the couch, where he was received with subdued enthusiasm.

Lyman waited a few minutes for a further expression of the sense of the meeting; then, as no one came forward, began, "If there is nothing more to be said, I will put the motion to vote." This brought a shaggy-headed fellow on to his feet in a trice.

"Mr. Chairman."

Lyman. — Mr. Howard, gentlemen.

Howard. — I have nothing to say, Mr. Chairman (Howard was one of the readiest speakers in the class, with the knack of making the most trifling matters appear to be of consequence,), — I have nothing to urge against the proposition of procuring a class boat. Personally my feelings are wholly in favor of what has been said. I am quite ready to pay three, or five, or even ten dollars, if needs be " —

Longstreet (getting briskly on to his feet). — Well, we'll call it ten dollars, Mr. Chairman. Just put Mr. Howard down for ten dollars, and, Howard, never mind the speech.

At this interruption there was very general mirth.

" But I do object," continued Howard with unruffled gravity, " object most emphatically to the underhanded method by which we propose to secure the money. There are present here about thirty in all, and the class numbers one hundred and twenty. Now, I say, Mr. Chairman, we have no *right* " —

Lyman. — Excuse me, Howard: not quite so loud, if you please. I'm terribly afraid of publics.

" I say we have no right," Howard continued, in a hoarse whisper, " to vote away class money, or to bind the class by a vote, without a full class meeting (applause from one corner of the room), or at least without a general invitation to the entire class to attend one. I am emphatically opposed to any such proceeding as that proposed. Let us have a boat by all means, but first let us at least do our best to have a meeting attended by the class at large. A vote by so small a number would not bind anybody, especially a vote cast by interested parties."

It was very evident, now that there was opposition, who were the boating-men and their friends. Half a dozen rose to the floor at once; and the cry of "Mr. Chairman!" was heard on all sides.

Lyman. — Mr. Adams! Gentlemen, Adams has the floor.

Adams (standing still and looking quietly around). — I would like to say, in answer to the last gentleman's remarks (cries of "Hear! hear!" and "Go in, Mary, don't be bashful!"), that I've come up here to this sky-parlor to attend this meeting, and I don't want to have to come again for such a purpose when all the necessary business can just as well be transacted now. (Applause.) I don't believe you could get any more together than there are here now, — certainly not if the object of the meeting was known. Of course the vote would not bind anybody; and if there is any man in the class who won't give three dollars toward a class boat, or who can't afford to, let him say so, when asked, and there will be plenty to make up the deficiency.

"Good for you, Mary!" said Longstreet.

"For my part," continued Adams, "I can't pull"—

"Can't shin a rope, can you?" said Lewis, with his mighty laugh, in which all joined.

"But I sincerely wish I could; if some one will draw up a paper, I will put my name down for thirty dollars, and I am good for as much more, if necessary."

There was uproarious applause at this, on the part of the boating-men and their friends.

"Mr. Chairman," said Sam, rising.

"Mr. Wentworth, gentlemen."

Immediately there was silence.

"I only wished to say," continued Sam modestly, "that, as I take the deepest interest in every thing that relates to boating, I hope the motion will be voted on and carried; and I shall be pleased to subscribe twenty-five dollars toward the new boat, and my chum wanted me to put his name down for fifteen."

At this there was great glee manifested by the boating fraternity; and the motion was put and carried without delay. After some further discussion, it was voted to appoint a committee of three to collect the funds, and order the new shell; and Sam was at once surprised and pleased to find himself associated with Smith and Lewis in the discharge of its duties. A subscription paper was drawn up on the spot, and more than half the necessary amount secured at once. The meeting then broke up.

"I think I would like to pull in the crew," Sam said to Smith, some days later, as he handed that gentleman the money which he had collected from that part of the class which it had been his duty to canvass. "I did not know any thing about the boat-club, or I should have joined last fall. Boating is a sport that I particularly delight in."

Smith was not in the least disturbed by the request, or the confident tone in which it was made: probably a score of his classmates had suggested to him that they intended to pull in his crew, as though an oar in a class boat was to be had for the asking.

"Ever pulled any, Wentworth?" he asked, innocently.

"I believe I can handle a boat of any kind if I can do any thing," returned Sam, warmly.

"You had better go to the gymnasium and work regularly there; and in the spring, if you are the best man, you shall have a place. There are a good many who want to pull, and who are working hard, but the more the merrier; and," he continued, seeing Sam's rather blank look, "there will be a second crew, you know, and you can get a chance in that if not in the first."

"I will go to the gymnasium, of course, if you say so," returned Sam, a little crestfallen; "but I believe I am strong enough in a boat without that."

"Not so strong but that you can work up a good deal," Smith replied as they parted.

Smith had made the same reply to all the volunteers; and, in many cases, it had served to dampen their ardor most effectually. This plan of regular winter work in the gymnasium, for the crew, was an idea of Tom Hawes's, and was considered to be quite superfluous by boating-men generally; even the "Harvard," in spite of Wilkinson's persistent endeavors, contenting themselves with the thought that a few weeks' training in the spring would suffice. But Sam was too thoroughly in earnest to be turned aside. The more he thought about it, the more determined he was to pull an oar in his class boat; for that he could do this with credit to himself and the class, he felt certain. So he went regularly to the gymnasium, where at a certain hour of the day Hawes and Smith and Lewis were hard at work, coaching and criticising half a score of aspirants for a place in the boat. Hither Villiers, who entered at once into the spirit of Sam's enthusiasm, was wont to accompany him, declaring that he needed some honest work

of some kind himself; and, for an hour or two each day, these young fellows worked with a determination worthy of the cause. They pulled weights, swung Indian clubs, put up the dumb-bells, learned the parallel bars, the half-arms, and the dips; and Sam found that there was a relish to all this, and an enjoyment in the very exertions, beyond what would have seemed possible. As he was nearly twenty-one at this time, was possessed of a splendid constitution and a manly frame, and had always lived much out of doors, his muscular strength developed with astonishing rapidity; and, before the season's work in the gymnasium was fairly ended, he equalled even Lewis in strength, and Smith in activity.

It was most interesting, during all this time, to watch the conduct of Smith and Hawes. They seemed always to be at the gymnasium looking after the men, so long as one of them remained. Besides doing more than their own share of work at the weights and on the bars, they coached and discussed every one of the candidates with unfailing diligence. You could see them putting their heads together, and winking and exchanging significant glances, when one of their men made a good show; and Tom Hawes's glum face would light up in a wonderful way, as he perceived the progress his plans were making. No infatuated turfman ever watched the training of a favorite trotter with a closer vigilance or a keener satisfaction.

"What I would like to know," said Smith, as the pair stood apart, watching Sam's graceful and vigorous exercise with the clubs, "is whether Wentworth is going to be the man he promises." Smith had pro-

pounded this question to his friend a score of times already. "He is strong enough, Tom, and has wind, and all that; but the great question is, can we teach him to pull?"

"Says he's been used to boats all his life," was Tom's rejoinder.

"Yes. I know just what that amounts to, — pulling cross-handed in a dory. For my part, I would rather have a man who never saw a boat in his life, than one of these fellows who thinks he knows all about it, and is ignorant of the first principles."

"He's quick as a cat, and willing to be told; and I believe he's a prize."

"Well, I hope so; if he only turns out half as well as he promises, I won't ask for a better crew than ours will be. The Sophs. would be strong, only their two best men are in the Harvard; and, as for the Juniors, they are going to travel altogether too much on their dignity. But I say, Tom," as a man of splendid development came out of one of the dressing-rooms, and picked up a heavy dumb-bell, "know who that fellow is?"

"No."

"Well, I don't know his name; but they say he has pulled at Oxford, and was a crack oar, and that he is going to pull stroke in the scientific crew."

"Well," said Tom, "the more there are of them, the less chance of our coming in at the tail end." Just then the bell rung; and he started off on the run, to save a tardy-mark at recitation.

The rest of the season was not all study or gymnasium work. For the first time in his life, Sam went to

the opera, and was fairly captivated by this new pleasure. Villiers was soon his constant companion; and the love of music was one more tie binding them together.

Through Adams and Miss Eldredge, Sam had received a card to the Lyceum Hall assemblies, those gatherings of the *élite* of Cambridge. So, arrayed in faultless apparel, he went to the first one; though not without some fear and trembling. To his infinite disgust, his worst apprehensions were realized; and he found himself as entirely ignorant as he could possibly be of the art of dancing as practised there. Miss Eldredge was more than polite to him, and introduced him to a score of pretty girls; but he felt his discomfiture so keenly that he retired from the hall before the evening was half over. "Why don't you go to a dancing-school?" Huntingdon said to him, on his return. "They will have the assemblies just the same, another year; and you won't be a Freshman then, either. What kind of a figure can a man cut in society, who doesn't know the German? If I were in your place, I would lose no time."

Chancing to mention the plan to Villiers, to his surprise, that gentleman, with more confusion than he had ever exhibited before, said that he knew of a very nice place, select and all right; in fact, he had been attending twice a week, for some time. Before the winter ended, these two young fellows were as proficient in the German as Mr. Huntingdon himself.

As the weeks sped away, our young man was becoming much better acquainted with his classmates generally, and was learning that there was a large proportion

of quiet, earnest, industrious men, who did not consider it necessary to waste their substance in riotous living, simply because they had the unlimited control of a certain amount of money. He began to doubt, sometimes, if his chum's associates, who had at first seemed so worthy of imitation in every way, were really the most influential men in the college, or were really very desirable acquaintances, even though they seemed to be the most prominent.

Perhaps, next to his intimacy with Villiers, Sam's friendship with Will Adams came to be the strongest, as well as the pleasantest. It might have been that his natural quickness at discernment gave him an insight into this young man's character, beyond that of the fellows who were his associates and friends. It is impossible to analyze the subtle forces that draw two young men together and make them friends; but friends these two were: and Sam, not quite understanding Adams's cool indifference at the constant attacks of their companions, often took arms in his defence. There was one incident, however, that seemed too good to be kept to himself; and he told it with a great deal of glee to Hawes and Lewis: —

"I called in to see Adams this morning, after recitation, and found the youth stretched full length on his lounge, as white as a sheet, and in a cold sweat. 'Good gracious!' said I; 'what's the matter? Are you sick?'

"'Oh, no,' he replied, feebly; 'it's nothing in particular. I've been smoking: that is all.'

"'Aren't you used to it?' I asked. He looked so miserable that I hadn't the heart to laugh at him.

"'Oh, yes. I've smoked every day, ever since I've been here; and I usually get on with a Manilla very well: but about ten days ago I bought a pipe;' and he produced the most elegant meerschaum you ever saw. 'I am coloring it; and I have to smoke such deuced strong tobacco that it uses me up for a couple of hours afterwards.'

"I suggested that, under these circumstances, I should be inclined to let the pipe slide; but I found that I had touched a tender point. 'Sam,' said he, rousing himself, 'I came to college with the determination of learning to smoke; and I mean to color that pipe, if I am sick all the rest of the day.' It was the clearest case of infatuation I ever saw; and I said nothing more."

Both Hawes and Lewis thought that was a pretty good story; but the laugh grew louder, as Hawes, with a very knowing look, drew from his pocket an elegant pipe, and exhibited it. "He had to give it up, after all; for he handed it to me this morning, and asked me if I didn't want to smoke it awhile." Without delay, the story went the rounds. Soon after this, Adams had his revenge; and it happened in this wise:—

"There," said Huntingdon, coming into the room one snowy afternoon, and placing a small package on the table, "I'm tired of cigars; there's nothing like a good sweet pipe, after all." And cutting the strings, and unfolding the paper, he drew forth a pipe, fitted in a stem, and, opening the box of "Green Seal," crowded the bowl with the fragrant weed, and sat down to a smoke which he apparently enjoyed with the keenest relish.

By degrees, smoking had come to possess a strange

fascination for Sam; and he often thought he would like to try it for himself, and see if it were as nice as it seemed.

"I suppose any one is always sick, chum, when he first begins to smoke," he said at length, his eyes following the curling wreaths.

"Not necessarily: I never was, so far as I remember," Huntingdon replied; and with a half-quizzing glance added, "Why don't you try it, chum?"

"I believe I will, if you will lend me."

"With the greatest pleasure: you lose half the enjoyment of life not smoking." And Huntingdon knocked out the ashes, crammed the bowl with "Green Seal," passed it to Sam, and then lighted a bit of paper at the grate, and gave him a fair start. "Bravo, chum! we'll have you a man yet. Don't smoke too fast: you'll burn it if you do;" and he went back to his book.

It was by this time quite dark. The snow fell briskly against the panes, and the wind whistled chill without. Sam lay back in his easy-chair, his feet on the fender, gazing into the glowing grate. The sensation was new, and it was delicious: it seemed to soothe his senses, and make him wish to close his eyes and dream; the fire took on a new charm as he gazed at it through the curling smoke; and how gracefully the wreaths rose one above another to the ceiling!

"What a fool I have been to lose all this comfort so long!" he thought. "I will go over to Wiley's, and buy a pipe this very night."

Huntingdon putting on his great-coat and hat aroused him from his revery; and the smoke refusing to come, showed that the tobacco was burned out.

"Good for you, chum! Put the pipe in the case, please. I want to stop at the office and the bookstore, and I won't wait for you; it's tea-time now;" and he hurried out.

Sam felt no disposition to follow; something admonished him that he would do well to remain where he was: his head did not feel quite right, and the objects in the room seemed to join in a confused and confusing dance.

"This is worse than the champagne," he said, talking perhaps to keep up courage as he rose from his chair, but he was too glad to sit down there again at once.

After a moment, the sensation of suffocation being unendurable, he made another effort, and, with due allowance for the "unstable equilibrium," succeeded in reaching and throwing open the window. How refreshing was the chill air, and the snow that fell on his face and forehead! but in a few seconds he was only too glad to recline on the lounge. "I don't think I shall try this experiment again; my curiosity is perfectly satisfied; and I know just how much fun there is in smoking. I can't truly say that I am hungry; but I may as well try to go to tea, for I wouldn't have chum know of this for the world;" and he succeeded in reaching the street and the table.

"Hallo, Went!" shouted Lewis, as he entered the room. "You come late to the feast. Why, what is the matter with the man? you are as white as a sheet. Seen a ghost on the way?"

"No," said Sam, with a faint smile, as he seated himself at the table, "there's nothing in particular the matter. I don't feel just right. — No, thank you," he

said to the maid as she passed him some biscuit and butter: "give me a cup of tea, please."

"Why, Sam," said Hawes, with an anxious face, "you are really sick! I'm ever so sorry."

"No, confound it! I smoked chum's pipe full of strong tobacco, and it has made me just a little dizzy: it will be all right presently;" and he tried hard to swallow some tea.

"Ho, ho!" said Lewis. "Here's Wentworth been smoking. Just look at the wretched man, and see how sick it has made him," and the table roared at him. There was no more sympathy from any one now. The smokers laughed at him; and those who did not smoke laughed still more.

"I say, Sam," called out Adams from the other end of the table, "hadn't you better take my pipe, and finish coloring it? I'm afraid Tom's tobacco isn't strong enough." Even the maid joined in the laugh at his expense.

"Never smoked any before?" said Tom, presently, with a grin.

"No," replied Sam, in a disgusted tone.

"Well, don't give it up discouraged. You ought to have tried it just after supper instead of just before. It makes all the difference in the world. Why, if I take a strong pipe full just before a meal, it sometimes makes *me* dizzy. Try it again to-morrow after dinner, and you'll come to it all right." And he did.

X.

THE RIVER.

What a dreary, tedious time is the first spring in Cambridge, to the enthusiastic Freshmen who are counting the hours that must elapse before they can launch their boat, bid adieu to the gymnasium, and begin their season's work on the river! What a vision recollection calls up of falling rain, melting snow, and drizzling mist, with naked trees and buildings standing out like half-drowned spectres through the fog, while underfoot the snow is slosh, which is speedily transformed to mud, as the ground opens, till the streets are well-nigh impassable. No water ever runs off the college grounds: the place is too level for that. It is not minded in later years, for one grows used to it; but it is a noteworthy Freshman experience.

At length the ice on the river broke up, and floated off to sea; the winds blew softer, the mud was no longer impassable; and Smith got his candidates together, and after several trials picked his crew. Sam had secured the long-dreamed-of honor, — a place in the class boat; and now all bade farewell to study and careful preparation for recitations and examinations; for the boat was the absorbing passion of the next four months.

The land slopes to the south from the colleges to the river; and a brisk walk of five minutes brings one to the boat-houses. Seen from a distance, rising on piles out of the river-mud, they looked like so many huge and uncouth marsh-fowl; and a nearer approach discovered them to be mere sheds built of rough boards, with many a chink and cranny in floor, roof, and wall; but they served to cover the boats, and protect them from thieves or from wanton destruction. Many a student has felt an interest in these same rickety sheds unsurpassed in intensity by any pleasure of his youth or pursuit of his later years.

The river, and course which a six-oar might take, are worthy of a word of description. Three miles and a half down stream there is "Braman's" in Boston; four miles to the westward is the dam in Watertown; and usually these two extremes are the limit of a six-oar's course. The Charles River, just above the colleges, is a most insignificant stream. It is narrow, muddy, crooked, and dirty. Countless drains, sewers, gas-works, and factories discharge into its bed; and the fish have long since deserted its poisonous waters. Leaving the boat-houses, the boats glide up stream under the bridge leading to Brighton, make a great sweep to the north, with brown meadows on either hand, then go straight ahead for a mile with Mount Auburn and its tower on the right, and pass under the second bridge. Thence high banks begin to shut the river in, and the current runs swiftly aslant the narrow draws of the next two bridges. It requires a skilful boatman to pass these successfully. Next the arsenal is seen on the right; and then comes a beautiful stretch

of a mile, shut in by high-wooded banks and fine resi dences on either hand, where the water is dark and smooth. The dam at Watertown, the limit of navigation in this direction, is just above. This is altogether the prettiest pull, though the most tortuous; and, when the wind is high, it is the only course that is quite safe for a six-oar.

Down stream from the boat-houses the marshes stretch out on either hand, and there is a straight course for a mile to the south. Sundry factories stand on either bank; and two bridges span the stream, in which an occasional schooner is seen working up or down. Then there is a sharp turn to the east, the river broadens at the last bridge, with its double draw (one set at an angle with the other, a terror to timid bow-oars), and there is a pull over the Charles River course in the "basin." If there is a strong south wind, the cautious captain hugs the flats on that side of the basin, and the old Milldam road: if the wind is north or north-west, he keeps close under the lee of the Cambridge shore. On this eight miles of winding river or broad basin, the boating-men at Harvard do their spring, summer, and fall work.

Tom Hawes's plan of having his men work together during the winter at the gymnasium, though scoffed at by most of the older boating-men, had been wonderfully efficacious in its results; for it was not long before the crew which the Freshmen put on the river was very generally conceded by the knowing ones to be second to none, always excepting the "Harvard:" so, at least, thought Wilkinson, the stroke and captain of that boat, and so he did not hesitate to say.

"I tell you what, Tom," he said confidentially a dozen times to the Freshman stroke, for the two were great friends, "you've got a splendid crew, and it's my belief that you'll do something surpassing even your own expectations before the season is over."

"Think so?" said Tom, his dark face flushing with pride.

"Think so? I *know* so. That work you did last winter has been the making of you; and, by Jove! you've got one man, that if I had my way I'd have in the 'Harvard' before to-morrow."

"Wentworth?" asked Tom, looking a little glum at the prospect of losing his best oar.

"Yes: Wentworth; he is as strong built and as well made a man as I ever saw, and he pulls the prettiest oar on the river. If I could take him and you, and turn out some of those lazy dogs who take it out in loafing now, and think they can make up for it by 'spurting' for a couple of weeks by and by, it would be an awful good day's work."

"Well, why don't you, Ed?"

"No," said Wilkinson, with a shake of the head, "turn out a Senior, and take in a Freshman? That would never do, Tom; I must make the most of what I have; it will be a good lesson if we are beaten, and will teach the fellows that a name don't go far towards helping win a boat-race;" and he departed a little cast down in his thoughts.

Sam, who had given his heart and soul to the boat, had not acquired the enviable reputation of being a crack oar without doing the requisite amount of hard work; and he will ever remember the first pull he took on this river.

"Be down at the boat-house at ten," Smith had said to his men: "we are going to try a little pull this morning." They had been dreaming for months of the hour when they should begin the season's work in the boat; and who could be a laggard at such a time? Tom came last, and unlocked the door; and Sam set his foot within the enchanted enclosure for the first time. The boat-house stood high above the water, the floor being cut away in the centre, leaving a space forty feet by eight or ten, where the boat was hoisted and lowered. A boat, the club "lap.," was slung into the "gaskets," ready to be dropped to the water. An old shell was securely strapped to the rafters overhead; and two or three sets of strong spruce oars with "spoon" blades rested on pegs against the walls. Farther on, in the front of the building, with its single window destitute of sash and glass, commanding a view of the river, was a rude dressing-room eight feet square; every thing was of the roughest and most primitive style. The accommodations are much better now, for both boats and men.

"Come, boys," said Smith, taking his place at the bow gasket, "we have no time to lose." Tom sprang aft at the word, and called out, "All ready to lower here!"

"Lower her, then!" said Smith, and in a moment the boat rested lightly on the water. "Down with you, Tom!" At the word Tom descended, and crawled to the after-seat. "Down, Lewis! Wentworth, you may go next, and pull three. Down, four. Now, five." Thus the first five men were seated in the boat. Then Smith passed down the oars in order, first to the stroke, and last his own, which is

placed by number, five, resting on the bow outrigger. "Now pass her ahead a little, boys, while I clear the stern gasket," cried Smith; and the boat was propelled gently ahead, the stern gasket hauled up and stowed away. "Now back her a little," and the bow gasket was cleared; and allowance being made for the ebb tide, was left so that it might be in the right place when they came back. Last of all, every thing having been secured, Smith slid down the rope, and took his seat on the bow thwart. They were still under the boat-house, half entangled amid the piles which supported it; but then the orders came thick and fast.

"Back her out, boys, — easy; now hold hard port and back her, starboard!" The boat swung gracefully, and pointed down stream. "Hold all! Ready! give way!" and taking an easy stroke they slid down past the brown meadows, the smoky factories, under the bridges, and were soon out on the basin.

It was one of those very charming mornings, which sometimes adorn the early spring; the air was mild, and the surface of the river without a ripple. With bared heads and arms, the young fellows pulled with the utmost enthusiasm. Though Sam was perhaps the strongest and soundest man of the six, and had pulled a boat more miles than any two of them, this was his first experience in a six-oar; and he was very glad indeed when the command, "Let her go," was given way down on the basin, and they enjoyed a little rest.

Even before they had reached the first bridge, Sam had discovered that this work in a six-oar was quite different from any thing he had ever done in his life. He was used to pulling short, quick strokes, with two

oars, in a boat that sat up high out of the water; but now the boat was only a few inches above the surface of the stream, was narrow, and hung with out-riggers: the oars were long and heavy, and the stroke was a mystery which he was conscious he could not solve. He caught two or three "crabs," and felt that he was expending twice as much strength as was necessary. By the time they reached the boat-houses, there were several large blisters on his hands, and he was very much disgusted with himself.

After the boat was stowed away, and the toilets completed, Smith took Sam's arm, and the pair walked on apart. Our friend was entirely humble in spirit, and willing to receive advice. He had felt the utmost confidence, and had expressed his sentiments to that effect with a great deal of freedom, that, if he could once get into a boat with these fellows who seemed to think that his ignorance in the art of pulling a boat was extreme, he would show them how wonderfully mistaken they were; but now he began to think that there might, after all, be something for him to learn about boating.

"You *meet* badly, Wentworth," was Smith's first comment as soon as they were out of ear-shot of the rest; "that seems to be your greatest fault."

"I don't think I quite understand what you mean by 'meeting.'"

"No: I suppose not. It is simply cutting short the end of the stroke, instead of pulling it through honestly, and is the commonest fault in the world. You pull all right enough till your body gets back past the perpendicular: then, instead of pulling on till you bring the

handle of the oar to touch the body, you jump forward and *meet* the oar, and so cut off as much as a third of the stroke. Am I intelligible?"

"I think so."

"I am going to have you out in a wherry, and show you just what I mean. I suppose Tom's stroke was different from what you pull?"

"I couldn't get the knack of it at all," said Sam, very humbly.

"I think you owe me one on this," said Smith, with a good-natured laugh. "However, you keep stroke pretty well, and pull a deuced strong oar; and I want you to pull number three in the boat. The whole philosophy of rowing well consists in economizing every ounce of force, and putting it into the oar; and practice is the only means that I know of by which the art can be learned. You want to go out in a crew whenever you can get a chance: the way to learn to pull a boat is to pull a boat; that is my theory about it all."

Although the first effort was so very near a failure, there was little, except the peculiar style in which Hawes handled his oar, that our young man had to acquire; and it was not long before he had learned his stroke to perfection. He pulled perhaps the strongest and most graceful oar on the river, and was at once the pride of the boating-men of his class, and the particular pet of half a score of fellows who, though they could not or did not care to pull themselves, took a very deep interest in every thing that pertained to boating, and backed up their crew with an enthusiasm that was quite Freshmanic. There was now and then a croaker who would shake his head, and doubt Sam's

power for endurance, though admitting that his style was well enough; and as the time for the Harvard regatta drew on, not a few in the rival boats as well as their backers calculated the chances of Wentworth and Lewis breaking down before the end of the race, and the event came by degrees to be counted on as almost sure to happen.

"If your men were not Freshmen," Haskill used to say to Villiers, more for the purpose of rousing that gentleman to an expression of his enthusiasm than as a statement of his own views, "there might be some show for them in the race here in June; but who ever heard of such a thing as a Freshman boat beating?"

"It has never been done, I know."

"But there always has to be a first time, eh? Well, you'll see them spurt off in great style, and they may hold on till they reach the stake, but they can't stand it all the way down. You'll see either Lewis or Wentworth flop up somewhere on the home stretch; you'll see!" The pompous little Junior only gave expression to sentiments which prevailed more and more as the time for the June regatta drew on.

All this time the men were steadily at work, taking a long pull after recitations in the evening, and going out for a "paddle," as Tom was pleased to call a pull of three or four miles, in the morning whenever opportunity favored. And all this time, too, Smith did his duty by all the men in the boat; took them apart, each one at a time, and criticised their faults, and praised their good points; explained his theories, and illustrated them by example. How he contrived to keep up with his college work, and pass the examinations which

began to come along frequently, was as much of a mystery to himself as to any one; for the best of his time and energies during these months were put into the boat.

Ah, it was a work that called for all his enthusiasm, skill, and patience; and often was the young fellow fairly discouraged during that first six weeks' struggle with his unpractised crew. Lewis, who pulled number two, and set the stroke for the starboard oars, who was so strong and willing, would lag a little behind the stroke. Moreover, he had no less than seven boils in the course of the spring; and it interferes sadly with regular work to be obliged to go out with a substitute so often.

Number Four, when a little excited, was sure to pull out of the boat, and finish with a jerk, causing the narrow shell to roll badly; and Number Five was a long time learning to keep stroke at all. After the faults of the individual men were mostly corrected, there yet remained that most difficult problem of bringing the crew to pull together: by this is meant not merely keeping stroke, which almost any half-dozen indifferent oarsmen can do with a little practice; but the simultaneous, and, as it were, spontaneous movement of all six men on the stroke and the recover, so that the bodies sway as if animated by a single impulse, and when the boat comes bow on sharp as a razor, on a course as true as an air-line, two oars are seen instead of six, and one cannot tell unless by the pace, or till she swerves to come in, whether it is a six-oar or a wherry. Some very good crews never learn this; but Tom Hawes was a man to pull on for miles, like a perfectly

conducted machine, never relaxing or quickening his pace except at order, and never making a false stroke, — a perfect model for his men to imitate; and after many tedious hours, beginning at first slowly, and gradually increasing the pace, Smith with sparkling eyes at length declared that the secret had been discovered, and that the crew pulled together perfectly.

The general interest in boating increases as the weather grows warmer, and culminates in June; and the river presents a lively appearance of an evening at this season of the year. The evening pull is the one that a captain can be sure of getting his crew together for. At six there is a rush from the recitations for the boat-houses, a hasty stripping of the men; half a dozen boats drop lightly into the water, shoot out from under the boat-houses, and are off. Later come the lazier men, who, not anxious to win distinction behind some crack stroke, enjoy their supper, and come sauntering down for a little paddle in a "lap." There is no stripping for this pastime, unless a coat is left to the care of a friend; and sometimes a youth starts out without removing his silk hat or his half-smoked cigar. Everybody who owns a wherry or a "double-scull" is on the river, while scores of friendly students throng the boat-houses and the wherry-raft, waiting to see their favorites come in; and it is the pleasantest occasion of the day.

A time like this is not the most propitious for a beginner to take his first pull in a crank wherry.

"There goes Adams! Hi! just look at him, will you!" shouted Longstreet, one day, in high glee. "If that fellow hasn't been preparing a watery grave for

himself, then I'm mistaken." Lyman and even Villiers joined him in a hearty laugh at Adams, who, a few yards out from the float, was exerting all his skill to keep a very narrow shell right side up.

"She looks mighty crank," was Villiers's comment.

"She's fifteen inches wide, that's just what she is," said Longstreet; "and the foolish youth never pulled in a wherry before. He had better advice though. Sam told him to buy some kind of a second-hand craft, twenty-eight or thirty inches wide, and get the hang of the thing a little, and then he could get a shell as narrow as he liked. But no, he must have a boat fifteen inches wide, and no wider; was going in for one only thirteen inches, but the boat-builder thought he had better not."

"You may bet he would rather be ashore than where he is," quoth Lyman, as the narrow craft rolled first to one side and then to the other, and seemed in imminent danger of capsizing. "Hallo, Mary!" he shouted, good-naturedly; "put your oar in deep, and take it out with a jerk."

There is no compassion manifested by any one for an unpractised boatman, especially if he be a Freshman; and a score of students were by this time looking at Adams's awkward efforts to pull back to the float, shouting at him, and making merry at his expense.

"You'd better get out of that before the six-oars come in!" shouted Haskill. "I would just like to see the 'Harvard' coming at him forty-five a minute, and going to cut him right in two, and see how he would get out of the way."

"The best service we can do is to go out and tow

him in," said Villiers; but a friendly double-scull came along just then, and performed the service.

"There comes a 'six'!" exclaimed Huntingdon, who had joined the company; and as the flash of oars was seen under the bridge half a mile down stream, a dozen watches were quickly brought into requisition to time the stroke. "Thirty-four," continued that gentleman: "it's the Sophs., I guess," with a contemptuous look at the Sophomore of football fame, who was standing near, quietly smoking a cigar.

"I guess that's all you know about it," retorted the latter with a scowl. "More likely it's your own —— boat."

"It's the scientific crew," said Villiers. "See their starboard oars, in what beautiful succession they take the water;" and there was a very general laugh.

"There! there comes the 'Harvard'!" quoth a tall and dignified Senior; and again the watches were brought into play. "Forty-two; that's the stroke that is going to do the work at Worcester." Conscious looks and knowing nods, freely exchanged, showed with what complacency the statement was accepted.

"You are out there," said Haskill, after a careful look, and with all the dignity which he could command. "It is the Junior crew: I haven't watched their stroke not to know it when I see it," which contradictory statement was received by the Senior with a look more eloquent than words.

"Sold! all of you," cried Lyman, as the boat on which every one was looking with an admiring gaze drew nearer: "it's the Freshmen. I thought I couldn't be mistaken in Tom's stroke, though it is quicker than common."

"Yes," said Villiers, pointing up stream to the bridge from under which a couple of boats were emerging. "There come the 'Harvard' and the Juniors from up river."

"Don't they pull all together, though!" said Longstreet, delightedly, with his eyes riveted on the approaching boat. "By Jove! how I wish I was a third bigger and heavier!" and the little fellow sighed mournfully.

"Their pulling isn't beaten on this river," said Villiers, emphatically. "Come, let us go around and help them stow things away;" and the pair rushed around to the boat-house where the class shell was kept, to wait on their heroes, minister to their wants as far as might be, talk over their hopes for the hundredth time, and escort them to supper.

XI.

IN A "SIX-OAR."

As these spring and summer weeks of Sam's college life were entirely devoted to boating, a few passages from his note-book selected here and there will give the story of what was done in the crew better than it could otherwise be told.

"*Saturday*, April 21. — Six, or rather seven, of us go off on a very long pull this morning. We borrow an old 'lap.' from the scientific crew, and in place of the bag of sand usually carried in the stern to trim ship, we take Longstreet, who is scarcely heavier. It is a beautiful morning, and the tide is about half ebb. The sun is bright and warm; and we strip to it, bare back, and slip down under the first bridges, across the basin, and even down through the West End and Charlestown bridges. It is a scratch crew: I am pulling stroke, and Smith bow. It is fortunate he is along, for there is a very network of bridges, with draws coming close together and at right angles, and the tide running swift; and with a less skilful captain we must needs have come to grief. But the last one is passed, and hurrah! here we are out on Boston Harbor. The waves from a ferry-boat caught us, and set us dancing merrily, as we crossed the stream; the first time that I

have felt the swell of the 'gray old sea' for nearly a year. We leave the navy-yard on the right, pass the English steamer in her dock, and hug the East Boston shore.

"'Going down to Taft's, Smith?' says the man behind me; 'look out for the flats if you are. It's almost low water now; the channel is on the south side of Apple Island.'

"'Give way, there, and put your wind into your oar, if you have any to spare,' said Smith; and the boat made a sudden sheer, and darted into the narrow channel between Fort Winthrop and Apple Island.

"We landed on the beach at Taft's at half-past eleven, ten miles in an hour and fifty minutes; not so bad for a scratch-crew of Freshmen, though to be sure we had the tide with us. We hauled the boat high and dry out of the water, put on our shirts (coats and hats we had none), and marched up to the hotel for some lunch. This is a famous place for game dinners; and the host said he could get us up one in a very short time, twenty minutes or half an hour; but we thought a lunch would do very well, and we devoured a quantity of cold fowl and bread with ale *ad libitum*. Longstreet insisted that it was his affair, and settled the score. It was fortunate that he was with us; for I doubt if any one else had any money, being all in boating attire. While the others were lounging and resting off, I climbed a high bluff near by, and had a magnificent view of the harbor and its islands, and the bay, with the coast stretching away in the blue distance to the north. How enticing the water looked! A fresh breeze had sprung up from the south-west, with the flood-tide; and I fairly longed for a sailboat for a few hours.

"The pull home was rather a drag. We had the tide with us, but the head wind increased in intensity every minute till it blew half a gale, and kicked up a chop that tested the sea-going qualities of the boat to the utmost. I had no idea that it could be so rough on the basin. We were half full of water before we could gain a lee shore and smooth water; and Longstreet was wet and chilled through, though he endured without flinching. We reached the boat-house about two, P.M.; and I confess to being thoroughly tired out. I don't think I should care to pull stroke for a regular thing. Towards night my back and arms became uncomfortable in the extreme, and any clothing unendurable; but chum acted the part of Good Samaritan, and poured oil, in the form of glycerine, on my wounds; and the soreness was speedily dispelled. I shall have a magnificent brown on.

"*Monday*, April 23. — A ten-mile pull. Just as we turn for home, up comes, or rather down comes, a sudden shower. It rushes on over the calm surface of the water, sounding for all the world like dry leaves driven by a gust of wind. I turn wonderingly to see what it is that sounds so queerly, and see the dark line of the shower distinctly marked across the smooth surface of the river, and advancing swiftly nearer. A drop strikes my face; and we are almost instantly cut off from sight of any thing fifty feet distant. I was bare back again; and the drops fairly took my breath away at first, they were so cold and cutting. It is curious how we can expose ourselves as we do without getting cold. I have been drenched almost every day with salt or fresh water, and pulled with the water

ankle-deep in the boat, without experiencing any unpleasant effects; and the same is true of every one else.

"*Tuesday*, April 24. — A very windy pull to-day. We hug the lee shore wherever we can find one, and ship considerable water at best, though we get down to Braman's and back. As we came up through the lower bridge, we got a glimpse of a crew coming down, hugging the shore. They turn wide to go back, not caring to try the basin, and so get across our course, and are near being run down. Smith calls out, 'Hold her, hold hard! back water!' and apologizes to the captain of the other crew, which proves to be the Junior first, in their new shell. 'All right,' says the latter: 'it was my fault;' and they dart off; but one man says, loud enough for everybody in both boats to hear, 'Ho, they are only d—d Freshmen, and didn't know any better.' We had only our clumsy old 'lap.,' and of course couldn't keep up with them; and Smith wouldn't let Tom quicken in the least, for he says we do not know our A B C about rowing yet, and that we do not pull together at all; but I imagine we all pulled the best we knew. About half way between the lower and the second or middle bridge, the river turns, and runs north and south, and a south wind has full sweep for more than half a mile; and to-day it proved to be a little too choppy for the Juniors and their new shell; for we were hardly around the bend when Smith called out, 'Thunder, boys! there go the Juniors, swamped. Give way lively! hit her up, Tom! pull all you know!' In a very few minutes it was, 'Hold hard, all!' and we had the satisfaction of picking up the Juniors who a few minutes before had called us d—d Freshmen, and

of towing the boat ashore for them. Verily life is checkered. The Juniors are fine-looking fellows, the favorites on the river for the June regatta, and they pull a rousing good stroke; but I think we are going to rub them closer than they imagine.

"*Tuesday*, May 1. — No chance for any boating for the past week. It has blown a gale of wind all the time, and every boat that ventured out was swamped: so we have worked in the gymnasium, and taken long tramps; but I enjoy the boat much better. It has been a long time since I prepared a lesson thoroughly. I pony out all the Greek and Latin, and run my luck at mathematics. There is time enough, but I can't bring my mind to it.

"*Saturday*, May 26. — Our new shell has come at last, and a perfect beauty too, forty-five feet long, and twenty-two inches wide. The new Harvard shell is twenty-six inches wide, and looks almost like a tub compared with our boat. There has never been one so narrow used here before; and half the college has been down to see 'Freshy's new boat.' The general impression seems to prevail, that she will be too crank to pull in; but Tom says a boat needs only to be wide enough to sit in, and we had no trouble pulling her up from Braman's. She came on in last night's steamer from New York; and four of us went to Boston this morning early, and brought her across the city on our shoulders (a pretty good load), and were as proud as peacocks, too. There was a New York sporting gentleman who came on in charge, as perfect a specimen of a 'plug-ugly' as I ever conceived, with a red face, and a moustache black with nitrate of silver, and big enough to

stuff a pincushion. Tom said he belonged to a professional crew, and he said he wanted to see the boat-houses, and what sort of stuff the Harvard was made of: so we gave him a chance to work his passage up.

"It is decided that the regatta shall come off on Saturday, June 16; and there will probably be four boats. The Juniors are the favorites; as much because they are Juniors as any thing, I suspect. I think we come next in order in general estimation. Sometimes I think our chances for coming in ahead are first-rate; and then it seems as though there was little hope of doing any thing. The members of the winning crew are to have their names inscribed on the big silver cup in the library, a sort of *transmutandum* prize; and, in addition to this, there are to be twelve silver medals for the two winning boats. Smith says that of course we are to try for this championship, but he don't intend to have us overdo, as *the* race, the one we want to be sure of winning, will come off at Worcester in July. We sent the Yale men a challenge, and it was regularly accepted; and there is no going home for May recess for us this year, Smith having ordered us to stay here and work.

"*Saturday*, June 2. — We have been here all the week, taking a double allowance of hard work instead of play. The other crews, Harvard and all, broke up Monday for a week; and we have had undisputed possession of the river. Wilkinson tried his best to keep his men together, but to no purpose. It is right jolly being at college with no prayers, and no bell-ringing every hour to call to recitations or lecture. We give

ourselves up entirely to boating, and it suits me perfectly.

"We went into training Monday; that is, as much training as we are to have until the annuals are over, and we go to Worcester. What we have had of it isn't so bad either. We have to knock off smoking; but that comes harder on Smith and Tom, than any one else. We are not permitted to drink any coffee or liquor of any kind, and only a limited supply of cold water, which seems foolish enough; but as much ale as we please. We turn out about six in the morning, and breakfast together at seven. The bill of fare is simple: we have cold bread, white or Graham, the older the better, tea or milk, very rare steak or chops, or soft-boiled eggs, with plenty of cracked wheat as a standard dish. Nine o'clock sees us assembled at the boat-house, stripped for a pull. We start out at a slow pace, and, as the weather is pretty well settled now, generally go down into the 'basin,' and pull over the course at a good jog, now and then indulging in a 'spurt;' and I notice that these spurts come oftener, and last longer, every day; and next week we are to pull on time. Then we jog along up to the boat-houses, and loaf about till dinner.

"Sunburns are in high estimation; and there is a great deal of rivalry among our boys, to see who shall have the brownest back. We are generally returned from our pull by eleven o'clock; and for the next two hours, if the sun is hot, Lewis and one or two others stretch themselves out at full length on the platform in front of the boat-house, or on the wherry-raft, and, naked to the waist, turn up first their chests and then

their backs to brown. I prefer to take a paddle with Villiers in a double-scull, or, if it is too warm, lay off in the shade.

"At one o'clock we dine together, on rare beef or mutton, with potatoes and spinach by way of vegetables, bread, a pitcher of foaming ale, and a grand appetite for sauce for the whole; and, for dessert, we have oatmeal pudding, or boiled cracked wheat. Then we lay off until four, when we meet for our 'constitutional,' — say a matter of ten miles, at a steady pace. Perhaps, for variety, we go up river: it is, 'Easy,' till we pass the first bridge; then it is, 'Give way, hard, boys,' and we dash along till the river bends sharply, and then a spurt to the second bridge; after that, 'Easy' again, for half a mile; and then, passing the last bridge, we do all we know, till the word comes, 'Let her go,' and we are at Watertown. Coming home, we take a steady pace; and Smith entertains us with a disquisition on the good points of a first-rate oar, by way of comparison with our individual pet faults. We all come in for a share of the criticism; and sometimes I think Smith is a regular old Betty, he is so needlessly particular. But Villiers says that that and our long pulls will be what will put us ahead, if we do get our boat in first.

"Our supper, or tea, consists of oatmeal mush, or cracked wheat, with sirup or milk, bread and butter, and tea; and at nine we go out for a little run around the Delta: then home, and rub ourselves down, and go to bed. It won't be so nice when college work begins again; but the past week has been charming.

"Thursday afternoon a sharp shower prevented our taking our constitutional: so we made up for it in the

evening, pulling quite down to Braman's, whence we sallied forth in quest of crackers and cheese and ale. As we pulled slowly up, for the evening was delicious, the moon rose nearly full, over the roofs of the city; and the surface of the water, before stretching away still and black and shadowy, was lighted up with a delicate silver tint. For a time, nothing broke the silence but the regular dip of the oars, and the chatter of our voices; for discipline was relaxed for the time, and the stroke too; and we struck up 'Maid of Athens,' and then 'Fair Harvard,' and made night melodious. I am sorry that this is our last day of inglorious ease.

"*Wednesday*, June 6. — The buildings are lively once more, and the river as well; and all the crews are at it in good earnest, out twice a day, to make up for lost time. We pulled 'on time' this evening. The water was lumpy, and we could not do our best; but our time was twenty minutes, twenty-one seconds. The time of the winning boat last year, the present Juniors', though not the same crew, was twenty minutes, twenty-five seconds; and they had smooth water. Villiers says it is good enough. I had forgotten all about the pretty little girl in the millinery store — as, indeed, I have of late forgotten every thing except boating; but I heard Tom saying that we must have six pink silk handkerchiefs with white borders, our class colors, and took upon myself the charge of having them ready; and then I thought that very likely she would make them, and called to see. It is surprising how delicate and pretty she is. Ruth Leigh it seems her name is. I have made several calls, and had the good luck not to see the she-dragon — the lean, ill-favored one — at all.

I took Tom in once, to make sure if the pattern was quite as it should be; and, when we came out, I asked him if that wasn't a pretty girl. He said that really he hadn't noticed. There is nothing pretty to that man, or attractive, but an oar or an out-rigger. I don't understand myself how that girl comes to be there; and I am sure she is out of her element.

"*Saturday*, June 9. — Only one week more! and our hopes are high. We had a brush with the Harvard last night, and surprised nobody so much as ourselves. It was a windy evening, and we had pulled up to Watertown. On the way, we had shipped a good deal of water; and beaching the boat on a bit of smooth shore near the village, we jumped overboard, lifted her, and turned her bottom side up; then we got in again, — a delicate operation, for the boat is really crank, — and started home at a brisk pace, to the great admiration and delight of a crowd of the natives, who had gathered at the shortest notice on the river's bank.

"As we swept around into the calm, shady stretch of water just below there, the prettiest mile of the whole river, I caught a glimpse of a 'six-oar' lying quietly in under the bank, waiting for us to come abreast. I only glanced for an instant, out of the corner of my eyes, without distinguishing who it was. 'It's the Harvard,' said Smith, in a whisper. 'They are going to give us a rub. Every man mind his oar, and eyes in the boat. Don't quicken, Tom,' as the stroke was instantly increased: 'we've four miles and a half good before us, and we can't keep this up;' and then we pulled on in silence, with no sound save the regular swash of the oars, and the labored breathing of the men.

I looked steadily at Lewis's neck, and watched the play of the muscles on his broad back; presently the narrowing banks brought the boats nearer, and I could see them without turning my head, pegging away under the left bank of the river; and, as a sudden turn in the course brought us still closer, I could hear that they were breathing hard, as well. We were alongside for a moment, at the bridge; and then came the quick order, 'Hold her! Hold hard all!' and we held up a second for them to go through, dashing after them in a most reckless style, and then both crews hard at it; they under the left bank, and we under the right, to avoid their wash; cutting corners, and making as straight a course as possible. The arsenal sank away in the distance, the hills disappeared, the meadows began to broaden on either hand; and again it was, 'Hold her hard, boys!' and we waited for them again at the second bridge. How good that half-minute's breathing-spell was! it put new life into me. The next mile and a half was the hardest to bear: the dash and enthusiasm were all gone, and we pulled with dogged resolution, not quite holding our own. My arms ached, and my left wrist was entirely numb; all the boys were suffering, and the stroke was much slower. But both boats put on a tremendous spurt after passing the third bridge; and any exertion seemed easy at the thought that a hundred men were on the raft waiting to see the Harvard come in: and we made that little distance with a rush, both boats being pretty near together, and never letting up in the least, till we were almost under the boat-house. You never saw six happier Freshmen than we were, when we came to realize

what we had accomplished. There was no one in either boat but expected that we should be shaken off after the first mile or so; and Villiers says hanging on to them as we did, four miles and a half, is a great victory. Smith would have it that they had been playing off, but they seemed well blown; and Wilkinson told Tom that, for one, he did all he knew, and that the Harvards were not half up to their work.

"*Saturday*, June 16.— We have pulled our first race! The morning was beautiful as only a June morning can be. We took the shell down to Braman's last evening; and so the time hung heavily on our hands during the forenoon. A bulletin which attracted general attention was posted at the college bookstore in the square, as follows: —

"'HARVARD REGATTA!

"'The Annual Harvard Regatta will take place on the Charles River course this afternoon at three o'clock, wind and weather permitting. Four crews will pull, — the Junior, Sophomore, Freshman, and Scientific.'

"We dined together at noon, on the usual leg of roast mutton, rare, juicy, and tender, potatoes, spinach, ale; and, for dessert, oatmeal mush. I think we were none of us hungry; and it was a silent meal, even Longstreet for once appearing thoughtful and quiet. I ate what I did, purely from principle; for there was a queer sensation at the bottom of my stomach, which took away all desire for food.

"At half-past two the scene at Braman's was a stirring one. The crews were all there, wearing their

colors, and had the boats out of water, cleaning and oiling them. As our boat had been put in perfect order, we were the first to launch and put out for a little pull, and it was a comfort to grasp the oar-handle. The rafts were crowded with students, — backers of their class boats; and the cheers of our friends rang out as we darted away. Then came the drawing for positions. We had hoped to get the inside; but the Sophomores drew the first choice, the Juniors the second, the Scientific crew the third, and we had to take the outside.

"Meantime the course had been cleared, the judges were at their post near the upper stake, the starter, judges, and referee were on board the barge; the rafts, platforms, and roofs of the boat-houses at Braman's were black with the crowd; the windows bright with ladies' dresses; the river wall, and sheds of the Beacon-street houses, were densely packed half a mile up stream. It was an exciting scene.

"Bang went a gun from the barge, the signal for us to come into line; and as we pulled up to take our position we got nine cheers, though the boats were all greeted in the same way. We came into line as well as we could, and lay on our oars. This waiting was the hardest part of all. If we could only have pulled away at once! I suppose it was only a few moments, but it seemed an age. I felt something pressing against my chest, and I could hardly breathe. 'Remember, boys,' whispered Smith, 'don't look around! See the boats behind you, if you see them at all, and be sure and don't miss on the start; two short strokes all together, and then the long.'

"'Up a little, Freshmen!' 'Back, Juniors!' called

out Wilkinson; and now the line seemed to suit him. 'Are you ready?' rang out in clear tones across the water. There is a hush in the crowd, which every one can feel; we stretch forward: 'Go!' and twenty-four oars dash the water. At the sound there is a great cheering and clapping of hands from the shore. I look at Lewis's back, and pull; and almost immediately Smith says, 'D—n! hold her, boys!' We were half a length ahead. The bow oar in the Scientific boat lost his head, steered wild, and fouled the Juniors; and we had to go back, and try a fresh start.

"This time I did not feel the least nervous, but enjoyed the situation and the excitement. Soon we saw the Scientific boat behind us; and then came a glimpse of the Sophomores, hugging the wall for smooth water; and as we draw up to the stake it appears that we have the right to turn before the Juniors. 'We've got 'em!' says Smith; 'don't hurry, boys; they can't do any thing till we get around! But what with the sun in his eyes, and the glare of the sun on the water, Smith couldn't see the stake; and we shot past, leaving room for the Juniors to come up and turn inside of us, which they did as neatly as could be, and then dashed off down the home stretch, the stroke kissing his hand by way of good-by. Nobody said a word; but there was a determination to make up the loss if it were a possible thing. I saw the other boats draw up to the stake, and turn; and, as the distance between us grew wider, the sunlight seemed to wrap them in a gold and purple halo, most dazzling. After a time I could hear the swash of oars on the right. The temptation to look was irresistible. 'Eyes in the

boat,' said Smith, coolly. 'Steady! don't spurt till I give the word; we are doing well enough.' So we pulled on, and again I watched the muscles on Lewis's back; and soon the swash of the Juniors' oars grew more distinct, and presently I could see a little bit of the rudder by turning my eyes, and then the stroke-oar, and it was plain that inch by inch we had come up with them.

"But we were getting home: the crowd had caught sight of us, and the roar of the clapping of many hands, and excited shouting, comes over the water to us. 'Now, boys, shake them off: hit her up, Tom!' shouted Smith, though Tom had quickened almost before the word, and for me, as soon as I heard that noise from the shore, I felt as fresh as if I had just stepped into the boat; but we had barely pulled half a dozen strokes at this tremendous pace, when there was a *crack*, and Lewis's oar snapped at the rowlock. So we lost the race, though twice it was ours; for we were ahead of them at the stake, and had passed them at the time of the accident.

"We had a rousing reception; for we were only just behind the winning boat; and the boys on the raft didn't know what had happened till Lewis held up the broken oar, when there was the wildest time I ever saw. They wanted us to challenge the Juniors to pull the race over again. But Smith said No, it was all right as it was; he wasn't going to have us pull another race till we got to Worcester. And though it is a disappointment not to beat them if we can, I suppose the decision is a wise one."

Less than three weeks remained before the Freshmen annuals began, those justly dreaded examinations, to most students the hardest trials of a hard year's work; and it was with no very pleasant anticipations that Sam realized, now that the excitement of the regatta was over, how much he must do if he expected to make a fair showing of the year's work.

He proposed to his chum that they should go over the work together; but Huntingdon laughed at him.

"Thanks," he said, sarcastically; "but I am not going to wade through all that stuff, annuals or no annuals. It is altogether too hot to study; and I believe I know it well enough. Let it go, chum. What difference can it make to you?"

At this Sam felt blue, in spite of himself. "Let it go?" To be sure, he could do that; but he felt that he had not come to college entirely to pull a boat: it would hardly be honest not to make an effort. While he was thinking over these matters, a kindly hand was laid on his shoulder; and looking up he saw Villiers.

"You haven't read up any thing yet for the annuals?" said he, with his earnest manner.

"Not a line," Sam replied, gloomily.

"Neither have I. I thought perhaps you would like to go over it with me, and so put it off. Come, let us begin this very evening."

Sam's face flushed; and for an instant his eye grew moist. "No, Villiers, that is too much. I have only ponied out a little days when I expected to be called up; and I couldn't think of riding in on your honest

old shoulders in any such way as that. No: you are just the best fellow that ever lived, to propose such a thing; but I will dig through it myself the best I can." And, true to his resolution, the young fellow went to work with a will. In this warm weather, he would strip to it as for a pull, and was up early and late, devoting to study every minute he could command, and taxing his strength very severely; for the boat still took a large share of his time. His round face grew thin and worn, and he looked haggard enough.

On the evening of the Fourth of July, as he was crossing the square, he encountered Mr. Bullard, the tutor in mathematics; and they walked on together. Mr. Bullard, one of the most diffident, but also one of the most gentlemanly, men in the world, remarked that it had been a very pleasant day; to which Sam replied, "Yes, it has been."

"I hope," said the kindly instructor (since a member of Congress, and honored by a large constituency), noticing the worn appearance of the young man, "that you have improved it otherwise than by passing it in your room."

Sam smiled. "You know it is the mathematical annual to-morrow. I went at it this morning, and have been over every thing the class has done this year; and I believe I understand it too."

Mr. Bullard's looks betokened the surprise and sorrow that his words would fain have expressed, if he had found any words at command. Some intimation of the great effort the generally favorite young Freshman was making must have come to the apprehension of the

college officials, and influenced, if unconsciously, their reports of his work at the annuals; for, though but indifferently prepared, he passed them without a condition.

XII.

AT QUINSIGAMOND.

The two crews, the Freshman and the Harvard, who were to contest the championship with Yale, went to Worcester at once after the annuals, and, taking up their quarters on the lake, went into training for the "grand inter-collegiate regatta."

In the very midst of Quinsigamond, there was a large island, connected by a causeway with the shore, upon which a new hotel had been built, that offered pleasant and commodious quarters for guests. Sam at once secured apartments for his mother and sister, and wrote home a glowing account of the attractions which the spot presented, and an earnest appeal for them to come and stay till after the regatta. Kate was wild with delight and enthusiasm at the suggestion. Mrs. Wentworth was well pleased; and, a week before the eventful day, quite a party of our friends had assembled at this sylvan retreat. It comprised Mrs. Wentworth and Kate; Villiers, who, deeply interested in the result of the contest, was studying the problem with his wonted thorough diligence; Miss Eldredge; and, as a matter of course, Will Adams, who was never far away from her. Huntingdon had his headquarters at the "Bay State," in the city hard by, but was constantly going

back and forth between the hotels. One day a Miss Rose Thorne came from the city, where she was on a visit to a friend, to call on Miss Eldredge; and as it proved that Mrs. Thorne and Mrs. Wentworth had been schoolmates and very dear friends, a warm and intimate friendship immediately grew up between their daughters. Thus a most acceptable addition was made to the party; for Miss Thorne, "a most charming girl," as everybody declared, presently came over to the lake to stay.

As a matter of course, Sam's quarters were with those of the crew, at a farmhouse near the eastern shore of the lake. The Harvard men were domiciled a little farther on. Not far away, on the edge of the water, were the boat-houses, rougher if possible than those at Cambridge. The Yale crews were on the opposite shore.

Sam's delight at meeting his mother and sister was not greater than their surprise at sight of him. Three months' constant exposure to the weather, without ever losing sight of the determination of getting as many sunburns as possible, had made him many shades darker than his natural complexion. His curling brown hair had been cut close, "filed," to use a technical expression. His hands had grown one or two sizes larger than of old. "I am sure that was altogether unnecessary, sir," said Kate; "besides, they are as brown and hard as leather. I have almost a mind to cry. You don't look at all as you used to. — Does he, mamma?"

There was no denying that his shoulders had grown wonderfully broad, and that his whole form had a bewitching manliness. As Kate took his arm with

both hands, an old habit of hers, she uttered a little cry of surprise. "It is wonderful," said she as Sam drew up his biceps into a knotty lump, and submitted it to her admiring touch; "so hard that I can't even pinch it."

The ladies found the hotel delightful in the extreme. They lived in the very midst of rustling woods and limpid waters. There were charming walks and scrambles through the woods around the lake; beautiful drives, of a morning, when nature is the freshest, out into the surrounding country; boating and bathing to the heart's content; while the fact that the little company grew daily larger, as the week wore away, made the delights of the occasion constantly increase.

If Sam made but an indifferent escort for the ladies at this time, not showing himself for twenty-four hours together, as was sometimes the case, he had provided a most efficient substitute in the person of Villiers. "I know he will be glad to take care of you," he said, by way of silencing Kate's remonstrances at the proposed change; and Villiers, for whom the sun seemed to shine brighter since the arrival of his mistress, could not deny the soft impeachment. "I want to introduce you to Miss Thorne: you don't know how nice she is," Kate said to her brother more than once. "You can surely spare a half-hour."

"You shall have my most devoted attention as soon as I am free once more," was his invariable reply, "but at present I am Smith's man, and belong to him."

Friends of Yale and friends of Harvard thronged the hotel as the day drew near; and among the young ladies particularly, party spirit ran high. Their favorite colors

were everywhere displayed; and it was the magenta or the blue that adorned the tresses or decked their attire.

A boat-full of our friends were out on the lake of an evening, floating in the moonlight, Kate presiding at the oars.

"I declare," she said suddenly, "on Friday I mean to make myself look as much like a cherry as possible. I hope you will appreciate the sacrifice, Sam, for it is a horribly unbecoming color."

Sam (a little glum). — It is likely enough you will need to provide a suit of mourning for your dead hopes, — "the trappings and the suits of woe," as it is written. For one, I don't feel in the least sure that we are not going to be regularly cleaned out this year. Those Yale men are giants in a small way: they have had a professional trainer from New York, and have trained to pull five miles instead of three, and spurt all the way.

There was a silence at this most unexpected statement.

Villiers. — If you mean your own crew, Sam, you are too modest by half. It is treasonable to say so, I know; but I have no doubt myself that the Harvard will be beaten. They are not half up to their work, and Wilkinson says so himself. The Yale University, as Sam says, are the most powerful set of men I ever saw together.

Miss Eldredge. — O Mr. Villiers, what sentiments! Ah, you are trying to frighten us. The Harvard beaten! why, what an idea! It hasn't happened since I can remember.

Adams. — At all events, the betting is two to one in their favor.

Huntingdon. — Pshaw! the thing is almost beyond a possibility! Those Yale fellows are big enough, there is no denying that; but they don't know the first thing about rowing. Look at them any time, and see how they bend their backs and arms, and jerk at every stroke.

Sam (laughing a little sarcastically). — Yes, but they all jerk together most admirably, and the boat gets through the water altogether too fast to suit my fancy.

Kate. — Sam must have the blues to-night. He has evidently eaten too much oatmeal mush for tea. The Harvard must beat, of course.

Having decided this vexed question to her satisfaction, she turned the boat to a spot densely shaded with overhanging trees.

"Everybody will be surprised and disappointed if they do not," said Adams, in reply to her last remark.

Sam (after a pause, splashing the water with his hand as the boat glided gently along). — Well, I shall be sorry, but not surprised. I was thinking of our own chances when I first spoke; but without a doubt the Yale University are in much the best condition. They don't pull as neat and finished a stroke as Wilkinson's, but a much stronger one.

Again there is a silence, broken only by the splashing of the water.

Villiers. — There is no doubt that our men have grown lazy and careless, and imagine that the successes of former years will serve them in the stead of hard work. If they should be beaten, perhaps it would be a blessing in disguise.

Huntingdon (quickly). — You would be glad to see

Yale win! that's a pious sentiment, Villiers, and one hardly to be expected from a Harvard man (and there was a cry of "O Mr. Villiers!")

Villiers (warmly). — I want to see the best men win whoever they may be, and —

Kate (who has propelled the boat into the darkness, suddenly). — There! nothing can be nicer than this spot on a hot day. The trees keep out every ray of sunlight, and there is a cool gray twilight even at noon. I have always wanted to come in here at night, but never dared to do so alone.

Sam. — Bah! it's dark enough.

Kate. — Thanks, somebody, but I believe I am warm enough without a shawl.

"Now I think the gentlemen might favor us with some music," said Miss Eldredge; and for an hour, while the boat floated gently toward the landing, the songs of the merry party rang out over the still waters, while at intervals the clapping of hands on the shore told of more than one appreciative listener. It was an hour of exquisite happiness, that ended but too quickly; for of a sudden Sam recollected that he was breaking regulations, and ought to have been abed two hours before. So, taking the paddles, he pulled quickly to the shore.

Strangely enough, Rose Thorne passed that evening in the city, and did not make one of the party. Though it was the evening but one before Friday, she and Sam had not yet met.

Time passed with the crews in these days very much as when they were training at Cambridge. The Yale

and Harvard men avoided each other as much as possible, and there was no attempt at testing each other's powers; and the crews went into the race with a very wholesome respect for their opponents. Oracles enough there were among the partisans of both, to say which were the better men, and who would discourse learnedly and lengthily to any listener on the science and art of pulling a boat. But, besides these, there was a goodly number of the knowing ones who made a careful study of the entire problem; sharp-witted sporting characters who looked carefully at every man, and felt of any they could, as if he were a favorite horse which they were going to back; in short, men who got their living, and their fortunes too, by their wits as shown by their judgment in making bets, and who hail the college regattas as contests on which they could stake their money with the most perfect confidence in the good faith of both parties. There was no danger of a "sold" race here, and they knew it. There was, as the eventful day drew near, a goodly number of these gentlemen hanging round the Harvard and Yale boat-houses, watching their chance to have a square look at the men, or skulking through the woods and bushes to waylay a crew and catch them when they were pulling "honest injun," as Tom called it, away up at the other end of the lake; and thus by a careful and systematic espionage, followed up day after day, and an estimate of the comparative strength or weakness of the opponents, made up of trifles perhaps, but of trifles indicating material points, they would conclude whether it was upon Yale, or Harvard, that their money should be wagered. The conclusion being once established, they went about

in quest of victims, who were to be found in abundance.

The eve of the long-expected day arrived, — Thursday night. The hotels at the city and lake were already overflowing with guests, and thousands were to come on the morrow. This night the Glee Club and Pierian Sodality gave a concert; and on the evening after the races there was to be the regatta ball. Sam could not attend the concert, for he must needs go to bed, — to sleep if may be, but to bed at all events, and betimes, — to get all the rest possible, as Smith has decreed. But the ladies under the escort of Villiers and Huntingdon assisted at the musical feast.

Crowds of students had been down to the lake in the afternoon, to see the crews. "Hi! Wentworth," "How are you, Smith?" "How are you, Tom? and Lewis, old boy!" and Lyman and Longstreet and Haskill, forgetful of the dignity which becomes a full-fledged Senior, dashed down the steep bank to the boat-house, and were received with a shout of welcome, and a hearty shake of the hand.

"Going to clean 'em out to-morrow, Tom?" said Longstreet, eagerly.

Tom shook his head, and said he didn't know; but looked very happy all the time, as though he considered victory not the most improbable event.

"You had better," said Haskill to Sam, wagging his head. "Look here young man, I've got three hundred and seventy-five dollars up on your boat, odds three to one, you know" (confidentially); "and I rather think that, if I lose that, my marm won't get her last term's board-bill in a hurry, and the steward will have

to come down on my bond for his bill, and I shall have to lay mighty low this summer, for I couldn't think of striking the old gent for any thing more this year," and the inevitable meerschaum came out; "but if you win — hi! — I bet you will."

"How much have you got on the Harvard?" queried Sam, innocently.

The only reply which the reverend Senior vouchsafed to this interrogatory was to wink one eye curiously, and thrust his tongue into his cheek in a knowing manner. "Oh! they're lazy devils. I'm afraid! I'm afraid!" and he shook his head.

"Going to pull in the morning, Smith?" said Lyman.

"Yes, we are going out for a paddle at nine, just to get limbered up," and he locked the boat-house; and, escorted by their friends, the crew moved off to the farmhouse for supper, and then went to bed.

After the concert, a gay and brilliant assembly, the Yale and Harvard partisans crowded into the halls of the Bay State; and for two hours a dense and noisy throng held possession of that hospitable inn. Green Freshmen just admitted, professional boating and sporting men from New York and other cities, undergraduates of both colleges, and many who return with interest to this scene of their former triumphs or defeats, surged hither and thither in wild and riotous confusion.

"Three cheers for Josh Ward!" called a voice; and they were given with a will as the stalwart boatman, the referee in the morrow's races, elbowed his way through the crowd. In the centre of the hall an eager and excited group had gathered around a well-known

boating-man, and listened intently for any hint that might throw light on the event of the morrow. Everywhere bets were freely given and taken; generally two to one in favor of Harvard, and against the Harvard Freshmen. A red-faced man with an immense black moustache red at the roots, and a swaggering manner, was trying to get odds against the Yale Freshmen; and was betting upon Yale generally to a large amount.

Suddenly up jumped a little fellow onto a chair. "Two to one that the Harvard Freshmen's time beats the Yale University's to-morrow;" and, as a silence ensued upon so startling a proposition, he repeated it in a loud voice, and looked defiantly around. Surely it was no other than our friend Longstreet. There was loud applause from the wearers of the magenta, mingled with groans from those who sported the blue; and a dozen pressed forward to take the bet. "How much?" shouted he of the moustache, waving his hat. "Whatever you please," replied Longstreet, coolly. "One thousand?"—"Yes, five if you like;" for Adams, standing by, told Longstreet not to stand for trifles. "Well, a thousand will do," said the red-faced man; at which there were cheers mingled with jeers from the Harvard backers. As it grew later the tumult and confusion increased; and by midnight license reigned supreme. Woe to the wretched guests of the hotel who were courting the drowsy god that hot summer night! At last, however, the uproar died away, and silence reigned throughout the empty corridors.

Our Freshmen met on the shores of the lake for their customary bath, that bright, clear Friday morning; and a tough, plucky-looking set of men they were as,

they came up dripping out of the water. The sun-browned muscles of back, chest, and arm, stood out in beautiful symmetrical development, as the body played into a hundred attitudes of grace and power, while they were rubbing themselves down. There had been no shirking in this boat; Freshman-like they had done their work honestly and earnestly. The Harvard crew were a bigger set of men, larger of arm and heavier of weight; but it was easy to perceive that there was a surplus of flesh. One man had the unenviable reputation of not being able to pull his own weight. It was the glory won by their predecessors in years gone by reflected upon them, rather than any exertion of their own, that made them the general favorites.

All the morning, trains of cars had been pouring thousands of people into the city; and, after such a dinner as could be procured, there was a general exodus for the lake, some three miles away. Lines of carriages a mile long, or more properly an uninterrupted procession of vehicles of every description, reaching the entire distance, and accommodation-trains with two engines plying back and forth, served to convey twenty or thirty thousand people to the scene of the contest. Seats for the spectators had been erected on Regatta Point, which afforded a fine view of the start, and the lower mile of the course. Westward, a little distance up the lake, a wooded point jutting far out into the water cut off the turning-stake and the upper judge's boat from view.

The hour drew near. The roof, windows, and piazza of the hotel were crowded with an eager and gayly dressed throng. The causeway leading to the island

was dense with humanity; the shores of the lake, way around to the north and west, were lined with people; while on Regatta Point every available foot of ground was covered with excited spectators. Every boat and craft of any description that could be mustered was brought into requisition; and a little steamer with crowded decks, and decked with gay bunting, plied up and down the lake. It was a beautiful and inspiriting scene set in with the blue heavens, waving woods, and bright glancing waters, which the soft west wind just rippled, and then, rustling the leafy verdure, came most grateful to the dense, gayly dressed, and excited crowd.

A gun boomed, and half a dozen wherries came into line; another, and they darted away up the lake; but they were barely noticed as they passed the point. All these people had not assembled to see a wherry-race; and, as the time drew speedily near, they were too restless and excited to be interested by any such insignificant affair. Now the liveliest impatience was manifested on all sides; the wherries had returned, and the Freshman boats ought to have been on hand by that time. Crowds of excited Yale and Harvard men rushed hither and thither, jumping over benches, elbowing, gesticulating, shouting, giving and taking bets, hot, dusty, weary, but thoroughly aroused; and the blue or the magenta was everywhere displayed.

"Rah! Rah! Rah!" the well-known Harvard cheer rang out, and there was great clapping of hands; and presently a well-known Harvard Senior was seen with half a dozen little red rubber balloons tied to his buttonhole, tugging at the string, and eager to break away. He proposed to let them fly when the Harvard should

come in victorious. The red-faced man with his enormous black moustache, who was so prominent at the Bay State the previous evening, darted around with his hand full of greenbacks, offering odds on the Yale boats; not in vain, for there were plenty of enthusiastic Harvard men to take his bets.

Mrs. Wentworth's party occupied some of the best seats on the point, nor did they escape the universal excitement and enthusiasm.

"Nobody seems to bet on Sam's crew: they're all betting on the Harvard," said Kate, indignantly.

"Make an exception in my case, Miss Wentworth," replied Adams; "I have a thousand dollars at stake on them. Longstreet put it up last night at the Bay State, against that red-faced man there. His bets must amount to many thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars!" said Kate, opening her blue eyes to their widest exent. "It was very wrong, Mr. Adams."

"To tell the truth, Miss Wentworth," replied Adams, flushing a little, "I believe neither of us knew what we were doing any too well."

"There come the Freshman boats under the causeway!" exclaimed Villiers, who had been looking through his glass in that direction.

"Oh, dear!" said Kate, in a flutter; "which is our crew, Mr. Villiers? I declare, I feel frightened almost!"

"The one this way; you can see their red handkerchiefs," said Villiers, as he adjusted the glass for her. "Now notice the difference in the strokes they pull: see how short and jerky that of Yale is. Now see what

a long, even, regular sweep those red handkerchiefs have. I believe that that stroke will do the work if our men win."

The report of a gun was heard, and the boats were seen pulling away from the judge's barge. "They are coming up into line," said Villiers. "Ah! Yale has the inside."

"Is that an advantage?" asked Mrs. Wentworth.

"It may be," is Villiers's reply. "If the race should prove a close one, and the two boats should reach the stake at about the same time, Yale would have the right to turn first; but it is not often that they are so near together as to make this advantage of much consequence when there are only two boats."

All was still now; and the vast multitude waited with breathless attention. The two boats were in line; there was a flash, but before the report reached the shore it was drowned in the roar that rose from thousands of throats, as the twelve oars caught the water, and dashed the spray. The boats were off together up the lake.

There was silence again as they drew near the point; as they came up, Yale was seen to be slightly in advance; and again the shout went up with redoubled power, "Yale! Yale!" But lo! as they came abreast the point, and that mighty uproar reached them, right there, in the sight of their thousand friends, Harvard's stroke quickened, and the boat shot ahead, propelled by a single resistless impulse; there before the eyes of all, the young fellows pulled away from their competitors, and blue water gleamed between them.

Then what a roar, and clapping of hands!

"They are beating!" said Kate, in a suppressed voice.

"I should think they were," rejoined Huntingdon, who had just joined the group. "They pull like young giants."

"A thousand to five hundred the Yale Freshmen win," said a gruff voice at Huntingdon's elbow, and turning he found himself face to face with that most indefatigable backer of Yale.

"Put up your money, then!" said Huntingdon, contemptuously, "if you have so much to throw away;" and the twain were off to find a friend to hold the stakes.

Meantime Villiers had been following the course of the boats with his glass. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation which sounded wonderfully like an oath, and his lips were compressed with excitement.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed both Miss Eldredge and Kate.

"Something serious, I am afraid," said Villiers, still looking through his glass. "Our men have stopped pulling."

"The ——!" exclaimed Adams, springing to his feet.

"I see them very plainly," continued Villiers, "and they are sitting quite still; the other boat is up with them; it passes — ah! there they go, hard at it again; Yale won't keep the lead long at that pace, I fancy."

"What can have been the matter?" said Miss Eldredge.

"I hope none of the young men have given out,"

said Mrs. Wentworth. "It must be very hot and hard work, I should think."

For the next twelve minutes or more there was a general falling-off of conversation; watches were frequently consulted, and the upper end of the lake carefully scanned with the glasses. Every one passed the time as best he might; but it was too anxious a time for talk.

Slowly but impressively the scene changed. Heavy masses of black clouds rolled slowly up, and their glittering edge gradually obscured the sun; the light westerly wind died away; the surface of the lake lost its blue glitter, became a mirror of polished steel, and then turned glossy black. Now and then a bird dashed down, and scattered the spray with its wings; anxious farmers ran to cock and cap their hay; the thirsty cornfields drooped expectant of the shower. The multitude and nature were still; it was time for prudent people some miles from home to think of securing shelter.

"Harvard! Harvard! Harvard!" came resounding down the lake; boats and wherries glided out from behind the point, and in an instant a six-oar darted into view. Then the cries of "Yale! Yale!" "Harvard! Harvard!" became deafening.

"I don't see the Yale boat," said Villiers, after a careful look. "They must be a long way behind."

"Are you sure there is no mistake about our men being ahead?" said Kate, pale with excitement.

"You can see them for yourself, Miss Kate," said Huntingdon, eagerly. "There is no mistaking Tom's stroke. If I don't give them a royal supper to-night!" Soon it was sure, for every one could see them very

well; and the clear, sharp "Rah! Rah! Rah!" of the joyous Harvard Freshmen, rang out above the clapping of hands and the roar of the crowd. There they went, spurting on the home stretch with that reserve power which the winter's work and the careful training had given them, coming in on a course as true as if furrowed by a plough. Away over on the other side of the lake, a long distance behind, were the blue handkerchiefs, jerking away, and looking tired and dispirited, even at this distance.

Now confusion reigned. The Yale men were sure there must be some good reason for the defeat, that there must have been some accident, and that all would yet be explained. They could only keep quiet, and bide the issue of the next contest. But the Harvard Freshmen, to a man, and all their friends, and those who had won their bets, were wild with excitement and delight, and rushed about shouting, shaking hands, and embracing. Huntingdon was off after the stakeholder and his thousand dollars; and Mrs. Wentworth suggested that they had better go back to the hotel, as it was certainly going to rain. No, there had been no accident or mistake: it was a perfectly fair race, fairly won; and the young fellows pulled up to the judge's boat, and received the silk flags and the silver cup.

As the University crews drew up into position, the excitement reached its climax for the crowd at large, if not for our particular party. A Freshman race is, after all, of but little consequence: it does not matter whether you lose it or win it, provided you can be victorious in that contest of the twelve men selected from the best and pluckiest oarsmen of both colleges. Again

the flash of a gun was seen, again the report was lost in the uproar, and again two boats were off. They passed the point, Yale leading slightly, but enough to inspire hope among their friends; they drew ahead too, though almost imperceptibly; and thus lapping each other, and with mighty efforts, one to maintain and the other to retrieve the vantage, they passed on, and the point cut them off from view.

"Come, mother; come, Kate!" exclaimed Sam, as bare-armed, and handkerchief torn off, he broke away from his escort of jubilant classmates, — who cheered him, and shook his hands, and had even taken him on their shoulders, — and made his way to his mother's party. "Come, Villiers, old fellow, let's get the ladies home: it's going to rain in less than no time."

There had been a glitter in the girl's eye, and a flush on her cheek, though she had said very little. "O Sam!" she exclaimed, catching her brother's arm with both hands; "it is worth being a man for. Go? no. I am going to stay here, and see the end of it. It won't hurt me, I think, if there is a little rain." Her mother retired, however, with Villiers.

The minutes which the boats are up the lake hidden from view passed quickly; for Sam was the centre of an admiring throng of classmates and friends, who pressed forward, and offered one after another their enthusiastic congratulations. The threatening shower held off beyond expectations; but, though it must soon come, no one in the multitude seemed to flinch from the ordeal: perhaps it would now be impossible to escape a drenching. "There come the boats," some one exclaimed; and at the same instant the drops began

to fall, and the descending shower cut off every thing from view. Down it came, drenching all alike: delicate ladies with their gossamer dresses, and exquisitely dressed gentlemen, were alike wet to the skin; then, ceasing as suddenly as it began, a fair view of the two boats was given, showing Yale well in advance. For once, and almost literally for once, they had won, and great was the joy among the wearers of the blue; but our friends did not care to witness their noisy demonstrations, and sought shelter with all possible speed.

his real hearty admiration and praise, than for that of any one else. He had been wont to receive it from others, but not from Huntingdon; and it was only now that his glory was complete.

"See here," said Huntingdon, showing a handful of greenbacks, "I won all this out of that red-faced, prize-fighting New York 'plug-ugly,' that backed the Yale boats so much, — a cool thousand dollars. I should have been bankrupt if it had not been for this bet on your boat, Sam: so I am going to give you all a supper to-night after the ball. Tell all the men that you see to be at the Bay State by ten."

"That man must have made a pile of money," said Adams, "though I shall take five hundred out of him on the Freshmen time: that surely is as a brand saved from the burning, for I never expected to see any part of my stakes again, to say nothing of his. Let me join you, Huntingdon, in the spread for to-night."

"To be sure," replied the latter, bowing politely. "They say that Stifler — Stifler his name is — won over fourteen thousand dollars on the University race. We thought at first there must be some cause for the defeat, — a foul, or a broken oar, or that one of the men might have been sick; but they said no, it was all straight, a perfectly fair race, and hadn't a word of excuse to offer. Some of the fellows are awfully down on them, for nearly every man has lost something. But I must leave you, and make arrangements for this evening;" and lifting his hat he was off.

After tea Sam and Kate, Villiers, Miss Eldredge, and Adams, drove over to the city to attend the ball; Miss Thorne making one of another party. Yale and Har-

vard were both out in force with their friends and admirers. Perhaps it was fairer, as it certainly was pleasanter, to have the honors divided as they had been. The men from all the crews were present, and the utmost good feeling prevailed. In years before, when Harvard had been uniformly victorious, this regatta ball had been a very one-sided affair; but to-night all were merry, and the good humor, the bright dresses, and the inspiriting music, all combined to make a most attractive scene. The shower of the afternoon had cooled the air, so that the dancing, which had commenced before the arrival of the Wentworth party, did not seem at all out of season. Sam forthwith found himself one of the heroes of the occasion, and went the round of introductions and congratulations; while Villiers, realizing the fact that it was for an occasion like this that he had during the last winter given many a patient hour to the practice, straightway led his fair partner out for a "galop" to her immediate surprise and present delight; for with his indefatigable patience, aided by his good ear for music, Villiers had achieved in four months what some men can never learn, — the art of dancing well.

"Mr. Villiers," said Kate, as soon as she could find breath, "how very nicely you dance!" then she suddenly added, "How can you expect me ever to believe any thing you may tell me again? The idea of pretending that you did not know how, so that I actually made bold to ask you to dance a 'contra' with me, and then you making believe that it was necessary for you to study it for an hour first! Indeed, it was very unkind; but I knew that you two gentlemen were both making

sport of us last fall." The young lady looked considerably nettled.

Villiers (eagerly). — I think I can explain matters, Miss Wentworth. — (They pass on.)

Miss Eldredge (to Sam). — You are drinking deep of glory to-night, are you not? As the crowning honor of the day, I am going to present you to Rose Thorne. Considering what a friend of your sister's she is, it is a little strange that you have not met her before. She is a lovely girl, and I expect that you will be very much *épris*.

Sam. — Thanks: I believe I don't even know her by sight; but of course I shall be only too happy.

Miss Eldredge. — That is she, with Mr. Huntingdon.

Sam (after a long look). — Indeed, I — (They pass on.)

"I say, Brown," said a fine-looking young student who wore the Yale color, to the stroke of their University crew, "who is that lady with Tom Hawes, as they call him?"

Brown. — I believe she is a Miss Wentworth, sister to the man who pulled three in the Harvard Freshman boat. She's a nice-looking girl, isn't she?

Student. — I should say so; she is the most beautiful young lady here, to my fancy: I wish I might make her acquaintance.

Brown. — Easy enough, my boy: I know Wentworth, and I will introduce you. (They pass on.)

Wilkinson (to Huntingdon, earnestly). — I wish you would give up this idea of yours, of a supper to-night.

Huntingdon. — My dear fellow, I couldn't think of such a thing for a moment. Our arrangements are

made, and our guests invited, and a royal good time we are going to have. We count on you, of course.

Wilkinson. — I want to explain to you what it is I am trying to bring about, and then I think you will be quite ready to let your entertainment go. Your class crew made some seconds better time this afternoon than was made by the winning boat in the University race. We had a shower to pull in, but that didn't stop us much; then your men were delayed by the accident from ten to fifteen seconds. Now, assuming that the shower retarded the winning boat even fifteen or twenty seconds (and I feel confident that it did not make so much difference as that), you see there would still be some seconds to spare in favor of your boat. What I want to do is to bring about a race to-morrow morning between the two winning boats; for I believe that the championship not only can be, but ought to be, won back. But if one even of the men should go to your supper, and it would be hard to keep them all away, perhaps — (They pass on.)

Haskill. — I say, Hawes, who is that girl there?

Hawes. — Which one?

Haskill. — The one with a white dress.

Hawes. — So many have white dresses! —

Haskill. — I mean the girl that was with you just now; she's with a Yale student. Prettiest girl in the room.

Hawes (coolly). — Think so? Well, I don't know but you are right.

Haskill. — Well, but who is she? what's her name?

Hawes. — I believe her name is Wentworth, — Miss Wentworth.

sport of us last fall." The young lady looked considerably nettled.

Villiers (eagerly). — I think I can explain matters, Miss Wentworth. — (They pass on.)

Miss Eldredge (to Sam). — You are drinking deep of glory to-night, are you not? As the crowning honor of the day, I am going to present you to Rose Thorne. Considering what a friend of your sister's she is, it is a little strange that you have not met her before. She is a lovely girl, and I expect that you will be very much *épris*.

Sam. — Thanks: I believe I don't even know her by sight; but of course I shall be only too happy.

Miss Eldredge. — That is she, with Mr. Huntingdon.

Sam (after a long look). — Indeed, I — (They pass on.)

"I say, Brown," said a fine-looking young student who wore the Yale color, to the stroke of their University crew, "who is that lady with Tom Hawes, as they call him?"

Brown. — I believe she is a Miss Wentworth, sister to the man who pulled three in the Harvard Freshman boat. She's a nice-looking girl, isn't she?

Student. — I should say so; she is the most beautiful young lady here, to my fancy: I wish I might make her acquaintance.

Brown. — Easy enough, my boy: I know Wentworth, and I will introduce you. (They pass on.)

Wilkinson (to Huntingdon, earnestly). — I wish you would give up this idea of yours, of a supper to-night.

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Hawes. — I believe her name is Wentworth, — Miss Wentworth.

Haskill. — The ——! What, not Sam Wentworth's sister? By Jove, he shall introduce me at once. I haven't danced since I was a shaver, but I guess I could on a pinch.

Forgetful of the dignity becoming a Senior, he dashed off to find Sam, and lose his heart for a pair of blue eyes.

Nor was Haskill the only one, as we have seen, who sought Kate's acquaintance that evening. The ball was as genuine a triumph for her as the regatta had been for her brother. Aside from the attention which she received from Huntingdon and Villiers, Sam, who was well pleased at her evident popularity, and felt honestly and justly proud of her bright and charming appearance, brought up and introduced to her a score or more of his college friends and others who begged the honor at his hands. Of course she already knew the men in the boat, Smith and Hawes and Lewis and the rest, but they were a little shy of her; they were not the kind to trouble young ladies much; their tastes ran in different directions; but her acquaintances of this evening were for the most part "society" men, exquisites, ladies' men, young bucks from the móst aristocratic families, with fine manners and fine clothes; and a half-dozen or more of them were buzzing around her all the evening. Kate had reason to feel highly gratified at this her first appearance in fashionable society; for she was more sought after than any other lady in the hall.

"I have to go now," said Sam, comparatively early in the evening, escorting Miss Thorne to a seat by his sister. "Villiers or Adams will see that you get safely home. It is absurdly early, I know," he continued in reply to a look of surprise; "and," with a wistful look

at his partner, "you have no idea, Miss Thorne, how sorry I am that I must tear myself away from you." Sam meant what he said. "But Smith is my superior officer, my captain," he continued; "and he won't allow me to remain a moment longer. He says we must all go home, and to bed, for he has need of our best strength to-morrow."

"What can it all mean?" said Kate, wonderingly.

"Smith didn't give us an idea."

"I am sure Mr. Smith is too severe. I should not like to make one of his command," said Miss Thorne, pleasantly. "You would not think him such a tyrant, to look at him;" and as the young man went reluctantly away, "My dear Kate," she said, almost enthusiastically, "allow me to congratulate you on your brother's great success to-day. What a splendid fellow he is! You must be very proud of him."

These two girls, as they stood there saying pretty things to each other, formed an interesting though suggestive picture. The one, with flashing eye and flushed cheek, was the very personification of girlish enthusiasm and beauty; the other was even more surpassingly beautiful, but was as entirely unmoved by the brilliantly exciting ball-room with its inspiriting music and gay company as she had been by the stirring events of the afternoon. But this is our first introduction to Rose Thorne; and her influence on the remainder of Sam's college life is of no little consequence.

She had long been known about her home as the prettiest girl of the vicinity. She was just tall enough to be of commanding figure; her delicate head was poised on her shoulders with peculiar grace; her hair,

which was neither light nor dark, was perfectly suited to a clear complexion, which at times took on a slight rose tinge; she had fine gray eyes, and regular features; an expression equally beautiful in animation or repose; a finely rounded throat, and well-developed and graceful figure, and a most charming simplicity of manner. Such was Rose Thorne. She looked the lady from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, — one of nature's most perfect works. What wonder that Sam was captivated at once, as Miss Eldredge had laughingly declared he would be, and as she well knew had been the case with many young fellows before? Kate, too, who was always very chary in bestowing her confidence, and, as a consequence, was never very popular among her young lady acquaintances, had opened her heart to Rose Thorne from the very first; and it was already determined that Miss Rose should sojourn for a time that summer at the Wentworth mansion, a hospitality which could be most delightfully reciprocated when Kate should spend a portion of the gay winter season at Mrs. Thorne's, not far from Boston or from Cambridge.

While every one else was dancing and flirting, and having a glorious time after the fashion of their own hearts, there was one man who was unwilling to see the championship pass thus easily from Harvard to Yale, believing as he did, that, even then, it was not too late to regain the lost honors. Wilkinson, the Harvard stroke, almost the only man in that boat who had done his duty honestly and faithfully, had for a long time feared the result of the contest. A Sophomore himself, while the other men in the boat were Juniors and Se-

niors, he had found it impossible to make his men work as he knew they must work, if they would win the colors. He had pulled like a giant in the race, and had done all that a mortal man could do to avert the catastrophe; and there was not one, of all those who were bitterest in their denunciations of the heroes of six short hours ago, but gave him full credit for having done his work like a man, or who was not loud in his praise; nor were his efforts this evening less manly and strenuous. As he said to Huntingdon, and as was the fact beyond a doubt, the Harvard Freshmen in their narrow shell, with their perfect stroke and faultless style, had made, by several seconds, the best time of all that afternoon. It was evident that the Harvard was not the best crew that the college could put into the regatta, since their own Freshmen had beaten their time by more than twenty seconds. Evidently the college ought to have been represented by the Freshman crew; and perhaps, even now, it might not be too late to mend matters. Wilkinson had lost no time in impressing Smith and Hawes with the fact that it was their duty to pull the victorious Yale boat the next morning; and it was with this object in view that Smith had carried off his men at the early hour that Sam retired, Wilkinson assuring them that he would arrange all the preliminaries. "Do you go home, and to bed," he said to them, "and get a good night's rest, and be ready to do the most glorious day's work to-morrow that you will ever do in your lives. Villiers and I will look out for every thing, and make every arrangement. The Yale boys won't let their men crawl out of it." Villiers, standing by, had assured them that there should be no mistake about it,

that the race should certainly come off. There were doubtless few men, in either college, who would have been thus anxious to double their own disgrace by having their Freshman boat win back the honors they had themselves lost.

Huntingdon's supper was likely to prove a fizzle, much to the disgust of that gentleman. The Freshman crew, the heroes of the day, so far as Harvard men were concerned, had gone to their farmhouse, to go to bed; none of the defeated Seniors or Juniors felt any disposition to go to the entertainment. "We will have it, just the same," quoth he, to his particular friends; "we'll drink deep the health and success of our own gallant crew, and confusion to their enemies; and if the guests first bidden prefer to go to bed, rather than come to the feast, we must see what can be done toward supplying their places." Indeed, there was little difficulty on this score; and Mr. Huntingdon's company were soon holding high revel at the Bay State.

There still remained to Wilkinson and Villiers the difficult and delicate task of arranging the terms of a contest with the Yale boat for the morrow. There was to be a citizens' regatta in the morning; and one or two crack professional crews were to pull for a purse offered by the city fathers. The Harvard, whose hopes had been high, had intended, in case they should be victorious over Yale, to give the professionals a rub; but no one seemed to know whether Yale was going to pull, or not. At length the young men succeeded in finding Brown, the stroke and captain of the victorious crew. He, in turn, sought out his bow oar; and the proposition was made to them by Wilkinson, to pull the Harvard Fresh-

men. They were unable to give a decided answer to so novel a proposal. They had not intended to enter into a contest with the professionals, and, indeed, had congratulated themselves that their work in a six-oar was over for the year; but if the Harvard Freshmen were desirous of pulling a race with them — they could not say; they would consult their friends, and give a decided answer in the morning. Neither Wilkinson nor Villiers, however, was one to be turned aside by politely framed speeches; and both showed clearly their determination of following the matter up, and receiving a decided answer. So, at length, the four young men went together to the Bay State, where, in a room apart, they found a score or more of the wearers of the blue, celebrating the victory of the afternoon in a right jolly carouse. Shouts and cheers and songs confusedly commingled, empty bottles in profusion, dense clouds of tobacco-smoke, every conceivable posture, and every degree of sobriety, showed plainly that the revel, though still at its height, had already been of long duration.

The captain gathered his men together in a corner, — all of them long since heroically hilarious, — while our two friends remained quietly near the door, civilly refusing all offers of refreshment, though they were cordially and confidentially and emphatically pressed upon them, and stated the object of their visit, — that the two envoys were come in behalf of the Harvard Freshman crew, who were ambitious of winning their laurels on the following morning. There was to be a regatta; and the question was, should they enter, and give their would-be competitors an opportunity of beating them, and winning back the championship, if they

could? "You know, boys," said Brown, lowering his voice to a whisper, "we haven't had the colors before for five years, and it is very safe not to run any risks; and those beggars pull like ——. You know they beat our time this afternoon." The crew, however, was all of a mind. "Pull by all means! pull anybody and at any time, professionals and Harvard Freshmen both if necessary," were their sentiments most emphatically expressed.

The rest of the company at once scented what was in the wind, and were decided and unanimous, as well as demonstrative, in their assent to the affirmations of the crew. It was as if a whirlwind had suddenly risen in the little room.

"I understand, then, gentlemen," said Wilkinson, "that you agree to our proposition, that you enter for the citizens' regatta to-morrow, it being a part of the agreement that the Harvard Freshman crew shall do the same, both boats to pull a three-mile race?"

There was a shout of assent from one and all; and, saluting the company, the twain departed.

"Well, boys," said Brown, after the Harvard men had left, "I am sorry that it happens so, but we must break up at once. At least we boating-men must not stay here another minute: if we are going to pull a race to-morrow, we must one and all go to bed, and get some sleep. I wish I had known of this two hours ago; come, Tyler, not another drop!" With this he once more gathered his men together.

"The Harvard men are having a regular howl in the next room; just hear them, will you? They've been at it too this long time. They will be nicely used up to-morrow," vouchsafed one of the party.

"Not one of the men who are going to pull is there," answered the captain. "They all went home early in the evening. I couldn't imagine what was up when I saw them laying their heads together along with Wilkinson and that tall fellow. There is where they have got the points on us. One used-up man in a boat is enough to lose a race; and we are pretty certain to have two or three," and the clear-headed young man looked thoughtful and concerned.

"For shame, Brown!" said one. "Oh, you can't help cleaning them out: they're only Freshmen," called out a second. "Take something, old boy, and cheer up a bit. You've got the blues." But at last, amid much shouting and cheering and drinking of health and success for the morrow, the captain fairly rescued his men from the clutches of his friends, though it was a most unwilling parting on both sides.

And now the scene changes to the farmhouse by the lake, where the young boatmen, who in a few hours more are to make a manly effort to win back the honors which their seniors and supposed superiors had lost, are soundly sleeping as only youth and health and tired frames can sleep. Smith, Tom Hawes, and Sam occupy the large front room, and the other three men are domiciled in the rear. The night was far advanced, and was dark, damp, and still; the world was wrapped in sleep; even the revels at the hotel had subsided, and quiet reigned throughout the corridors. From out the depths of the darkness, a carriage drew slowly up to the farmhouse; there was a loud rapping on the fence, and a voice cried, "Ho, there in the house!"

Smith, always a light sleeper, was at the window in an instant, and said, "What is wanted?"

The carriage. — We want to see the captain of the Harvard Freshman crew.

Smith. — Well, I'm your man.

By this time there were three white forms clustering round the open window.

A whisper. — What's up now?

Smith. — Can't guess. See what time it is, Sam.

Sam (lighting a match for an instant, to look at his watch). — It is twenty minutes past two.

There had been a whispered conference in the carriage during these seconds; and then the same voice issued forth out of the darkness: —

The carriage. — You expect to enter the citizens' regatta in the morning, and pull against the victorious Yale boat; do you not?

Smith. — Yes; we understand that they have pledged themselves to enter, and we propose to enter too.

The carriage. — The Yale men are willing to pull a race with you. I don't mean willing: they want to pull you, of course, if you wish it; but they don't at all like the idea of entering with professionals. They want to pull you in a separate race, and are not disposed to do any thing about it unless they can.

Smith. — Ah, very well: if that is all, it doesn't matter in the least. We don't care how it is we pull them, provided the race only comes off. Put up the flags you won to-day, and we will pull for them, and have a separate race with the greatest pleasure.

"Good" said! Tom, in a hoarse whisper, slapping Smith on the back, "well put that was; but I bet you

they don't do it: they don't get the colors every day, and when they do they mean to keep them."

The carriage (after a consultation). — Thank you for the suggestion, but we will do no such thing. We won the colors in a perfectly straight race, and we see no good reason why we should win them over again.

Smith. — Well, perhaps it will be as well for you not to run any risks. Suppose, then, we put up a new set of colors for the championship. Let them be appropriately inscribed with the time, place, the names of the crews, and let them state the reasons for the race. How does that idea suit you?"

"Bet you they don't," growled Tom. "They don't mean to pull at all, and have come to back down. Half of 'em were drunk last night, and they know they'd get whipped;" and he began groping for his pipe, which he found and lit for consolation.

The carriage. — We don't quite see the reason why we should pull you for the championship when it is ours already. There would be very little honor in beating a Freshman crew.

Smith (hotly). — Honor or not, we claim that we are able to outrow you, and that we did so yesterday afternoon by seven seconds at the very lowest estimate; and we think we can better that if you will give us the opportunity, as we supposed you were going to do. What in thunder do you want of a separate race unless there is to be something particular to pull for? Unless you will put up the colors you hold, or a new set, we can pull with the other boats well enough, for any thing I see.

"Ah! I told you that they'd only come to back

down," said Tom, with a groan. Boating was to him the one beautiful thing in life. Here had been an opportunity of doing something glorious, and to feel it thus slipping from his grasp was simply horrible: the poor fellow was the very personification of woe.

There was a whispered conference outside, and then a second voice issued from the gloom, albeit a little sarcastical in tone this time, and of a very different quality.

The carriage. — You certainly ought to know, though of course you do not, why it is that the Yale men are unwilling to enter the citizens' regatta, and pull in the same race with the professionals. We had it from first hand, you may be sure, or we shouldn't be here, direct from one of the men who pull in one of the professional boats, though I am not at liberty to say who, that some of your friends had fixed the matter up with the boys. Of course Yale don't expect to be able to outpull a professional crew. Well, one of the boys told me that some of your friends had made a trade with them, and closed the bargain. They were to let their own race go, to keep alongside Yale, and, if you had the best of it, all right; but if Yale had the best of it, they were to jockey them as they could easily do, and let your men get the turn, and then give Yale their wash on the home-stretch; in fact, there was a regular trade to throw the race into your hands. Now you know why it is that Yale don't care to pull with the professionals, though of course you didn't before.

This was rather an astonishing piece of news.

Smith (after an instant's pause). — Do you belong to the Yale boat?

The same voice from the carriage. — No, I don't.

Smith (fiercely). — Is there anybody out there that does?

First speaker from carriage. — Yes, I pull stroke.

Tom (hoarsely). — Sail in now, Smith, and give it to 'em; for, by ——, if there was ever an outrageous piece of insolence, enough to make a man's blood boil, it is this.

Smith. — I don't know who you are that has just been talking; but if you will only wait two minutes, till I can get my boots and trousers, I will come down, and knock every tooth in your head down your throat. [A hoarse guffaw from the carriage is the only reply to this rather plucky threat; for Smith didn't know that the burly sporting-man could strangle him with one hand.] I should not think, Mr. Brown, that you would permit your companion to insult us in this style. We are at least gentlemen, and ought to be treated with decency. I give you credit for believing that no Harvard man would do the vile thing which your man there has described. I am sure I wouldn't believe it of any of you. It seems to me you are not doing the fair thing by us, Brown. If you don't care to pull us, and no offence (but I can see why you shouldn't care to, for you have every thing to lose and nothing to gain), it would surely be more manly and honorable to say so, than to come here with a story about us, that, if true, would be disgraceful even amongst the most unprincipled professionals.

Brown. — I do ask your pardon, gentlemen; we are quite ready to pull, of course, and expected to go in with the other boats, and I had made my arrangements

to that effect. I could hardly credit the story myself; but Mr. Stifler here had it direct from the stroke himself with whom the bargain was made; and it did look rather black and ugly, you must confess.

Smith. — Then this man who sold out to our friends his own race, and yours too, didn't tell you all this himself.

Brown. — No, I have not seen him.

Sam (to Smith). — Stifler is the man who won fourteen thousand dollars on the University race. Don't you remember, he came on from New York with our shell?

Smith. — Of course, nothing of this kind can possibly be true; but you don't want to pull, I suppose.

Stifler (interrupting). —You are a little too fast in your conclusions, my young friend. You haven't heard yet what it is we propose to do. We haven't come out here at three o'clock in the morning to back down, by a d—d sight.

Tom. — Amen!

Stifler. — But what we do propose is this: You see it is no use pulling for the old flags, because they have been won once in first-class style; and it is no use putting up new ones for the championship, because the Yale boys are the champions already; and after the story they have heard, coming as it does from headquarters, they don't feel like entering the regular regatta, and you can't blame them either. Of course, we never once imagined that *you* had fixed this business up; but that some of your friends have, unbeknown to you, you may be just certain sure. Now, then, here is our proposition; and it is the only one we can see

our way clear to make. The Yale University boat will pull you a square three-mile race on Lake Quinsigamond in the morning, you two boats to be the only ones which shall enter, at such time as we shall agree upon; the stakes to be ten thousand dollars a side. I have the money ready to put up the minute you say the word; and you can raise it without difficulty in the morning. And now, young man, if you are so d—d anxious to pull that race, and get beaten, this is your chance.

Tom. — Take him up, Smith: the fellows will back us for twice that amount. Any thing for a brush with the beggars.

Smith. — What do you say, Wentworth?

Sam. — It seems to me that we ought to decline to pull for money, though I should be as disappointed as any one.

Smith (after a minute's thought). — I think so too. (To the carriage.) Do you agree to these terms, Mr. Brown?

Brown. — Yes. We are quite ready to pull on those conditions.

Well they might be, so far as the money was concerned, since it was furnished by a third party.

Smith. — Well, gentlemen, here is our answer. We will pull for the old flags, or put up new ones appropriately inscribed as I suggested, or enter with you in the regatta, or pull you a fair race, our two boats alone to enter. But when it comes to pulling for money, whether the stakes are ten thousand dollars or as many cents, you may count us out. It isn't for such a purpose as this that we at Harvard carry on the sport. We are not professionals, to make a living at betting

and boat-racing. We try to go into the contest as gentlemen ought, solely to see who are the better men, and the more skilful oarsmen. We do our own training and coaching, and have no help from any outsider in any way; and we mean to try to do all that we do in an honorable and gentlemanly manner. To pull for stakes, is something I hope a Harvard crew will never do. I am surprised, Mr. Brown, that you should allow us to be insulted twice. Of course, I know all about your friend and backer there. He is the man who made fourteen thousand dollars out of the University race; and naturally enough he wishes to make something more; but, for one, I don't intend to help him to such a result. You may be sure that his story about the bargain made to "jockey" your crew is all a sheer fabrication, invented solely for the purpose of getting up this ten-thousand-dollar affair of his. I hope you will conclude to pull us a straight race of some kind in the morning. I bid you good-night. He shut down the window with a bang, and presently the carriage rolled away.

"Bet you they don't pull," said Tom once more. "But you had 'em bad, or I'm mistaken; and were right too about not pulling for money, as you always are."

Smith. — Lend me your pipe, you loafer. (A steady succession of puffs.) How I have talked!

Sam. — Yes. We'll have you class orator yet, as well as captain of the Harvard. I think Tom is wrong about their not pulling. I don't see how they can avoid it in common decency; and I don't believe the fellows would let Brown back out if he wanted to ever so much.

Smith (knocking the ashes out of the pipe). — Yes, that's our best hope. Every man turn in: what shall we be good for if we sit up here all night, talking?

Saturday morning was hot and still. Not a ripple ruffled the smooth surface of the lake that lay spread out before the shady piazza of the hotel, stretching away hot and glassy beneath the burning July sun; and not a breath of air stirred the leafy verdure skirting its edge. Already the spectators were gathering on Regatta Point, though there was to be by no means the dense throng of the preceding day. Thousands who came to witness that stirring spectacle took their departure on crowded railway-trains in the evening, — college boys whose slender means did not permit of a longer sojourn; young ladies who had begged and obtained leave of absence for the afternoon only; others whom the jealous claims of business held fast; even the townspeople, to a large extent, would not care to make the excursion to the lake for two successive days. But still the crowd bid fair to be large.

The ladies were sitting on the cool piazza, waiting for their escorts, the gentlemen, who one and all had gone down to the boat-house.

"They are late," said Kate, nervously. "The race was to have been pulled at ten o'clock; and it is now twenty minutes past the hour, and no signs of the boats."

"I fear that it will be too severe a task," said Mrs. Wentworth, looking anxiously out on the calm, hot surface of the lake. "I hope Sam will give up boat-racing after this season."

"I don't," returned Kate, with a little indignant toss of the head. "I want to see him stroke of the Harvard, if possible."

"With better fortune than attended the efforts of that company yesterday," suggested Miss Thorne, pleasantly. She had come over to see the regatta, not knowing that the college boats were going to pull; but had been at once informed by her enthusiastic friend, who had herself received full details of the arrangements from Villiers.

"They must be coming now," said Miss Eldredge, as sudden cheers followed by prolonged shouting came from down the lake; and indeed it was time. The point was well filled with spectators who had been waiting patiently for an hour, the judges were at their post, and there was nothing wanting but the crews. The ladies had made a final adjustment of hats and gloves, that there might be no delay when their escorts should come to conduct them to the point. Of a sudden, Sam and Villiers, Huntingdon and Adams, presented themselves, Sam smiling good-naturedly, Villiers looking vexed enough.

"It's all up," said Sam, laughingly. "Now, Miss Thorne, I am my own master, and I hope I may be permitted to devote myself to you."

"What is it?" exclaimed both Kate and Miss Eldredge.

"Yale has backed down," said Huntingdon, contemptuously.

"It is not quite fair to say that," interposed Villiers.

"I thought you said that the race was determined upon beyond a peradventure," said Kate, in a disappointed tone.

"So it was," replied Villiers; "but Tyler of the Yale boat is sick, and cannot possibly pull."

"It is fair to say," said Adams, "that Yale was as much disappointed and disgusted as we were."

"That was the occasion of the uproar we heard, then?" inquired Miss Eldredge.

"Yes," Adams replied: "there were two or three hundred fellows all together about the boat-house; and, when it became certain that the race could not come off, they gave vent to their feelings."

"For one, I am not sorry: I think you have had boating enough for one season at least," said Mrs. Wentworth, fondly.

"And I can only feel thankful," said Miss Thorne, with a charming smile, as she accepted Sam's proffered hand by way of assistance over a very rough part of the way (the party were *en route* for the point), "since I have thereby gained an esquire," and she looked at her companion with no unfavoring glance.

"I am sure I am quite as well pleased, as to be out there pegging away on the course, and likely enough coming in two or three lengths behind," returned Sam; as he all at once realized that there were joys in life which hitherto he had known not of.

Now that the young student is seated by the side of his fair companion, drinking in her beauty, and making one of the merry company who with bright talk and merry laughter are awaiting the return of the professionals, his first summer vacation has fairly begun, and the very happiest season of his life is apparently near at hand. Ah, those college summer vacations! weeks of sunshine in the soft golden summer-time, — is there

any thing in after-life to compare with them, as one looks back, and thinks of the perfect rest, the perfect freedom from restraint and care, that they brought with them? Bright visions of the mountains and the sea come back to the memory, of moonlight drives in the soft evening twilight, with glancing eyes and breathing loveliness at one's side, of merry picnics and delightsome excursions by land and by sea. Ah! happy, happy are the days of college summer vacations!

XIV.

SUMMERTIDE.

You may be sure that, before his departure from Worcester, Sam had many invitations extended, and many arrangements for passing these next six weeks, pressed upon him by his college friends with the greatest sincerity.

"Half a dozen of us, Lewis and Smith among the rest, are going for a tramp through the mountains, shouldering our baggage, and pitching our camp wherever we halt. We can't help having a glorious time; and we count on you to make one of us." This was Lyman's programme for the summer; and he was very loath to part company with his classmate.

"I've got a splendid project," said Tom, his dark face lighting up with an eager flush; "and I know it will just hit you to a T. You and I take the 'Arethusa' (Lyman's double scull), put her aboard the cars, go up to the headquarters of the Connecticut, and pull her down to the Sound. We can take stuff, and cook our own grub, and sleep under the boat. How's that for a month's boating?"

"I'm going home to see the old man," said Haskill, taking his friend's arm in his confidential way. "I'm flush now, you know;" and all the dignity of a full-

fledged Senior enshrouded the young student. "The money is more yours than mine, for wasn't it your own right arm that won it? If you like to see the Great West," eagerly, "now is your time, Wentworth: we'll do it in style."

All these and other propositions that were advanced, he reported to his mother and sister.

"I know you must need rest; and you can find it nowhere so well as at home," was Mrs. Wentworth's quiet comment.

"Walk over the mountains, indeed!" exclaimed Kate, half indignantly. "Do you suppose that we are going to give you up altogether? we want to get acquainted with you ourselves. The idea of your thinking of such a thing as going out West when you know who is coming to make us a visit!"

"I agree with you," said Sam, blushing: "it would be absurd."

He had spoken of these invitations because he wanted to be quite certain that "the visit" was an established fact.

The party broke up, but not without arrangements for meeting before the end of the vacation. Both Villiers and Huntingdon were cordially invited by Mrs Wentworth to consider her home as their own for the summer; and Sam seconded her most warmly.

"I shall certainly trespass on your hospitality before September," said Huntingdon, "though I am sorry that it must be some weeks before I can accept your kind invitation;" and he looked thoughtfully at Kate, and then at Villiers with whom she happened to be talking.

The last-named gentleman had arranged to pass his

vacation at the hotel at Little Harbor. "I shall be a neighbor, and I dare say, if permitted, a frequent guest at your home," was his reply to Mrs. Wentworth.

Sam had answered Haskill's invitation to go West by a cheery proposal that they should spend the time together at his own home.

"I suppose there is no go, but I must see the old man," said Haskill, shaking his head ruefully, while he looked longingly at Kate. "He has written to me, and sent the stamps, — a cool hundred, God bless his old head! you know there's only him and me. But," he continued, as a pleasant thought struck him, "I can cut it short, you know, and get off, and have a week or ten days with you." Both Mrs. Wentworth and Kate had taken a fancy to the queer young Westerner.

"He's an odd, rough fellow, but there is much good in him," was Villiers's comment to the former lady, in which sentiment she entirely agreed; while Kate declared that he was the most entertaining young gentleman she had ever met, and petted him in a fashion that was as delicious as it was new to the recipient of her favors. Miss Eldredge was to spend the summer with her cousins; and, where she was, one might be sure of finding Will Adams; so that, at one time or another, all of the party were pretty sure of meeting again before long; and the anticipation was most pleasant.

The event of Miss Thorne's visit was not to transpire at once; and for a week Sam found himself at home with his mother and sister, and every thing quite as it used to be before he went to college; and those were happy days.

He did indeed need rest. The training for the two regattas, and the excitement attendant upon them, together with the unconscionably hard work he had done by way of preparation for the annuals, had taxed his strength severely; how severely he did not know himself, till he had been at home several days, and found out how thoroughly tired he was. It seemed wonderfully convenient and pleasant to lounge about the house in the idle, sleepy manner which the season provoked; smoking his pipe perhaps (which was coloring beautifully), to the great scandal of his sister, who did not favor his new accomplishment in the least; listening to the new music she had learned, and the songs which he had sent home to her; and sometimes lending his own bass in the choral passages, as he had learned to do at Harvard; or talking over with her the incidents of his boating experience.

If he ever thoroughly enjoyed any thing in his life, it was meeting his old associates at this time. These, though perhaps tougher and more wiry, could not begin to show as much muscle as the young student; and as physical strength was always at a premium among the hard-fisted young fellows, he at once became a hero in their estimation. They were never tired of hearing, as in the evening twilight they clustered around the little post-office, how his boat had "cleaned out" the Yale Freshmen contrary to everybody's expectations, and how they would have beaten the University crew too, if they had only come to time. He was so utterly ingenuous and good-natured, that there was not a single envious listener in his audience, or a single false friend among them all, or one who did

not admire his good looks, his fashionable clothes, his muscle, and his easy assurance. No, they all voted him a capital fellow, and declared that he had not become a bit "stuck up" by going to college; while more than one pretty face smiled sweetly at him from the windows or doorways.

At home he was both the honored guest and the beloved idol of the house. His mother was absolutely happy at having him with her; and, more than that, she was devoutly grateful that the year, at one time regarded with so much apprehension, had been so prosperous. She forgave him his pipe; she would have had her house filled with his college friends, and would herself have been cook and housemaid and laundress for them all, had this been necessary, to gratify her beloved boy. No one had had more than a very faint conception of the anxiety which had at first possessed her heart.

Kate was the one who of all most thoroughly enjoyed these days. The year's separation had been a cruel one for her, though she had not given expression to her feelings; and now that her brother was her own once more, her exuberant spirits bubbled over in complete happiness. She was his constant companion; and in the cool morning, or the delicious evening hours, they visited together all the pleasant spots endeared to them by the memories of their childhood. She was herself too active and full of life to permit any one to indulge in laziness in her presence for a very long time. Moreover, she had a hundred questions to ask with genuine womanly curiosity; and as he had a ready answer for them all, and a large fund of college gossip

besides, he was really very entertaining company, and she soon came to be thoroughly informed on all class matters. A single scene will serve as specimen of many in their experience. Kate was sewing in the cool hall one afternoon, while Sam lay extended on some cushions near the doorway.

"What ever became of the young man who used to stop up the keyholes?" she asked.

"Alas, poor Tommy!" and Sam threw back his head, and laughed heartily at the recollection. "He has plugged his last keyhole. He had played his little game on all the instructors except the professor in elocution, to whom we used to go once a week in the 'old chapel,' and who contrived to render the hour a disagreeable one; and had made several unsuccessful attempts at this door. At last, armed with a slender file, and a note addressed to Joe, whose box is just opposite, so that in case any one should intercept him he might pretend he was there for the sake of putting a petition in the regent's box" —

"By 'Joe' you mean the regent: that isn't his name, of course?"

"Well, that is what everybody calls him. Armed with these he went carefully up the stairs about fifteen minutes before the hour for recitation. He looked warily around, and, as the coast seemed to be clear, rammed the file securely into the keyhole, for he was determined that there should be no mistake about it this time, broke it off, and was turning to go down, when lo! there was the President with his head thrust out of his door, which was only a few feet farther above, on the opposite side of the entry, coolly survey-

ing the scene. 'Good morning, Mr. ——,' said that functionary, nodding civilly to him, while his eyes twinkled mischievously. Tommy was too flustered to say a word for himself; and forgetting all about his note and the regent's box, dashed down the stairs; and a more demoralized youth than he was when he told us about it, I never saw. 'I may as well get out before they kick me out,' he said, mournfully; and forthwith took up his connection, and left the class to mourn his loss."

"That was too bad."

"Perhaps it was; but as he never studied he couldn't have held on long any way."

"Would the President have reported him if he hadn't gone?"

"I don't really think he would; for, from what I have seen of him, he doesn't seem to be that kind of a man. I like him very much myself, though he is very unpopular among the students generally."

"Unpopular? I always imagined that the President was very much venerated and beloved."

"And that he was a splendid old man, with elegant white hair," said Sam, laughing long and heartily at an idea so much at variance with the fact. "I doubt if it would make much difference if he was. I don't think Harvard students have much love or veneration for any thing, at least any thing connected with the college."

"Why is it that he is unpopular? what does he do?"

"I am sure I cannot say; he does nothing so far as I know. He is a very learned man, kind-hearted, and simple in his ways; but it is the fashion to abuse him, as, indeed, it seems to be the fashion to grumble at a good many things; and the Freshmen fall in with the

rest readily enough. He undertook to give us a course of lectures; but the fellows coughed, and shuffled their feet, and made such a racket that he was finally obliged to give them up; and the general feeling was that the class had done a smart thing. We find him unpopular, and we leave him so. I don't know why, as I said before, unless it is true, as some one said, that it is impossible for a president to do his duty, and be popular. There is no doubt that he is very fond of talking of himself, that he does wear the worst hats I ever saw, and that he puts on the shabbiest of his collection to receive distinguished company."

"Are none of your professors popular? It is very strange that none of them should be liked;" and Kate's blue eyes looked seriously up from her sewing.

"I can't truly say that any that we have had to do with yet are. Perhaps the reason is, that we never meet them except as instructors, and then they are our natural enemies. It won't do to attempt to get acquainted with them: if you do you are a 'toady.' For my part, I have liked them all well enough."

"And which one best?"

"Oh, I don't know. I have had the best marks with 'Sandy,' and so I think perhaps I like him as well as any."

"Which is Sandy?"

"Sandy is the Greek tutor, a sharp, quick little man, far from being a general favorite; but, as the fellows don't dare rough him at recitation, they make it up by telling stories about him. Now, I don't vouch for any thing; but they say he goes off on sprees, and that one night last winter he and two Seniors were coming out in the last car from Boston, and were the only passen-

gers. It appears that Sandy had been off on a spree, and had just wit enough left to get on to the car. It was a very cold night; and, when they reached the Port, the driver and the conductor got off to take something warm. The two Seniors saw their opportunity, and quietly shifted the horses to the other end of the car, and drove back to town, calling out, 'Harvard Square!' when they got to the Revere; and they had no end of fun watching Sandy try to find his way to his room in Holworthy, which of course he couldn't do."

"That may do for a story; but it is not a very likely one."

"I didn't ask you to believe it; but they tell the funniest stories about the good old Doctor. He is such a splendid old fellow, that it is a shame to repeat any of them;" and Sam laughed at his thoughts.

"You must not suppose that my curiosity is going to be left unsatisfied in this fashion, sir."

"Well, they say, — mind, I don't at all vouch for any of their stories: slanders they are, to my thinking, — but they say his wife don't allow him to go into company unless she or some of his family go with him, because he pockets the silver spoons, besides always folding up the napkin, and stowing it away."

"You don't mean to say that he steals!" exclaimed Kate, in a shocked manner.

"Oh, bless you, no! only he is so very absent-minded, that he doesn't realize in the least what he is doing. They say he frequently meets his wife in the street, and touches his hat politely, and then ponders the question who she is, without being able to think it out. They say that soon after he had come to Cambridge,

and before everybody knew him and his odd ways, he went to the post-office one morning, and asked, 'Are there any letters for me?' in his own meek way. 'Who do you mean by me?' said the clerk, gruffly; and, for the life of him, he couldn't think of his own name."

"How ridiculous!"

"Likely enough. All these things happened before my day; but he certainly has a way of walking with his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent forward a little, and staggering from one edge of the sidewalk to the other; and he is a very early riser; and they say that this actually happened, though it was before he was known well, — that a policeman arrested him, and was taking him off to the station-house, mistaking him for a reveller on his way home. I don't believe the policeman part of it, however, for I think the doctor is too early for any Cambridge policeman. They say," continued Sam, after a laugh to himself at the notion, "that he actually came home one rainy night, and put his umbrella to bed, and stood himself up behind the entry door, and that he never would have discovered the mistake himself, and would have stood there all night in some kind of a brown study, only his wife, who keeps her eye on him continually, and is on the lookout for such accidents, rescued him."

"That is absurd, of course."

"I don't say that it is not. I only tell the stories as they have been told to me. He is so polite that he bows and touches his hat to everybody he meets, with a simple dignity and grace that is very pleasant; lest if he were to trust his recollection, he might fail to recognize and salute some. So one day he walked against

the pump in the square. 'Ah, excuse me, madam!' said he, taking off his hat, and bowing politely; and one day, coming in contact with the handle, he gave it a most cordial shake, mistaking it for a friend's hand.

"Now, this is true," continued Sam, laughing, "so Miss Eldredge says: she had it of the girl who had it of the girl who saw it done; and I am sure that is good authority enough. At a tea-party one evening, the doctor became deeply engrossed in a discussion. There was a mischievous young lady who knew all about his absent-mindedness, sitting next to him; and near by was a stand of custards, on which, with other good things, the company were expected to regale themselves. She gave him one, which in the pauses of the argument he speedily devoured; and seeing that the spoon was unconsciously returned to the empty glass for more, she supplied its place with a full one which was soon disposed of, when she substituted another fresh glass in place of the empty one, and so continued until the doctor had eaten seventeen, and the stock was exhausted. The company could contain themselves no longer, but roared with laughter."

Kate laughed too, at this.

"But I believe this story even less than the others, probable as it might seem."

"Why?" in a laughing voice.

"Because I know that the doctor is too polite ever to engage in a discussion in company."

"He is very much liked, is he not?"

"That he is! I excepted him, from what I said before: there wouldn't be such stories about him, however, if he were not liked. He is a splendid man; as simple-

hearted as a child, and as tender-hearted as a woman. Everybody respects him; and I believe the students love him as well as they can love anybody, considering the manner in which affairs are conducted. He never seems to think, when any one goes to him with a statement, that it is any thing except the truth. He is indeed the student's friend, ready to assist one and all with advice, or, if one needs it, with money, or to help them get work; and many a poor student owes his education to the kind-hearted doctor. You ought to have heard the Seniors cheer him on class day. It is not usual to single out any one by name; but they called out his, and gave him nine cheers, and then nine more, and then nine more. I believe," said Sam with deepening voice, "that he is more to be envied than any one that I have ever seen."

This was only one of many such pleasant times, when the young man had a thousand things to tell. Thus the week passed very quickly; and on the morrow their quiet was to be broken in upon, and they were all three sorry. "Haven't you had a pleasanter time than if you had gone poking off to the mountains?" was Kate's query, as the two sat in the broad doorway, looking out upon the sea spread out duskily before them, and listening to the low hum of insect-life which filled the warm summer air, on the last evening which they were to enjoy together, before Kate's friend should come. Sam could only say that he had.

As the brother and sister sat in the broad doorway, her head resting upon his shoulder, and supported by his strong arm (how many an hour had they as boy and girl sat thus within the leafy porch!), she little

dreamed that never again after this night would he be quite the same to her. She could not foresee that the days of her brother's boyhood were fast being numbered, that hereafter another would be first in those affections which had up to this hour been hers alone. She would hardly have been so glad to see her dear Rose, if she had known what was to be the result of the visit.

Kate was glad to see Rose, however, and drove over to the station herself, seven or eight miles, to meet her, brought her home in triumph, and made her welcome in her own cheerful and cordial fashion. She monopolized her entirely, and kept her in the cool and quiet of her room, resting, till tea brought the family together, where Sam met the guest, for the first time under his own roof.

The young lady looked very sweet as she entered the room, all the more interesting from a slight fatigue. A little drooping of the eyelids, and paleness of the lips, gave her a most captivating expression; and Sam realized the fact to the bottom of his very soul, as with conscious constraint he touched for a moment the hand she held out for him to shake. He was just returned from a pull across the bay to the hotel, to see if Villiers had come, and reported his arrival that very afternoon.

"You must have come on the same train," he said to Rose.

"I don't see how I could have passed him by at the station," said Kate; adding a little indignantly, "Why didn't you bring him back with you to tea?"

"I did my best to bring him," returned Sam; "but

to no purpose. It is the hardest thing in the world, if he once says No, to make him take it back, and say Yes."

"I presume he is tired," suggested Mrs. Wentworth.

"One would scarcely think him so determined a character," said Rose. "He certainly does not give you that impression, to look at him."

"One would hardly get a single correct impression from looking at him, Miss Thorne," said Sam, warmly. "I think there is not a man in the class less understood, as there certainly is not one worthy of more universal admiration and regard; but I believe he will be appreciated before Class Day."

The ladies had really very little cause to complain of inattention on the part of Villiers. The same magnet that had drawn him to this almost unknown retreat as a resting-place for the summer was sure to draw him from his quarters across the bay to his classmate's home; and indeed, if he had accepted Mrs. Wentworth's invitation, and become her guest for the summer, he would hardly have trespassed more on her hospitality; for, after they once met, these four young people were together most of the time day and evening during the next four weeks. Sometimes Mrs. Wentworth made one of the party when they went out for a moonlight sail or drive; but for the most part she preferred to remain at home. It was enough for her, that her darlings were happy; and of a truth no one of the four was afterwards able to look back on a happier season in life than these bright summer weeks. Poor Villiers had many a dark and lonely pull across the bay; for he always insisted on going home, as he called it, no mat-

ter how late the hour, even if he was to return by daylight the next morning. But what is four miles of a starlit summer evening, when you have a good boat to do it in? Have we not all of us read of a gallant young fellow who used to swim a stormy sea for twice that distance almost, and for no other purpose than to be with his love? Mr. Villiers asked no pity, though the ladies pitied him a great deal, and condoled with him over his dreary journeys. There was always something planned, before they parted for the night, to bring them together the next morning, sometimes at a very early hour, and to make the day pass pleasantly, — a boating party, or a picnic in the woods, or a merry excursion to the camp-meeting, a croquet party, or a hop at the hotel. These last festivities occurred twice a week, though the young people did not care to attend them so often; and then Villiers had the pleasure of playing host. Of course it was nothing, to such boating characters as our friends, to pull home four miles after an evening's dance. In such simple pleasure which was frequently shared by Adams, Miss Eldredge, and her friends, one bright and happy day stole away after another, bringing sweet content for all.

Every one knew, from the very first, that Sam was going to fall hopelessly in love with Rose Thorne; and he would have been no true son of Adam if he had not. Meeting her day after day, in the pleasantly familiar manner which had come to be accepted by all four, — a girl so singularly sweet and attractive, — the catastrophe could not have been long avoided, even if his heart had not gone forth from his keeping that first time when he had looked down into her clear gray eyes, at the

regatta ball. He had lived till then without more than a passing affection for any lady; he had romped, when a boy, with the pretty girls of the neighborhood, kissed them at Copenhagen, or at husking-parties, but nothing like an attachment had ever existed. His sister had been his very constant companion; and he had, perhaps unconsciously, compared with her the girls he had met from time to time. His instinct had told him that she was superior to them all. Thus it was that his affection was as fresh as morning dew, as pure as was ever bestowed by high-born maiden, as unsullied as new-fallen snow; and the ardor of his passion grew with each succeeding day. He soon came to feel an unaccountable uneasiness whenever he lost sight of his goddess for half an hour; she seemed to carry away with her, when she went, all his happy spirits, and even the very sunshine of day, and to leave all blank and dull till she returned: though, in truth, seldom an hour passed that they were not together. His honest face would light up with a glow of pleasure when he met her in the morning; and from that time forth till they parted for the night, his thoughts were of her. He was a most devoted esquire; and Villiers was always at hand, to look after Kate. He contrived to show her a thousand little attentions. He instructed her in the art of boating, in which she seemed more than usually interested. He looked after her fishing-gear with most commendable patience; for, bewitchingly frightened herself, she succeeded in getting every thing in a snarl, every time that she drew a struggling victim into the boat. He would rush into a swamp to pluck brilliant blossoms for her hair, which caught his eye as they

were strolling together through the picturesque woodland; or he would bring her armfuls of fragrant water-lilies (of which she was uncommonly fond), that he had tramped off in the early morning to procure. He was her invariable partner at the dances and at croquet; and the intimacy ripened apace.

Once when Sam and Rose were on their way to join a party who were out for a picnic; and preferred the route by water, and a mile through the woods and fields, to the long drive around, over rough roads, they wanted to land on a beach, and the boat grounded twenty yards from the line of the dry sand.

"I don't see but I shall have to carry you ashore," Sam said: "or we shall have to give up for to-day."

"That will never do," replied she, blushing just a little: "you would get so very wet."

But Sam was already in the water. "Come," said he, holding out his arms. "I am sorry; but there is no other way."

"Oh, no! I am too heavy," she protested, laughingly.

But he carried her to the shore, nevertheless; though his heart beat so fast that he was well-nigh exhausted before he could deposit his fair burden on the dry ground.

As for Miss Thorne, she accepted all his attentions with the utmost grace. Always a perfect lady, she was at once ignorant of prudery or boldness. Her manner was an embodiment of simplicity and charming frankness, that was irresistible; and the most careful observer could detect no trace of coquetry. She was kind-hearted and considerate too, preferring the happi-

ness of others to her own. She appeared always the same, — never vexed, never hurried, never untidily dressed, always equally fresh, beautiful, and charming. She accepted the friendship of her new acquaintances at once, recognized Sam as her especial escort and companion, and admitted him to an agreeable intimacy at the very first. "Call me Rose, please," she said to him, with a charming smile, before she had been twenty-four hours his sister's guest. "It is shorter than Miss Thorne; and I like it better from my friends:" so between these two, it had been "Rose" and "Sam," almost from the first.

What wonder that this overgrown boy, who had never before known intimately a single girl beside his sister, should soon come to worship the very hem of her garment? How could any one expect him to look into the future, and ask himself where all this love and moonshine was to end? He only knew that she was his goddess, and that she carried the light and life of the world around with her. Why should he even dream that this faultlessly beautiful creature might be, after all, so far as he is concerned, as devoid of heart as the most impassive block of marble? No; for him the future was one fairy dream of happiness, if, indeed, the future concerned him aught. Yet he had reason to beware; for, though no one had ever charged Rose Thorne with coquetry, those who knew her intimately and well could have told that she had made more than one honest heart ache.

XV.

BY MOONLIGHT.

All through the bright summer season Villiers wasted none of his opportunities. Not a day passed that he did not pull his boat across the bay and up to the time-worn landing formed of decaying logs interspersed with patches of grass, climb the steep pathway winding up to the broad lawn spread out before the house, and present himself at his classmate's door. He and Kate Wentworth were rapidly becoming fast friends.

Villiers was not one to rush impetuously into any undertaking, nor to suffer any indication of his passion, however slight, to manifest itself by word or deed, after he had once made up his mind that his true course of action was to bide his time. For this reason he made proffer of friendship only to the young girl, which her coy confidence was won to accept, by his dignified, respectful courtesy, and the faith in his strict sincerity which his character was adapted to inspire. Perhaps it would have puzzled her to describe the charm Villiers had for her. He was very far from being handsome; but Kate soon ceased to think about his looks. He was not especially well schooled in etiquette; and yet his manner was always that of a gentleman, characterized by a grave dignity that was often amusing. There

seemed to be something about him that called forth her best thoughts and feelings. She could not yet know that the magnetic attractiveness which she often felt surrounded him was the result of a finely organized nature, that had been developed, so far as was possible in so young a man, into the perfection of Christian character.

It does not seem that this young man, grave, homely, dignified, severe even, would be likely to win the love of such a high-spirited, laughter-loving girl as Kate Wentworth, conscious of her beauty and power to please, loving gay company, and fond of admiration, her whole nature inspired by romance. He was undoubtedly winning her esteem and most implicit confidence; elevating her standard of ideal manhood, which she would unconsciously apply when others came a-wooing by and by, and perchance stealing her affections; for who can say what it is that wins a maiden's heart? Who discovers that secret more precious to every man, at some hour of his life, than the long-dreamed-of philosopher's stone, and often more baffling than the ever-retreating object of the alchemist's search? Mayhap a bunch of flowers accidentally given, some trifling attention at the fortunate moment, a pressure of the hand, a glance of the eye, when the heart is softened and the feelings are warm, some little incident which accident magnifies, — who has not seen matters like these turn the scale, while years of patient, honest, gentlemanly devotion, and undespairing hope, failed of their reward? We cannot even guess, therefore, what place Villiers held in his mistress's heart, or whether he had ever gained admission there at all; for such a secret the young girl would guard even from herself.

In this simple, idyllic fashion the summer stole softly away: the three weeks of Miss Thorne's visit had already grown into four, and the fifth was passing only too fast. She was to go home on the morrow; and her departure was the beginning of the end. Huntingdon had been a guest at Mrs. Wentworth's for more than a week; and Haskill had stolen away at the earliest opportunity from his Western home, and was domiciled under the same roof. The old mansion had opened its doors, and welcomed a score of other young people also into its quaint apartments, and had been gayer almost than at any time since Colonial times; for the disposition to make the most of these last days of vacation had prevailed, and there had been feasting and dancing and music and croquet almost without stint.

When Haskill first presented himself, he was so changed in appearance that his friends almost doubted his identity. His hair was no longer "filed," as in the summer, but was of a very decent length indeed, and nicely arranged instead of standing out in every direction. He not only wore a coat all the time, which he could not well avoid in the company of ladies, but had a variety of these garments, new and of faultless fashion, which he donned to meet the requirements of the hour. His foot, which was the slimmest, was incased in the most exquisite of French boots; his scarfs were wonderful in variety, pattern, and hue; he appeared in gloves on every possible occasion, smoked less than half the time, talked slang only by accident, and his hands were never in his pockets except when he forgot himself; while the dignity with which he comported himself was most refreshing. He had begun his journey of

more than fifteen hundred miles with the full determination of offering his hand and heart to Kate. Most unaccountably, as he thought, his courage had oozed away as the distance which separated him from the object of his affections diminished, till, when he stood in the merry girl's presence, and saw her surrounded by admirers (for he came at a time when the house happened to be full of the guests of an afternoon), the last vestige of his resolution vanished. Kate was kind to him too, welcomed him as heartily as any one could have wished, and took him under her protection, and petted him, till Huntingdon's face grew as black as a thunder-cloud, and even Villiers looked with severe eyes. She was kind to him too, afterwards, but he felt that it was not in the right way: so after an hour's reflection, in which he was nearer being blue than he had ever been in his life before, he gave it up.

"What's the use of my trying to play the fine gentleman, and compete with such a swell as that Huntingdon?" he said, half bitterly. "It's like every thing else, not to be learned in a day; and he's been at it all his life. He'd give me all the points I might ask for, and beat me every time. Fine feathers don't make fine birds; not if I know myself, and I believe I do intimately."

Accordingly he went back to his pipe and his odd ways, told his funny stories, and, forgetting his *grande passion*, as he loved to call it, devoted himself to Mrs. Wentworth (who had been a little neglected and forgotten in all this love-making and gayety,) and was vastly entertaining to the ladies, and much happier than when he had tried to put on airs. Yes, he devoted himself to

Mrs. Wentworth with almost lover-like assiduity; and it was honest devotion and admiration too.

"Your mother comes nearer to being an angel than any woman I ever expected to see on earth," he said suddenly to Kate, one day, in his rough, blunt fashion. "She is prettier, too, than any of you girls."

"I quite agree with you," returned Kate, with a gracious smile; for his taste was not much at fault. In her simple white dress, with her dark wavy hair and loving face, her slight and almost girlish figure, and with her gentle, winsome manner, Mrs. Wentworth was a very angel of goodness in the eyes of others besides this young Westerner. She had won his heart simply by being kind to him; and it is doubtful if any one had ever shown him such womanly kindness before. He would have gone through fire to do her or hers a favor.

On the morrow, Miss Thorne was going home; and in a few days more at best, all these good friends were to part company for a time. But Sam had bespoken Miss Thorne's company for a drive on the last evening of her visit; and Kate had engaged her to take this occasion, and prefer a petition to her brother.

"It is that odious pipe of his," she said, earnestly. "He will persist in smoking it just to see it turn brown, though he doesn't half like it; and I know it does him no good. Mamma dislikes it as much as I do, though she says nothing to him; and I am afraid that another year will confirm the habit. Won't you tell him how disagreeable it is, and ask him to leave it off? I shall be so much obliged to you, and so will mamma;" and sweet Miss Rose declared her entire willingness to do any thing for her dear Kate. She was tying on her hat

and drawing on her gloves during this little interview, Kate assisting by way of giving a final touch to ribbon or drapery, Rose looking as charming all the while as a mortal maiden could; and she went out, with just the faintest tinge in her cheeks, to Sam, who had been impatiently waiting her coming, striding up and down the driveway, snapping with his whip at the shrubs and flowers. A careful observer would have said at once that there was something on his mind; but the nervous manner passed away at sight of Rose. Crisp with fresh drapery, and radiant with glowing life, what wonder that in her lover's infatuated eyes she "looked a goddess, and walked a queen"? "Don't forget," called Kate, kissing her hand from the doorway as they drove off. She looked after them till they disappeared behind the oaks, and then turned, half-musingly, toward the house.

The twain drove on in silence through the country, over which the violet-purple mantle of twilight was fast falling, amid the deep stillness of an exquisite summer evening. Now sombre but fragrant pines arose on either hand, and the white thread of the road was lost in the dim and dusky distance. Presently the pines were left behind, and the prospect presented only acres of tangled undergrowth, stretching illimitably away, and lost in the dim distance. As they gained the summit of a hill, and looked down into the valley before them, Rose uttered a little cry of alarm, and not without reason; for right before them, the road apparently leading through it, there seemed spread out a broad smooth lake.

"Isn't that water?" asked Rose, a little frightened at seeing that they were rapidly driving down into it.

"Ah, no: only mist, though the delusion is perfect. We often see it of an evening late in the summer or fall. See, it is behind us now. As soon as the moon rises it will disappear."

Again they drove on in silence. The shadow of parting was very near, — only till to-morrow. Though Sam was to go back to Cambridge so soon, and not be far from her, he felt that the separation was to be for a very long time, — as though there would be something more than the mere distance dividing them. It was a feeling, a vague presentiment, and was to prove quite groundless; but he had been thinking about it a good deal of late; and he thought too, that perhaps his attentions had not been such as to lead Miss Thorne to think that she was more to him than a very pleasant acquaintance: though how the young fellow could have been more devoted, it would be difficult to say. He was impulsive, and by no means like Villiers, one who could wait and bide his time; and he had determined that before the young lady went home he would in some way give her to know how much he cared for her; and now here was his very last opportunity slipping away from him. Still they drove on in silence, with no sound save the regular "clack! clack!" of the horse's hoofs, the rattling of the wheels over the stony way, and the drowsy creaking of the chaise when the pace slackened to a walk. Presently the moon rose up, and poured her mellow light over hill and valley, silvered the tops of the groves, and brought out the delicate lights and deep shadows, and rendered dimly visible the tranquil surface of the distant ocean. Still they drove on in silence.

It was very little Sam cared for the moon then, or any thing save his Rose, and how he should put his feelings into words. It was no part of his design to ask her to marry him, or even to love him, but only to let her know that he cared truly for her; but how to bring that out, was the problem. This was his first experience at making love; and thus far it was any thing but pleasant. Nothing that he had ever attempted in his life could be compared with it for awkwardness and discomfort; his first boat-race was not a circumstance, and that had tried him a good deal. If it had only been Huntingdon here in his place, how he would have talked! how smoothly and insinuatingly and eloquently! But it was only Sam,—poor Sam!—and he was utterly inexperienced; and as the golden moments slipped by, he found himself farther than ever from the desired end.

"I think we had better turn and drive home now," said Rose, coolly, after a time. (She had been wondering what made Sam so very stupid.) "We have had a long drive, and you know I have ever so much packing to do to-night."

So, very reluctantly, he turned the horse's head, well knowing that it would not require half the time to go home that had been consumed thus far. Again they rode on in silence. The young fellow would never have dared to open his mouth on the subject which was so near his heart; but his companion, who had on her part, as we have seen, a promise to fulfil, and who was not in the least embarrassed by the task, presently spoke.

Rose. — I am going to ask you to give me some-

thing which I know you prize highly, and at the same time to make me a promise. Will you?

She turned her fair face to him so that the yellow moonlight fell full upon it.

Sam (a little startled by this unexpected statement). — To be sure: any thing I have I should be glad to give you; and (after a little hesitation) I will make you any reasonable promise.

Rose. — Well, nothing could be more reasonable than this. Give me your pipe, and promise me never to smoke again; and she held out a white and dimpled hand, which her companion attempted though unsuccessfully, to capture.

Sam (to the horse, which was going at too fast a pace). — Whoa! *Whoa!* (To Rose, in a vexed tone). My pipe! This is some of Kate's doings, I am sure: you would never have thought of it yourself.

He was not in the least pleased at having his curiosity and hope dashed down by so unromantic a statement, though what he had really expected cannot be guessed.

Rose (again extending her hand). — I am waiting for it. I always perceive when you have it with you, and it is in your pocket this minute.

Sam (slowly drawing forth the pipe). — Here it is; but I can't see what pleasure it is going to afford you, or what profit: you can't want it for a keepsake, and I shall have to buy another. It was getting to be so sweet, and such a beautiful color too!

Rose (quickly). — Ah, I don't care for it unless I have your promise not to smoke too; and I shall claim that, as you agreed.

Sam (laughing). — Ah, for once I thought before I

spoke. I said "any reasonable promise," and you will have to convince me first; and I can assure you I shall be hard to persuade.

Rose. — Well, then, in the first place, it is an expensive habit.

Sam. — Of course; but you must recollect that it is a luxury, and all our luxuries and pleasures have to be paid for: so why not pay for this, if one chooses?

Rose (with expression slightly ruffled). — In the second place, it is an injurious habit.

She must have matured her plan of attack during the silence of the first part of the drive.

Sam (pleasantly). — Now, I deny that, Rose. That is a question on which the doctors disagree. It is by no means certain that a moderate amount of smoking is not a positive benefit; and you know I indulge very sparingly. No, I don't think reason number two weighs with me as much as reason number one.

Sam had been all over the ground with Kate a score of times, and was tolerably familiar with the arguments both *pro* and *con.*

Rose (triumphantly). — At all events, it is exceedingly disagreeable: any lady will tell you that; and I am sure that reason ought to be all-sufficient with a gentleman.

Sam (half laughing). — It would seem so, certainly, if I really believed that. But I have heard you say yourself that you didn't like a man to be too perfect; that you preferred one with some faults, with a little dash of old Adam about him; and I believe your taste is not peculiar in this. Now, suppose one has this fault.

Rose. — Well, then, I wish it. I wonder if that is enough. Where are you driving? (as the horse strayed from the beaten track). You seem bewitched this evening. I believe I shall have to take the reins into my own hands.

Sam (surrendering them, with a longing look at the beautiful face on which the soft moonlight shone, while the rest of her figure was in deep shadow). — I know I am.

There was silence for a time; and Rose might almost have heard Sam's heart beat if she had cared to listen, though indeed she drove on quite unconcernedly.

Sam (after a pause, seriously). — You ask a good deal more of me, Rose, than you have an idea of. It will be a very difficult promise to keep, and one that I don't think I should care to make for all time, forever, as you say. All the fellows smoke; and, though I don't care so very much for it myself, when I am with them, it will be hard not to join them, and I know just how hard, too. Still I could keep my word, and (very slowly) I don't know but I will promise for a year, if you really wish me to.

Rose. — To be sure I wish it (looking half curiously, half seriously at him).

Sam. — But I have some curiosity to discover how much you really wish it. If I promise, it will be to oblige you; and, if I do so much to oblige you, you — you ought to be willing to oblige me in something.

Rose (her curiosity a little piqued). — You know, Sam, I shall always be glad to do any thing to please you (and she half extended her hand, almost the only impulsive action of which she was ever known to be

guilty, though it was quickly withdrawn); that is (she added with a soft laugh) any thing that is "reasonable."

Sam. — And I must convince you now —

Rose. — To be sure.

But there was now very little curiosity, and not the slightest perceptible trace of emotion, in her voice and manner. She sat there as serenely composed as was her wont, the moonlight touching her beautiful figure with a peculiar tenderness, as if there was nothing more important before her than to drive safely home, the counterpart of the eager, expectant boy at her side.

Sam (after a silence of a moment). — I will promise you not to smoke for a year, if you will give me a kiss.

Rose. — Oh, Sam, you frighten me! (drawing away from him). Indeed you do. What an unreasonable request!

Sam. — I don't see any cause for being frightened. (The Rubicon was passed; and he felt no diffidence now in urging his suit, though the words had been so hard to speak.) If the bargain is not a perfectly fair one, it is I who am going to have the hardest part of it.

And he put up his face with the best smile that he could command.

The only reply the young lady vouchsafed to this was to retire as far as possible into her corner of the chaise. The horse took his own pace and his own road. "It can't be so very hard nor so very bad," he said, ruefully. "Oh, I know now just how much you care, on your own part, about my promise." Then as he sat looking at her retiring figure, her enchanting beauty, and her soft eyes, the temptation was irresistible; he half bent over her, half drew her to him, and kissed her moist, sweet lips.

The remainder of the drive home was in silence.

Thus had Sam bartered away his freedom for a single kiss, — his freedom in more senses than one; for that brief sweet contact was to him a revelation: henceforth the world was a new world to him; he felt all at once that he had an object to achieve, and that, till that end was accomplished, he could know no satisfaction or rest.

That night sleep was an impossibility with the young fellow; and, stealing down from his room, he loosed a dory from its moorings, and pulled far out on the swelling ocean, with no company save the stars, the wild sea, and his own wilder thoughts, till at last his feverish brain grew more composed; and as he climbed the stairs the first rays of the morning sun shone through the leafy window, and touched his haggard face.

"Remember you are to come the very day that Thanksgiving recess is ended, and that I shall keep you for the rest of the winter," called Rose from the carriage to Kate, when she nodded good-by to all the company that stood in the porch to see her off, as Sam whirled her away for the train. "I hope to see you, Mr. Villiers, and you too, Mr. Huntingdon," she had said; "and I should feel very sorry indeed if I thought my acquaintance with Mr. Haskill was to end here;" and she had extended her hand to that gentleman most cordially, who, a little taken aback at this unexpected kindness, said that if he knew himself he thought he should be sorry too, but he was sure the acquaintance would not soon end. Sam's own invitation was not given till just as the cars were coming. "I release you from your promise of last evening," she said: "it was too much

to give for so little. Come over to tea Thursday afternoon, or as soon as ever you can," and half in the confusion of the moment, or perhaps because she meant it, having a vague impression of the depth of Sam's feelings, and choosing to express her sorrow, she put up her lips with just the faintest tinge in her cheeks. In an instant the cars were bearing her away. Perhaps she was as fond of Sam as she had ever been of any one, perhaps as fond of him as she could be of any one. The young fellow drove home in a very seventh heaven of happiness, as he thought of the encouragement he had received.

Huntingdon and Villiers each appeared unwilling to go, and leave the other in possession of the field. Huntingdon's quick eye discerned at a glance what a firm friendship had grown up between Villiers and Kate, and he had determined to make up the lost ground at once; and Villiers, usually the most retiring and diffident of young gentlemen, had bated not a whit his attentions to that young lady, but had been, if possible, more assiduous since Huntingdon's arrival: so that there was really no love lost between the two. They finally took their departure on the same train. Nothing called Haskill away till the regular exercises of the year should begin; and he still tarried, loath to leave his new home, for such it seemed to him.

All four were sitting in the dusk, while Kate was playing at the piano, silent save for the music, — a soft melody as soothing as the hour, — and occupied with their own thoughts. Curiously enough, as it would seem, Sam was the only one who looked eagerly forward to a return to college life. Huntingdon had

voted the coming year, with its mathematics, a most unmitigated nuisance; Villiers had more than once wished the vacation were longer; Haskill was loud in expressing his disgust; but Sam was eager to leave his home, and these two women who would have died for him.

"To-morrow," he said briskly, as the music ceased, "to-morrow we go back once more."

"Well," said Haskill, "I suppose there is no help for it but that we must. The everlasting grind, prayers at daylight, boarding-house hash, metaphysics and logic and all that nonsense — bah! I'm sick of it before I begin."

Kate laughed merrily at the lugubrious tone of the Senior. "You don't seem to be in love with the anticipation."

"I should think not. What is there to enjoy about it? And, what is more, it is a sheer waste of time; that's what it is: that's what it has been to me, at any rate. I've been there three years; and, if I never were to go back, I'd like to know what better I should be for it, or what I could do to earn a dollar; and it will be the same at the end of this year."

"You might do just as well as anybody in your class if you would work," interposed Sam. "Why don't you try for a part?"

"They wouldn't give me one, no matter how well I did; besides, what does a part amount to? No, no: it is no use trying to make a dig of me. The old man wanted me to go to college; and to please him I said I'd go if he would be liberal with the stamps. He has kept his promise, and I mine; but so far as it has done

me any good, that is a great mistake. However, I have one or two things that console me."

"I hope they are not secrets," said Kate, laughing.

"Not a bit. In the first place, I've got as good a room as there is in Holworthy."

"That's a comfort," said Sam.

"Yes, that is a comfort, I can assure you. Then I thank God that this is my last year, and that, when it is over, I can shake the dust of Cambridge from my feet forever."

"You seem wonderfully down on Cambridge," said Sam, deprecatingly.

"Just wait till you've been there as long as I have, and you will be down on Cambridge too," returned the Senior. "And, lastly and mostly, I hope to have the extreme felicity of numbering Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter among the guests at my spread, Class Day, when I shall do my very level best to let them see that I have felt all the kindness which they have bestowed on such a good-for-nothing fellow. They tell us somewhere to count up our mercies; and these are my three mercies."

Next morning these two also, the one with regret, and the other with bright anticipations, likewise took their departure for Cambridge; and thus ended the summer vacation.

XVI.

THE NEW SOPHOMORES.

The Sophomore witnesses the same eruptive appearances about the doors of the college dormitories, that excited his attention the year before, with this difference of feeling, that now he views them with impatience rather than wonder. There is the same moving from old quarters into new ones, the same flurry and confusion, and fitting of carpets and arranging of furniture in the rooms. There is the same dusty appearance to the buildings and the neglected and sun-scorched grass-plats. There is the enthusiastic meeting of friends, the eager shaking of hands, the joyous faces, — familiar now for the most part, — with here and there a group of awkward, nervous Freshmen: how young, and different in every way, they are from the other students! The Sophomore sleeps uneasily in the unfamiliar room; the bell wakes him half-rested in the early morning; he forgets for an instant where he is; then, after a hasty toilet, he rushes down stairs to the chapel, and off to breakfast. He realizes that he is at last a Sophomore.

"Bloody Monday night" had come around once more; and this time some one else awaited its approach with fear and trembling. "Do you suppose they will dare to kick foot-ball after last year, and the warnings

which have been given?" was a question that was asked a hundred times during the day. The general impression seemed to prevail, this year, that the college had seen the last of the annual foot-ball game, and that it would be a foolish thing to risk decimation, or something worse, by setting Faculty decrees at open defiance. There was, however, a very general sentiment that a class which could put such a crew on the river as the present Sophomores had the previous summer would be too plucky to let the evening pass without a demonstration of some kind.

Throughout the day a careful observer would have seen that something unusual was afoot among the Sophomores. Little notes went from man to man throughout the four divisions at the morning recitations: perhaps it was not a consequence of these little messages, but all through the forenoon groups of Sophomores were gathered in eager consultation; messengers hurried from room to room, secret but swelling with importance. Huntingdon was ubiquitous, — "a sure sign that mischief is brewing," quoth a sagacious Senior to his chum. "I never like to see a man so prominent as that Huntingdon is, at first," he continued, as the pair loitered for a moment on the hard walk in front of Holworthy. "He is sure to fizzle out and come to nothing before Class Day."

"Dead sure," replied the chum, consequentially. "In fact, if a man is going to lay for class honors, the shadier he keeps, the Freshman and Sophomore year, the better."

After tea Villiers climbed the three flights of stairs, in the north entry of Hollis Hall, that led to Sam's

new room, and presented himself at the doorway. "Come for a walk," he called, cheerily, as he entered in response to Sam's invitation, and then stopped short in amazement as he took the first step within.

"Why, Sam, what in the world is all this for?" he said, earnestly; for he discovered him arrayed in a pair of huge spectacles, a false beard, and a coat turned inside out. A shocking hat lay on the table, and a spade rested against the wall.

"I am getting ready for 'Cat Alley,' to be sure," returned Sam, stoutly. "Here, take some of this toggery," pointing to a pile of outlandish stuff on the bed; "adorn yourself, and come along. We must have the whole class. It is time we were there now," and donning his hat, and shouldering his spade, he moved half way to the door, looking ridiculous enough.

"Cat Alley," be it remembered, was a locality not far removed from the square, well known to students.

"Stop a minute," said Villiers, earnestly. "This is rowdyish and ungentlemanly business, to say nothing of the consequences which are sure to follow detection. Let it all go, Sam: come for a tramp with me;" and his friend looked earnestly and entreatingly at him.

"You wouldn't have known me yourself in this rig, would you?" he replied. "No: I am much obliged to you, but I am in for it. I promised to go, and they are waiting for me." Then, shouldering the spade which, in a moment of irresolution, he had lowered to the floor, he clattered down stairs, and disappeared in the direction of "Cat Alley."

Rumor had spread the information throughout the college during the afternoon that, if the fellows would

like to see some sport, they would do well to be as near the Delta as convenient, about dusk. Accordingly, shortly after sunset the undergraduates began to assemble around the enclosure; and soon there was a goodly number, comprising Juniors, Freshmen, a few Sophomores, and occasionally a Senior; leaning against the fence, collected in merry groups, or airily sauntering to and fro, leisurely awaiting the event. The Sophomores, on the other hand, were collected in Cat Alley; and, the procession being formed, they took up the line of march for the Delta, moved into the centre of the triangle, countermarched, and made the circuit of the field, and then halted, while the spectators, for a moment dumb through surprise at this novel and unexpected entertainment, rent the air with a shout of admiring approbation; and the green resounded with noisy laughter, and the clapping of many hands.

First came the marshal, a grotesque figure, whose personal identity was entirely lost in his disguise; then the trumpeters or horn-blowers, equally well disguised, discoursing most discordant sounds from their shells; then the escort, a score or more in fantastic regalia, followed by the priest in his robes; next were the pall-bearers, then the grave-diggers; and twoscore mourners, shocking-looking fellows, closed the procession.

Just at this time a professor crossed the triangle, and all eyes centred their attention upon him. He glanced quietly at the motley crowd, smiled, and passed on to the Faculty meeting in University. He was not the man to act the part of spy or Faculty detective.

Meantime the two grave-diggers had been busy with their spades, and the grave was ready; the priest, a big

fellow, read the service; the coffin was quickly lowered, and the earth thrown in; when suddenly the spirit of the dead and buried foot-ball rose into the air in the shape of a rubber balloon, and soared gracefully away into the deepening dusk. At this the spectators, who by this time numbered half a thousand, and who had hitherto understood but imperfectly the real nature of the proceedings, clapped their thousand hands, and shouted their delight. Cheer after cheer for the Sophomores rent the air, the procession was again formed, and after making the tour of the college grounds, with a transparency representing the apotheosis of the foot-ball, cheering the buildings, and paying their particular respects to the Faculty, who were in high council in University, three rousing cheers were given for the class; and the men scattered to their rooms.

The affair was a novelty and a success.

"I say, Dick," said one denizen of Holworthy to another, "that wasn't so bad for the Sophs."

"No," returned the latter, "I should say not; and I hope the Faculty won't make it bad for them in the way of decimation, either."

"Ha, ha, no! I should hope not," said the first speaker; "but it's a way they have when they fail to spot anybody."

"Yes, it's a way they have, sure enough. In whose fertile brain do you guess this exceedingly brilliant performance originated?"

"Give it up!" and the pair passed on to their pipes and metaphysics.

"I flatter myself that went off pretty well," quoth Huntingdon, as, ten minutes later, he doffed his gear,

and stowed it securely away. He had been marshal, had conceived the plan, and, more than any one else, put it into execution.

"Yes," said Sam, removing his beard, and making himself recognizable once more (he had been one of the grave-diggers); "I don't see what fault you could find with that, I'm sure."

"They can't have spotted anybody, either," continued Huntingdon; "though I saw three tutors, and ever so many proctors, prowling around."

"I don't see how they could," said Sam. "I believe I didn't recognize a soul myself."

"Come, now; the evening's work isn't half finished until we have polished the Freshmen off a little," said Huntingdon, hat in hand, looking at his chum, who had seated himself at the table, and taken up a book. "We want you."

Now, Sam had fully made up his mind to have nothing whatever to do with hazing. His mother and sister had talked the matter over with him, fully and earnestly, the evening before he left home, only the last Wednesday night; and he had realized, for the first time, the anxiety that possessed them, lest his college course should be brought to a disgraceful and untimely end. It had seemed then that nothing could tempt him into any possibility of disgrace; and he already felt that he had broken his resolution. There were other reasons, even stronger than these, why he did not care to leave Cambridge, or in any way risk the possibility of such an event; but it is so hard to say No, sometimes! He sat irresolute, one hand on his half-closed book, the other on the back of his chair, while these thoughts pass through his mind.

"Come," said Huntingdon, once more: "be a man."

"I believe I won't have any thing to do with hazing, chum: you must count me out there," he said, firmly enough; for the moment of doubt was gone. "Do my share for me," he added, impetuously, as his chum hurried excitedly out, looking every inch the hero.

Though Sam burned to be out with the boys, sharing the danger with them, he turned to his book, and set resolutely to work to dig out the next day's mathematics. For a time, he got on very well, though it was hard to fix the attention. Then as through the open windows, and up the stairs, and in through the door, came the shout and roar of a tumult below, he threw down his book, seized his hat, and, rushing down stairs, plunged into the throng.

That angle of the college grounds between Stoughton and Holworthy, well illuminated, in spite of the darkness, by the light from a hundred windows, was packed with a dense crowd of students, representatives from all classes, with Sophomores and Freshmen predominating. These latter were, for the most part, gathered together around the northern doorway of Stoughton. The Sophomores were in scattered groups, here and there; while the few Juniors and Seniors were lounging on Holworthy steps, leisurely awaiting the events of the hour. Sam asked, "What is up?" several times, without receiving any satisfactory information. It appeared that, save the noise, some cheering now and then, and a little good-natured raillery, there was no particular disturbance. The Sophomores were waiting for the Freshmen to disperse to their rooms, in order to initiate the hazing of the year; but these latter gentlemen were

evidently not disposed to accommodate their seniors on this point. This masterly inactivity on the part of the Sophomores was not to continue long, however. "We are going to give the beggars a little rush," said Lewis in a whisper to Sam, presently. "Surround them, and hustle them through the entry and back, two or three times, and wake them up a little. Keep close together, boys: now, then, here we go!" and the Sophomores, having gathered together their forces, deployed, and surrounded the foe, and swooped down on them with a mighty yell, with the intent to force them through the entry. But the Freshmen were both numerous and resolute, and held their ground well; there was a mighty jostling and swaying to and fro of a dark, struggling mass, laughter and shouting and confusion worse confounded; then twenty or thirty big fellows from the two upper classes, who had been waiting their time, lent their shoulders; the Freshmen gave ground; and, with a loud yell, the entire pack of two hundred students surged through the entry. There was a short struggle at the rear doorway; and the mass was precipitated into the yard, where many a one rolled in the dust as the tussle continued. There was little respect for persons, it being too dark to distinguish friend from foe; and the tumult increased. A newly appointed tutor appeared on the scene to quell the disturbance, or at least "spot" the rioters, and unwarily ventured into the throng. A huge and hilarious Senior, who was enjoying himself, and carrying every thing before him, mistaking him for a Freshman, perhaps, seized him round the waist, lifted him bodily from the ground, and rushed him along. "Here! stop there! hold on! Do you know

who I am? I am Mr. Smithson," shouted the irate tutor, with all the dignity which the circumstances permitted. "Who in the —— is Smithson?" ejaculated the Senior, with the utmost contempt, dragging his prize to a lamp-post, that he might have a good look at his face, and then dismissing him with a jerk, that sent the bewildered official sprawling on the grass.

Now some thoughtful men, who had been surveying the struggling mass from the windows in Stoughton, brought their water-pails, and bestowed the contents thereof on their friends beneath. There was a general scattering at this, and laughter and the clapping of hands from the windows of Stoughton and Hollis, after which by degrees the crowd dispersed; and once more all was silent around old Stoughton. A party of Sophomores with Huntingdon at their head went the rounds of the Freshman rooms, and paid their compliments to as many of their inmates as they could find; by which means, and by the genius and tact of Mr. Huntingdon, the reputation of "bloody Monday night" was more than sustained, and the class prestige considerably increased.

Sam, not caring to go with the hazing party, had climbed to his room after the disturbance about Holworthy and Stoughton had ceased, and after working out his mathematics, and waiting for his chum a long time, had retired. Late at night he was awakened by a hand shaking his shoulder.

"Chum, chum, wake up," said Huntingdon, who had stolen softly up stairs with eagerness.

"Well," said Sam, sleepily, "is any thing the matter?"

"Have you been in the room all the evening?" Huntingdon hurriedly asked.

"Pretty much," said Sam, with a yawn.

"Has anybody been here after me? any tutor or proctor?"

"No," returned Sam, beginning to feel interested as he grew more thoroughly awake.

"Well, that's good," continued Huntingdon, with a relieved expression. "I understand that the Faculty were very much enraged, and voted that an inspection should be made of the Sophomores' rooms, for the purpose of seeing who were abroad, with the view of calling upon those who were not found at home, to account for their time this evening."

"That wouldn't be a very comfortable undertaking, would it?" said Sam, beginning to think of the evening's work in a more serious frame of mind.

"Not altogether, though if nobody has been here we are all right. They say that the Faculty consider the disturbance of this evening unprecedented in the annals of the college, and are going to make an example of somebody."

No one ever discovered that the Faculty's officers had inspected the Sophomores' rooms; and the idea had probably originated in the fertile brain of some Junior or Senior, who had disclosed it to a Sophomore for the sake of the moral effect that might thus be produced. But the red arm of Faculty justice fell on the class within a few days; every tenth man, the innocent as well as the guilty, receiving a "public," and one man at least receiving a recompense most unmeet.

"Parsons is gone," said Longstreet, bursting into Sam's room a few days later.

"Gone where?" asked Huntingdon and Lewis together, while others looked inquiringly at the bearer of the information.

"Why, taken up his connection, and left in disgust; and serves the —— old Faculty right too," said Longstreet, excitedly. "Something ought to be done about it."

"What in the world had he done?" said Sam. "He only returned a day or so ago from a six-months' suspension."

"Done nothing, of course," replied Longstreet, indignantly. "It's a pretty good yarn though, — a deuced good one, in fact;" and the little fellow began to expand with complacency; "only mighty rough on him;" and he strutted consequentially about.

"Come, out with it," said Lewis.

"Listen," said the Sophomore, "and I will 'a tale unfold.' You remember last year how he was off on a regular spree for a week, cut prayers and recitations, and finally church services all day. Well, he put in his petition to be allowed to make it up, on the ground that he had been called away to Newport, to see his cousin, a middy in the naval school, who was desperately sick, and whom he had accompanied to his home; and had his certificates all straight, and also one that he had attended service twice on Sunday: every thing drawn up and signed — by his chum.

"Joe is a pretty sharp old fellow, and you can't generally beat him much: so, when he went up to see whether his petition was granted, the two had a little talk. At first, Joe pumped him about the town, and then about the school and the officers; but Parsons, who had really been there in the summer, was well

posted, and Joe was considerably nonplussed. At last says the old cove, 'Travelling in the boat is very pleasant: didn't you find it so?' knowing well enough that the boat didn't run, and that every thing was frozen as tight as a drum.

"'I came by the cars,' said Parsons, knowing that he was getting into deep water.

"'Oh, yes, of course: there is no boat now; on which train?' as polite as a basket of chips. 'I used to know the hours, but I've forgotten.'

"'He had me there,' said Parsons; 'for I didn't have the first idea about the train: had forgotten to post up on that.'"

"And they gave him six months," interrupted Huntingdon. "Yes, we all knew all about that."

"Last Wednesday morning," continued Longstreet, without deigning to notice the interruption, "old Jones goes around to the room, and asks for 'Mr. Parsons.'

"'He hasn't come on from Philadelphia yet," said his chum, which was the truth.

"'Oh! hasn't he?' replies Jones with a grin: 'well, when he does come, won't you be so good as to say to him that the President would like to see him at his office?' Parsons did not come on till last night, being detained for good reasons this time, and went to see the President the first thing this morning, wondering what could be up. He wasn't long in suspense. The President informed him that the Faculty, at a special meeting, had voted his suspension for a year, for his part in Monday night's irregularities.

"'Monday night?' said Parsons, completely bewildered. 'Why, on Monday night I was in Philadelphia. I only reached Cambridge late last evening.'

"'I am sorry, Mr. Parsons,' said the President, sarcastically; 'but four different members of the Faculty saw and recognized you Monday night, in spite of your disguise; and they have voted as I said. You will have twenty-four hours in which to leave Cambridge.'

"'But I can prove that at that time I was in Philadelphia with my friends: I can prove by certificates, where I was every hour from sunset to sunrise.'

"You must excuse me for saying so, Mr. Parsons,' rejoins the Prex.; 'but, after last term's experience with your certificates, I fear they would not have very much weight—'"

"Had him there bad, didn't he?" interposed Lewis, with a mighty laugh, in which the room joined.

"'Especially as your identity was proved by four different members of the Faculty: of course we don't want any better evidence than that of our own senses.' So Parsons has taken up his connection, and left in disgust; and, for one, I don't blame him. And, by Jove, it's too bad: we ought to take some action on it as a class;" and the little man paused, quite out of breath.

"It is too bad," said Lyman, seriously. "Parsons was a first-rate fellow: there wasn't much talk to him, but he was always ready to do his part, and you could always count on him."

"That's a splendid illustration of Faculty justice," said Huntingdon. "Condemn a man first, and try him afterwards, or not at all. I see how it all is. They mistook me for Parsons: we are built about alike. A good many thought the same, and spoke to me about it; and I can assure you," with a hard laugh, "I took no pains to correct the error. I believe I must have had

a narrow escape. I'm sorry for Parsons, but I suppose it's his luck. However, I don't believe he will be much of a loss to the class: his example has been very bad."

The rank-list came out at last; and, as every one had supposed, Villiers's name headed it. Huntingdon was fifth; and Sam was pleased to find himself well up among the first twenty. Pretty fair for a boating-man, he thought; but he determined to do better than that this year, and Villiers commended his resolution.

The question, whether there would be much hazing this year, that was asked so often during the first few days of the term, was speedily answered. The irregularities of that memorable Monday night were followed up by a series of outrages, perpetrated on the unfortunate Freshmen, until people began to wonder where it would end. The matter was discussed at length in the daily papers of the neighboring metropolis; and the tide of public sentiment set strongly against the custom. The Faculty made every exertion to discover the offenders, but without avail; and it was only after a long-continued and desperate effort to stop the practice, during which one entirely innocent man was expelled, and they had finally selected Lewis, Lyman, and Smith, three of the most popular men in the class, and held them as hostages for the general good behavior, that the riotous proceedings abated. These students had really been guilty of no offence, save of paying a visit, in a friendly way, to a brother of Lewis's in College House, who was delighted to entertain such distinguished guests, and having a little sport at the expense of the proctor of the entry; but what of that?

The class must be obedient, or these three men should suffer the consequences: so the class became obedient.

They were having a jolly time in the Freshman's room, beyond a doubt; and the proctor, a new officer who had served in the army, and had very strict military notions of duty, came to see what was the cause of so much disturbance. They happened to know who it was that was knocking at the door, and civilly refused to admit him; whereat he, impressed with the idea that he must have surprised a body of truculent Sophomores, to capture whom would be glory indeed, resolutely determined to mount guard, and thereupon paced to and fro.

"Straightway," said Lewis, who told the story with great glee to an admiring crowd, "Jack, who is something of a musician, brought out his flute, and, getting the rhythm of the tread outside, struck up the Rogues' March; whereat 'ye hero' broke step, and we had a laugh at him. He laughed too; but he soon took up his beat again, and marched on in spite of the music, blockading us till one o'clock, four hours, by Jove! when we thought it was high time to turn in: so we ran for it. He spotted us though; and the consequence was, that we all three had the honor of making an explanation to the venerable body, sitting like so many crows in council, with the Prex. at the head of the table; and we came deuced near bidding adieu to these classic shades too, for it was the very hardest thing to make them understand that Sophomores could be in a Freshman's room on any other errand than to haze him. If Jack hadn't been my brother, that would have been our last day in Cambridge for a year at least. It was just a rub and a go, as it was."

'I can tell you one thing that would have happened if they had suspended you," said Longstreet, excitedly. "We'd have just had a rebellion, and nothing less; and would have soon found out whether the Faculty could get on best without us, or we without them."

At this the company enjoyed a laugh at the irate little Sophomore and his rebellion.

It so chanced that the assignment of Sophomore rooms had brought together a number of Sam's friends in the north entry of Hollis. Of the four rooms allotted to this class, he himself occupied one with Huntingdon. Smith and Hawes had the one in the rear; Lyman and Longstreet were in the room opposite; while Adams and Lewis had gone in together, and were domiciled opposite Smith and Hawes. The college might have been searched in vain for four more comfortable apartments, or for a set of jollier students, than these happy Sophomores. A regular dig would have fared badly there, though they were, on the whole, a fair working set; but some one was almost sure to drop in at that last hour which they had mentally set apart for work, and then one or two more would come loafing along; and after that it was as well to close the book. Lyman had a piano, on which both he and Longstreet were tolerably proficient performers. There was nobody overhead to be annoyed; and they used to have some of the jolliest choruses, while not unfrequently, of an evening, the best voices of the Glee Club gathered around the instrument. Perhaps, just as one had settled down for a little quiet, Lewis and Hawes would come in, and try their hands at a little wrestling-bout; for these four rooms were all used in

common; and then the chairs, tables, and unsubstantial furniture fared badly, while a light man like Adams and Longstreet, or even Lyman, had the choice of making spry dodges, or being half crushed by the big fellows. Several times the stock had to be replenished; but finally a place of refuge was hit upon.

"Suppose, Tom, we put all four beds into your room, and use this for a study, and yours for a sleeping-room," Sam said to him one day.

"Agreed," said Tom. The plan was forthwith carried into execution, and was followed by the opposite neighbors, giving to the rear rooms, which each contained four beds, the appearance of hospital wards; but making the front rooms very cosey parlors indeed. After this, if one wanted a quiet hour he could retire to the sleeping-room, and usually enjoy as much seclusion as he wished; that is, if no one in a spirit of mischief came to disturb him there, as frequently happened to Sam, when two or three came to secure his presence for some pastime or other, declaring that he was getting to be altogether too much of a dig.

Villiers had retained his room in College House; and it happened not unfrequently that Sam, driven by his friends from one refuge after another, would slip away from the merry company, and make him a call; for in his room he could always secure the necessary quiet. Thus it came about that these two friends were as much together this year as ever before. One week after another rolled quickly by, — busy weeks too. Hazing was over; the college was as quiet, orderly, and industrious as even the Faculty could desire. November drew on apace, and again Thanksgiving recess

was at hand. Before this began, however, the Sophomores were to have their first class supper at "Taft's," "where I can howl all I want to, and go out and roll on the beach," said Longstreet, rolling up his eyes with delight. Huntingdon was to preside; for he still ruled the class.

XVII.

HAZING A FRESHMAN.

The class was destined not to separate, even for the short period of Thanksgiving recess, until after an event had occurred, fraught with important consequences to more than one of its members.

Sam had kept to the letter his resolution to have nothing to do with hazing. In none of the outrages of the fall, that had set the little college world agog, roused the wrath of the Faculty, struck terror to the hearts of the Freshmen, and drawn down on the venerable institution the ire of the general public, had he had a share; and indeed, since the action of the Faculty towards Lewis and the others, hazing had virtually come to an end.

It so happened that there was a man among the Freshmen, who through all the persecution, had been passed by. Allyne, he called himself, from a rural district in Maine; a short, thick-set, powerfully built man, with a neck like a bull's, great breadth of shoulder, and a remarkable display of muscle, which he exhibited freely on the river and in the gymnasium, where he would put up the heaviest dumb-bells in the presence of an admiring company. Rumor gave him the reputation of being a first-rate "shoulder-hitter," and a dangerous man to

encounter; and his appearance warranted the report. It was certain that he had boxed with the "professor," and broken a bone in his wrist, so that the good-natured old athlete could not give his regular instruction in sparring. That he was something of a bully, and more of a braggart, was manifest. He had made his boasts openly that he had not been hazed, and, what was more, that there were not men enough in the Sophomore class to haze him. It looked as though he would really go free; for the men who engage in this business are not always the pluckiest in the class, any more than they are the most gentlemanly; and their victims are wont to be the effeminate and conceited youth from our New England cities, so many of whom are to be found at Harvard. Besides, the fact that the Faculty held hostages for the class, rendered it a more serious matter to engage in any thing that smacked of hazing. Matters had come to such a pass, however, that it really seemed to many of the Sophomores as though some action ought to be taken in Allyne's case before Thanksgiving recess.

"You haven't paid your compliments to Allyne yet, have you?" was a question that Haskill had propounded to Sam a score of times. "They say he makes his brags that he won't allow himself to be hazed, and that there are not men enough in your class to do it. It seems as though he knew what he was talking about, doesn't it? No Freshman could have said that in our day."

The manner of the Senior was very aggravating, to say the least; but it was not half so bad to take this from a Senior as from perhaps a pair of contemptuous and conceited Freshmen. The result of this all was that there were very few men indeed, among the Sopho-

mores, who did not feel that the class honor demanded that Allyne must be taught a lesson. Thus it came about that Sam made one of a party of half a score who went one night "to put that bragging Freshman through a course of sprouts," as Longstreet expressed it.

Huntingdon was the ringleader, of course; then there were Hawes and Smith and Lewis, of the boating fraternity; Lyman and two more of the most gentlemanly men of the class; and last, as he was least in stature, though the fiercest in spirit, was Longstreet. This latter had indeed been a terror to the Freshmen, in spite of his diminutive proportions: there was not a Freshman's room that he had not visited more than once, and hardly a Freshman, little or big, that he had not bullied and maltreated. Though usually accompanied by friends who were ready to back him up if necessary, he did not hesitate to go alone into the enemy's quarters, where his very presence became a terror. To-night was to be his crowning triumph. "I am just going to most everlastingly punch that Allyne's head for him, and let him know whether everybody is afraid of him or not," said he, capering around on a very tiptoe of excitement, as the party prepared to sally forth. Never was doughty warrior more eager for the fray.

It was only after many exhortations on the part of his friends, that Sam was persuaded into breaking his good resolution. His chum had appealed to him in vain; and it was not till Lyman, that most influential gentleman, had talked with him, that he had consented to go. "You leave Wentworth to me," he said, coolly: "I'll bring him around, or I am mistaken. We want him, for he is as strong as a horse."

"This is a peculiar case, Wentworth, a class matter," he had said to Sam, in his cool, convincing way; "and you will agree with me that the class is more than the private feelings of any one man. I don't believe in hazing, as you know yourself, any more than you do. I abominate it most thoroughly: it is all wrong. We ought to extend the Freshmen the right hand of fellowship [a favorite expression of Sam's, for he had defended his course many a time]; but this is a peculiar matter. It won't answer to allow a man who sets up his Ebenezer, and says he *won't* be hazed, to go scot free, just because he happens to be strong, and a hard hitter; and you know very well this is the only reason why Allyne hasn't been hazed till he cried 'Enough!' It would be an eternal disgrace; and we should never hear the last of it, and should deserve never to. Besides, the conceited dog must have a lesson: we owe him that for his own good. A little bath in the river, some of these cold nights, will do him more real good than all he will learn for the year. It will be safe enough," he added with a little tinge of sarcasm, "for Allyne isn't the man to cry baby, and report to the Faculty, or I'm much mistaken, though I do believe he is a coward. And then you know, Sam," taking his arm, and speaking in a confidential manner, for he had seen the young man's face flush at the sneer, "we want the men of character and standing in the class, like yourself, to take hold of this business; for it is a class matter. You would not see me there if it were not."

"You may count me in," was Sam's reply to this exhortation.

I think it must he conceded that Lyman had man-

aged his case well: he was a man to carry his points, and succeed in life.

Twelve o'clock of a dark cold night, in the latter part of November, discovered a dusky band issue noiselessly from the northern entry of Hollis, and taking up the line of march for Allyne's room. Silently they proceeded across the yard; and arriving at the corner of the street near the house where the victim lodged, they halted for a moment, and held a consultation. After all, a man's room is his castle, and it is unwarrantable to break into it, simply for the purpose of committing an indignity; and, being gentlemen almost without exception, they were conscious of this. All around was dark and quiet.

"There's no light in the room: he's abed," whispered Longstreet, walking on tiptoe (he had been forward to reconnoitre). "Come on, boys, and don't make too much noise; the outside door isn't locked; and, if it is, I've got a key; we must nab him before he's half waked up." The dusky forms stole softly through the door, and up the stairs to the landing, and stopped before the devoted Freshman's door.

"Now," whispered Longstreet, who had assumed command, "do you fellows form a wedge; when I say 'three' bust in the door, and grab him before he can get his eyes open." Longstreet stood a little apart; the black figures gather noiselessly into a mass; there was a whispered "one, two, three!" — a crash: the door flew open, the wedge was precipitated into the room, stumbling over chairs and tables, while the Freshman sprang out of bed in mortal terror, to be immediately grasped by strong arms.

"Here, get into your clothes, and be quick about it!" said Longstreet, flinging his garments towards him. The fitful gleam from the grate gave a ruddy glow in the darkness, by the aid of which the prisoner was suffered to attire himself in part.

"Now trot out your liquor and cigars," said Huntingdon, turning on the gas a little; and, in obedience, the Freshman produced a decanter, with some glasses, and a box of cigars.

"Here, you big bully," said Longstreet; "put some coal on to the grate, will you? or do you want your betters to freeze?" The unwilling host replenished the fire, which soon burst out into a cheerful blaze.

"I guess he won't bite," said Lewis with a laugh. "He don't look very savage;" and indeed he did not.

"Bite, not a bit of it!" shouted Longstreet, capering around the room. "Ha, ha! Freshy, you didn't expect us, did you? You've just got to take it now: never you fear."

"Fill up, boys!" called Huntingdon, standing glass in hand. "Come, Sam; no shirking. Here's a health to the gallant class of —"

"What do you mean, you —— dog?" shouted Longstreet, as with a blow he dashed the glass from Allyne's hand, to shiver against the grate in a thousand pieces; "you don't suppose we'd have a —— Freshman drink with us;" and he drained his own goblet amidst a shout of applause.

Now the visitors lighted their cigars, and formed a half-circle around the grate, enclosing their host, who appeared perfectly cowed, crowding him into close proximity to the fiercely blazing fire. "Oh, we don't

mean that you shall catch a cold," said Longstreet, with a merciless laugh. "Close up on him, boys; let's give him a scorching," and growing more reckless as he poured another draught of the fiery Bourbon down his throat, "Here, sit down, will you? I want something to put my feet on," he said, at the same time striking him suddenly behind both knees, and pulling him to the floor, a trick he had learned from long practice to execute very cleverly; after which he used him for a footstool, coolly blowing the smoke from his cigar into his face.

"There," he continued, "that's what I call comfort; don't you? You've found your true level at last, haven't you?" and he poured out a third glass of whiskey.

"Stop, Charley: you've had enough," said Hunting-don, interposing his arm.

"Well, maybe I have; but I'd like to know what business it is of yours. Let's anoint Freshy, at any rate;" and, with a quick turn of his hand, he poured the entire glassful on the unfortunate man's head. Then, striking a match with the utmost nonchalance, "Now we'll see if he keeps a good article; for, if it is, it ought to burn," shouted he; and in an instant more the Freshman's head would have been ablaze, but a dozen hands averted the danger, while Allyne sprang to his feet, with fists clinched and glaring eyes.

"Ah, he's getting waked up; isn't he?" said Long-street, undisturbedly enough. "Now, boys, let's give him a regular trial, and sentence him as he deserves. Hold out your hands till I tie them;" and he went up to the brawny Freshman to pinion his arms, with an indifference to consequences almost sublime.

"—— me, if I do! you young bantam," said the Freshman, with a growl; and, with a quick blow, he sent his persecutor spinning quite across the room. Then, with a wild look around for some defensive weapon, he grasped a chair, and, swinging it aloft with brawny arms, he stood glaring and breathing hard, a desperate and dangerous antagonist for a score attacking him in front. But, quicker than thought, Lewis and Hawes seized each an arm from behind, the chair was wrenched from his grasp, and his arms firmly bound together behind his back, in almost less time than it takes to tell. Now our gallant little Longstreet had his man in his power, and woe be to him!

Before any one could interfere to prevent, he reached out and tweaked his nose savagely, and then struck him twice full in the face with clinched fist, sharp, rapid blows, and was preparing to continue his punishment, when Sam caught him, and held him back.

"Keep quiet," he said, nervously. "Be still, I say!" shaking the little fellow with one strong arm, as he struggled to break away. "You are drunk, Charley, and don't know what you are doing. Shame on you to strike a man in the face who cannot defend himself!" and he shook him again as if he were a child. "Fellows, I think, if we can make any adequate apology to this man, it behooves us to do so, and leave him." Silence. "I don't see the fairness of this fighting ten to one, and you wouldn't if you hadn't been drinking. Chum, I think you had better come with me; and I hope all the boatmen will too. If this is keeping up the class honor, Lyman, I for one should much prefer the eternal disgrace that follows letting this man alone.

Mr. Allyne, I apologize to you most sincerely for my share in this evening's work;" and out he strode.

"As big as a turkey-gobbler, isn't he?" said Longstreet, contemptuously, while he rubbed his shoulder released from Sam's grasp.

There was a movement on the part of Lewis and Hawes, as if the matter had gone far enough.

"Nonsense," said Huntingdon, in a half whisper. "I'm glad he's out of the way: he didn't come with any grace at all; and now we can carry out our programme. You haven't forgotten it, I hope."

"No, I hope not," said Longstreet, rubbing first his shoulder and then his head. "Come, boys, in the first place, blind his eyes." Forthwith a handkerchief was tied securely over them.

"Now put him in the culprit's chair; there, that will do. Now, prisoner, have you any thing to say why you shouldn't be proceeded with just as we please?" A silence. "Of course you haven't. Ain't you a Freshman?" shouted the little fellow, while the others roared with laughter to see him hopping about. "Haven't you treasonably asserted that you wouldn't be hazed, and that there were not men enough in the whole Sophomore class to do it? Haven't you stirred up the Freshmen generally to sedition and rebellion against the rule of their lawful superiors, thereby bringing many woes on their unlucky heads? Haven't you?—Haven't you?—Of course you have, and more too; and therefore it is that I pronounce the sentence, that you be first branded on the cheek, and then ducked in the river. Proceed to execute it! Is the iron red-hot?"

"Here it is," said a solemn voice; and the poker

heated to a white heat was held in dangerous proximity to his face, while an icicle was suddenly pressed against his cheek, causing a most uncomfortable shock to the prisoner, and the Sophomores joined in a hearty laugh at his discomfiture.

"Now, boys, let's take him down to the wherry-raft, and give him a bath; and then I think both parties will be satisfied, and we can leave him with our best compliments," said Huntingdon. The Freshman was in his shirt-sleeves; and Lyman considerately threw his great-coat over his shoulders, and assisted him to put on his shoes. Then the party, Allyne securely guarded, marched quietly down to the boat-houses and out on to the wherry-raft. The night was dark; not a star twinkled through the gloom; the wind blew chill over the bare brown marshes; and the river swashed by, black and cold.

"You can swim, can't you?" suggests Lewis.

"Come, in with you!" said Huntingdon: "we've wasted time enough over your case." But the Freshman held back.

"It's a little rough to put a man into the water such a night as this," he said, shivering in spite of himself. "You wouldn't push me in with my hands tied behind me, would you?" he asked as the impulse from behind pressed him to the very edge of the water.

Of course they had only intended to frighten him, and the pressure ceased at this.

"I will untie your hands," said Huntingdon. "Turn around so that I can get at them;" and others crowded up to assist in the work. There was no alternative: he was obliged to stand on the edge of the raft, facing

the water, while his hands were being unbound. How black and cold it looked! Of course he understood that, the instant his hands were free, he was to go in. He meant to whirl around, and take as many of his persecutors with him as possible, and stood warily waiting for the first sensation of a loosening of the cord; but, when the instant so breathlessly awaited did come, a vigorous shove sent him headlong before he could turn. As he fell, his left hand brushed something, closed on it with vise-like grasp; and such was his tremendous strength, that, even at this disadvantage, he dragged the unwilling and confounded Huntingdon, whose arm he had caught, splashing and floundering into the water with him.

Huntingdon was no match for the savage and sinewy Freshman. "I've a mind to drown you," said the latter. "How do you like this?" and he soused him under, and held his head down as long as he dared. The party on the raft, with ill-concealed lack of sympathy, shouted with laughter, and Longstreet fairly capered with delight. "Go in, Huntingdon!" he shrieked. "Go in, old fellow: don't knock under to a Freshman!"

There was a splashing and blowing, and both parties struck out for the raft, on to which they climbed cold and dripping, and forthwith started on a run for their rooms; the rest following slowly, and in the best of humor. Huntingdon up to that hour had indeed been the leading man in the class; but he had many secret enemies, and few real friends; and there were those who would rejoice at his fall, even though they did not care or did not expect to rule in his stead. His rule

had been too autocratic, his assumption of superiority too plain, to endure long.

"Why, chum, what is the matter?" was Sam's exclamation, as the breathless and dripping man burst into the room, rushed to the closet, poured out and swallowed a tumbler full of whiskey, and, stripping off his wet and clinging garments, rubbed himself dry before the fire.

"Oh, nothing much: I have been into the water."

"So I perceive," said Sam, dryly. "I should think it was enough too. You must like water better than I do, to go into it such a night as this without some especial reason. There is nobody hurt, I hope."

"No," returned Huntingdon, with a growl; "unless I am. I suppose I may as well out with it. We took that —— Freshman down to the raft to duck him. I untied his hands, and the rest pushed him in; only the fools pushed before I could get out of his way. He fastened on to me, and I went too; and the scoundrel tried to drown me, held my head under water five minutes, I should think, and, ——it, it will be all over college before to-morrow noon. I wouldn't have had it happen for ten thousand dollars;" and he meant what he said.

Sam had crammed the blanket into his mouth, and lay very quiet till he could trust himself to speak. "It's a bad go; that is a fact, chum; and I am sorry for you: though, if you had all gone in together, I should have thought it served you right."

"But I'll make that Freshman's life a curse to him," continued the irate Sophomore, "and any other man's too, that ever mentions this affair."

The story did go the rounds of the college before noon of the next day: how could it possibly be otherwise? Allyne was more than satisfied with the termination of his hazing adventure, so that he even forgave Longstreet the indignities which he had vowed in his heart at the time should be bitterly avenged, and he spread the news broadcast. The idea of the elegant and fastidious Huntingdon, the "nobbiest" man in the Sophomore class, if not in the entire college, floundering about in the river of a cold November night, and a Freshman whom he had undertaken to haze holding his head under water, was too good to be kept a secret. The story circulated with amazing rapidity. Everybody knew it in a few hours, — professors and tutors, undergraduates, and members of the professional schools, the "goodies" and "pocos," and even old John Reed: everybody in the little college world heard it, and had his laugh at the affair; and though no one dared to rally Huntingdon on his adventure openly (and his classmates respected his wounded pride enough to refrain from all allusion to the catastrophe in his presence), members of other classes were not always so particular, and many an innuendo was levelled at him by the impudent Freshmen.

"I say, Bob," one would call to another, quite loud enough for all to hear, as he was passing a group of them, perhaps in the company of some elegant companion, — "I say, Bob, do you know what is good for indigestion?"

"Well, I have heard," Bob would reply, with a peculiar drawl, "though I can't say that I ever tried it myself, that a bath in the river any of these cold, dark nights

is a most excellent specific for the disease." Huntingdon's black looks at such times had no effect whatever on these irrepressible fellows, save to make their mirth the more boisterous.

Thus, by the merest accident as it would seem, Huntingdon's popularity and influence received a fatal blow; and he himself felt that his power was slipping away, — a consummation peculiarly unpleasant for him to contemplate, for love of power was perhaps his ruling passion. He knew that there were many who would only be too glad, when the right moment came, to pull him down from his high place; though he still stood the recognized class leader.

He was president of the Institute, the one Sophomore society of those days, into which he had been chosen with the first ten, perhaps the very foremost of that advanced guard. The Institute dated its origin way back to 1770, and was a very pleasant society indeed. About one-half the number of each Sophomore class were admitted. The meetings were holden each week, on Friday night, in a lower room in Massachusetts; and the entertainment was of a literary character, consisting of debates not always too eloquent or brilliant, a lecture, usually a fair Sophomoric production, and a paper made up of original contributions, which perhaps compared favorably with similar affairs at young ladies' seminaries. It was not so much the entertainment that was enjoyed by the young fellows, as the meeting together and getting acquainted, the freedom of the hour, and the sense of proprietorship. This used to be the only opportunity afforded a class to form an estimate of the talents of the different men, until the Senior societies

were entered; so that the Institute was valuable as well as pleasant. To be sure, the janitor used to come around at ten o'clock with his lantern and his big bunch of keys, turn off the gas, and lock the door; and the "Institute" was expected to disperse. In Sam's day they used frequently to disperse by repairing to the steps of the old church in the square, and for an hour, in the mellow moonlight, make night melodious.

At the close of the year there was the annual oration and poem, after which the election of ten members from the Freshman class was in order, — the ten most popular Freshmen, they were supposed to be, who filled up the number allowed from their class when they in turn became Sophomores. This election was an event of great honor for the Freshmen who were so fortunate as to secure it, besides affording the Sophomores a great deal of fun. The session, often protracted and stormy, once over, the members of the Institute formed a procession, headed by the president, and visited, in turn, each one of the new members elect, cheered them, and received them into their ranks, after which the entire company marched off to Kent's, where they entered and took possession; and oysters, cobblers, and cigars were provided without stint. The Freshmen settled the score, always a long one, for the intention was to exhaust Kent's supplies; and Kent, understanding this, was sure to lay in a bountiful store. These customs prevailed in Sam's day at Harvard. Though Huntingdon was president of the Institute this first term of the year, Lyman was elected to fill that position for the second term, almost unanimously.

A favorite Sophomore recreation of smashing Fresh-

men's windows must not be forgotten, for it used to be one of the prescriptive customs of the college. The Freshmen for the most part occupied rooms on the ground-floor in Stoughton, Hollis, and Old Massachusetts; and every Sophomore class, however well disposed or well behaved in other respects, used to break their windows not only once, but a score of times. The student returning late to his room, across the college grounds, would hear crash after crash, and see shadowy forms flitting around the old halls; and in the morning it would appear that every Freshman's window had been broken. And this would happen again and again, as has been said, too often to be entertaining to the unfortunate occupants of the rooms, for in cold weather it was, of course, a very serious annoyance. The glazier would come in due time with a knowing smirk on his face, perhaps bringing one assistant with him, and go leisurely to work: it was all gain to him, for there was no competition. The Sophomores used to break, and the college at large to pay. It appeared on the bill thus, —

To special repairs by general average.... .....$5.00.

That was the student's share of the window-smashing. He must pay, at all events: if he had not broken any, whose fault?

For the most part, the Sophomores used to be a steady, industrious set of men, perhaps the hardest-worked of any in the college. Hazing died away after the first few weeks. The jolly fellows who in the former year were accustomed to cut recitations and prayers with so much indifference, and to provoke a

smile even on the face of the stoical-visaged instructor, by the nonchalance with which they answered, "Not prepared," were for the most part dropped to tread the mazes of Freshman year over again, or were rusticating in some pleasant though retired retreat; and the class was fairly in working order, while hard tasks were doled out in abundance. What an endless amount it seemed, to look at it in the lump! — mathematics, chemical physics and chemistry, Greek and Latin, Anglo-Saxon, themes, elocution and lectures: there was enough to keep the most inveterate dig busy, and to create in the mind of a man of fair ability and average ambition a disgust for study that would endure long after the faint smattering he acquired had passed away. At least it used to be so under the "old *régime*."

There was one never-failing cause for joy, however; and that was that the Freshman year was passed. The Sophomores still looked up with admiration and respect to the dignified Seniors, whose very air seemed to say, "We are the college;" but they did not appear so very far removed as they had seemed a year ago. There was the long, pleasant vista of Junior year with its easy electives, and days calling for perhaps but a single hour in the recitation-room, drawing steadily nearer. The professors, whom the Sophomores met for the first time, were different men from the tutors who had had charge of the class. There was Mr. Chubby, who presided over Anglo-Saxon and themes, — a genial, cultivated, high-toned gentleman, whose very presence was an inspiration, and whom any one might know intimately, or at least pleasantly, if he cared to take the trouble. There was the "Philosopher," who infused

the very breath of life into the Latin which had hitherto been so dry and inanimate, clothed it with real interest, and made it almost a living reality, so that one wondered at the revelation, — a philosopher in very truth. There was almost a feeling of regard for him as though he were a personal friend; for he took a deep interest in boating, stopped many a time to watch the ball-players on the Delta, applauding enthusiastically every piece of brilliant play, and was the well-wisher of every student and his concerns. There was the Greek professor, too, learned and kindly and most diffident withal, yet of so upright and thorough-going integrity that it was a disadvantage almost to be acquainted with him; for, through fear of showing something like favoritism, he was likely to err in the opposite direction; who, though at first not quite appreciated, was remembered as a noble man. At the termination of the Sophomore year, Sam would have modified very much his statements regarding the instructors, and the feeling with which they were regarded.

There was a great revolution in the rank-list during this year, as well as in the popularity and standing of many of the men. It was now that those persevering, industrious students, poorly fitted perhaps, who had been working at a disadvantage, began to gain ground, as the years of preparation told less and less in favor of each man; while many a faint heart gave up the fight, and disappeared from the list altogether.

At the beginning of the year, several new members had joined the class, — Fresh-Sophomores, as they are called, — and it appeared that one of them bid fair to surpass every one in point of scholarship. Lewis,

Adams, and Sam had been talking over class matters one evening, and discussing various men, when Adams said suddenly, addressing Sam, "Your dear and particular friend Villiers won't lead the class this year, or I am mistaken."

"You don't propose to dispute the headship with him yourself, I take it," returned Sam, good-naturedly, at which Lewis broke out into his hearty "Haw, haw!"

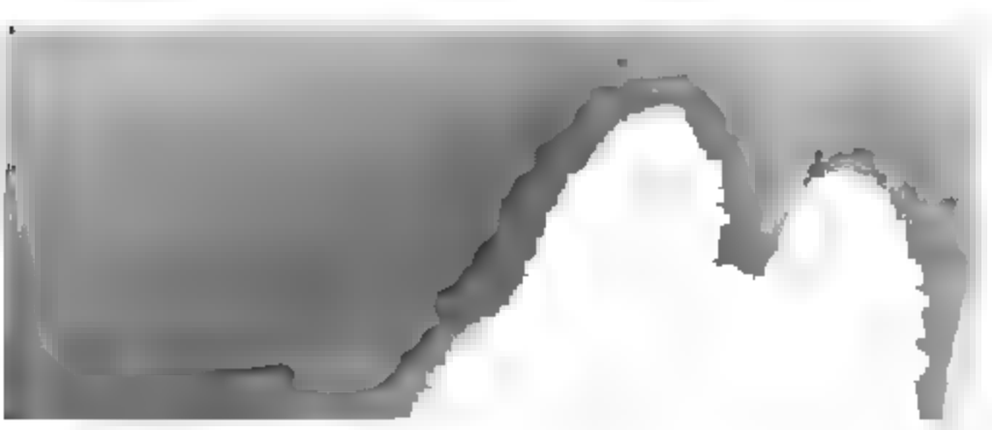
"No," returned Adams, imperturbably; "but there is a man in our division who will, and successfully too."

"What is his name?"

"I believe his name is Cole. He is a scrubby-looking sort of fellow, whom nobody seems to know or care much about; but he does make the most awful squirts you ever heard. We all wink at each other, and lay back, and take it easy, when he is called up; for he would recite the whole lesson if he were permitted: he seems fairly to revel in it. He and the 'Philosopher' have a very pleasant *tête-à-tête* nearly every day."

"They say he fitted himself, and that he never went to school a year in his life," said Lewis; "and I understood that his work had been almost absolutely perfect."

"Well," said Sam stoutly, for his faith in his friend was steadfast, "if he can beat Villiers, he is welcome to do it."



XVIII.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY.

"Chum, you are getting to be almost as much of a dig as that scrubby Villiers you go with so much." This remark was called forth from Huntingdon by Sam's refusing an invitation to spend the evening with him in the city.

"Villiers is a gentleman if there is one in the class," flashed Sam; "and I wish you would remember that he is my friend."

"He is indeed a gentleman," exclaimed Lyman, "though, you would hardly guess it until you came to know him thoroughly. I always supposed he was one of the poor devils that studied for a scholarship; but when I went to him with the subscription-paper for the repairs on the boat-houses, as I did only after considerable hesitation, he came down with a hundred dollars plump, drew his check for it, by Jove! and that opened my eyes. I was just surprised to find what a nice fellow he is."

"He is one of the right sort," said Tom Hawes, who chanced to be in the room, smoking, of course: "that's what he is. A man who will live close, and give his money to help out public enterprises, is one of the right sort, I say." In fact, any one who helped along the cause of boating was one of the "right sort" in Tom's eyes.

"If he lives close, it is not because he needs to," said Will Adams, "as I happen to know." Adams was stretched at length on the lounge before the grate, the picture of indolent ease; and had so far mastered his pipe that he was smoking very comfortably. "I have a friend" (there was a general laugh when Adams mentioned his "friend") "whose uncle is one of the trustees of his property; and there is a deuced lot of it; and, you wouldn't believe it, but he draws three thousand a year."

There was a general exclamation at this statement.

"No, I shouldn't believe it," rejoined Huntingdon, sarcastically, "unless I knew it for certain. You have put one too many ciphers on, haven't you?"

"What ever can he do with the money, Sam? give it away?" continued Adams, not noticing Huntingdon's rejoinder.

"I never knew or cared any thing about his money," returned Sam, warmly; "but I have known for a year that he was one of the most splendid fellows in the class."

"And fortunate above all in that he has Wentworth for his friend, and Adams for his panegyrist," said Huntingdon, sneeringly, as he strode out, not too well pleased with the expression of friendliness towards Villiers which his thoughtless remark had called forth.

Of all the men who were beginning to hold a high place in the esteem and confidence of the Sophomores, Villiers, as the year advanced, stood the foremost. Though he had been voted a dig, and certainly was one, it was felt that he had conferred honor upon the class by his almost perfect scholarship; but that he was also inter-

ested in the welfare of the class and of the college, and lent his strength to further every commendable undertaking, soon came to be apparent. He had been one of the few to help bring about the great improvements at the boat-houses; he was deeply interested in the success of the college "nine;" and his tall form was prominent at most of the championship games. He had showed himself a powerful speaker, weighty rather than quick, in the Institute debates; he was always ready to receive his classmates at his room, and cultivated their acquaintance in a manner peculiarly his own, selecting for his attentions for the most part those shy, reserved, retiring men, whose talents frequently escape notice until late in the curriculum, if indeed they are not passed by altogether. Moreover there was a magnetism about him, indescribable but most potent, which inspired confidence, and commanded respect.

It was true, too, that Sam, in spite of his thoughtless companions who made that upper entry in Hollis the merriest and most frequented spot in the college, was becoming almost as exemplary as Villiers. There was a determination and character about him which had been quite foreign to his character a year ago. There was no more running-up of extravagant tailor's bills, no more wanton squandering of money, no more associating with idle and riotous students. He went at the year's work with a will; and spherical trigonometry and chemical physics appeared to be the delight of his existence. Everybody said, "What a dig Sam Wentworth is getting to be!" and Huntingdon rallied him bitterly sometimes, as we have seen. "There must be some good reason for all this," he said more than once,

looking sharply at him, and with an expression not half pleased. "Why, the man hasn't drunk a thimbleful of punch this year, or smoked a cigar; he is a perfect anchorite, and a regular dig!" Huntingdon himself had "fallen out with work," as he expressed it; and his brilliant recitations were becoming very rare indeed.

Sam kept his own counsel; and not even to Villiers had he, at this time, uttered a word as to the causes which had wrought this change in him, though the two young fellows were together more than ever; and Sam came by degrees to consider college a place for earnest study, rather than for recreation or enjoyment.

The Thornes, mother and daughter, lived in a fine house surrounded by elaborate grounds, in one of the neighboring suburbs, three miles or more away from the colleges; and Sam was not long in finding the shortest way there. It was a pleasant tramp across the fields beyond the river; and the way became in time as familiar to him as the path to the chapel. The old toll-keeper at the bridge soon knew his cheery face and swinging stride, and had many a friendly gossip with him about "them college boys," as he stopped, on the bitter winter evenings, to warm up a bit over the little stove.

Mrs. Thorne was one of the best style of New England ladies, — cultivated, rich, generous, and kind-hearted. She was pleased to see the lively young fellow, and to welcome him for his mother's sake. She told him in her own charmingly hospitable manner that her house would always be open to him, and that he must try to let it take the place of his own home while he should be at Cambridge. She made a generous effort to get

leave of the Faculty for him to spend Sundays at her house, and attend divine worship with her family; but this was asking too much of that body. He took tea there, however, every Sunday evening without exception during this college year; and Mrs. Thorne's carriage was always waiting to take him to his room. That he was the most fortunate man in the college, he was free to confess. He used to look forward to Sunday evening as the bright spot in the week.

"I tell you, Villiers," he would say in his own impetuous fashion, "you ought to go and see her at home of an evening. She was divine, absolutely divine, last summer; but she is a thousand times more bewitching in her own house. I don't know what will become of me," he added, ruefully, a score of times.

By "her" he meant Rose. Her reception of him had been cordial and sincere. He had found his way to her house the second afternoon after his return to Cambridge, in the troubled frame of mind which only a lover knows. It had been seven whole days since he had seen her, — seven years, it seemed after their daily intimacy; and as he strode up the firm smooth driveway, he hoped and feared, doubted and believed, by turns. It seemed as though the summer with its almost blissful ending was only a dream, and that when he should meet her again it would be only as a pleasant acquaintance. "I won't give my name, if you please," he said as the servant looked inquiringly at him; and he waited three whole minutes in the most thoroughly uncomfortable state. Light steps soon came quickly down the stairs and into the room. "Ah, I know who it is, Sam!" she called, putting out both her hands

with a charming smile; "and you are very welcome to our home;" and straightway all doubt vanished from the boy's heart. He was as happy as a bird. He could not tell how it was, but somehow he was always happy in her presence he thought; it was enough to be near her, see her moving about, even though he kept silence; and no one who knew her and saw her, as he did, would wonder that the young fellow was charmed.

The afternoon was one to be remembered. "I am going to take you for a drive, and show you some of the pretty places about here," Rose said, presently. "We think very much of our drives, though I believe those about Little Harbor were prettier. Mamma will be at home at tea-time; and I shall bring you back, for she wishes to see you, and bid you welcome;" and she whirled him off in the daintiest little phaeton in the world. "I always drive my ponies myself," she said, laughingly, in reply to a half-gesture of her companion. They rolled smoothly along past even, close-shaven lawns, under arching elms, chatting merrily all the time. What wonder that he was intoxicated with delight! The call was prolonged to a late hour in the evening. Besides the Sunday tea-drinking, Sam went to see Rose as often as he dared, and looked eagerly forward to the time when Kate should come to make the promised visit; for then he would have an excuse for going as often as he pleased.

As the months of the year rolled swiftly by, Sam's infatuation for Miss Thorne came to be pretty generally known and talked over and laughed at in the little college world, though he was himself entirely ignorant that this was the case. Since the victory at Quinsiga-

that they are. They marry often, of course, sometimes for the loaves and fishes, sometimes because it is a convenience, sometimes for reasons that no human being can divine; but deliver me from such an one! I want a woman with a little touch of enthusiasm, a little dash of passion; in short, a woman.

"See, if you don't believe me, if you can ever rouse this girl of yours out of her perfectly amiable condition. See if you can ever make her face flush, or her eyes glitter, or surprise her into emotion of any kind. If you can, I am mistaken, as for your sake I hope I am. I don't know her history, nor any thing about her; but I would wager any sum that she has had splendid offers before this, and has sent them away; and, if she ever marries, it will be after she is an old maid, and a man twice her own age. I have talked plainly to you, chum, and have offended you, I dare say; but for no reason other than good-will to you, you may be sure. I hate to see you get tangled up in a mess of this kind; for after you have once given your whole soul to some girl or other, and she has thrown it away, the world won't be so fresh and rosy again."

This was Huntingdon's warning, delivered with a sincerity and enthusiasm which he very rarely exhibited; but who ever took advice on such a matter? As the weeks glided swiftly away, Sam was drifting faster and faster to his fate, becoming each day more deeply and hopelessly involved; but the hopeless element had not become prominent as yet, and he had never known, perhaps never was to know, so happy a time as the fall and winter months of this Sophomore year. There was the hard work, itself a pleasure; the conscious determi-

nation to do his duty; the stealing away from his college companions for an evening, after hours of hard application; the tramp across the brown fields and over the river; the hours that were like an enchanting dream; the hurried walk back to Hollis, after which the prayer-bell seemed to ring in an inconceivably short space of time. When Kate came, as she did immediately after the Thanksgiving recess, he gave his inclination a free rein, and spent his evenings almost entirely in the service and companionship of the young ladies. Nor could the most fastidious lady have wished for a more prepossessing esquire. His curling chestnut hair had grown out again; his ruddy, handsome face beamed with good-nature; his splendid physique was the admiration and envy of half the men in the college. A year and a half of college life had removed every trace of rusticity; and he had acquired a grace and dash of manner entirely his own. His sister might well be proud of him.

He was the regular escort of these two young ladies on all their pleasure-seeking excursions, met many fashionable people at Mrs. Thorne's house, and, during the winter, went the rounds of polite society, where he might have been the peculiar idol and pet of the ladies, young and old, but where indeed he found nothing beautiful, nothing charming, nothing attractive, save his Rose. He looked forward to the vacation — those weeks of separation — with dread, and wished that the year might be one continuous term from September to June.

His devotion was too thorough-going to have escaped observation and comment, even if his chum had not

spread the news immediately after that memorable call. The little spasm of sincerity that had come over him, when he first discovered his chum's situation, had been too honest to last. The story was too good a one to be kept a secret, and he told it to the company in that upper entry of Hollis without delay. It lost nothing by his telling, and straightway went the rounds of the college world; and, as has been said, Sam's infatuation was universally talked over and laughed about.

As his intimacy with Rose grew apace, and he had more time to think over the matter, the words which Huntingdon had spoken, which were so unacceptable at the time, impressed him more and more; and he began to think there was something wanting in his relations to Rose, though he could not have told, perhaps, just what it was. There were times when he felt that she did not fill the measure of his ideal. She was a fine musician, a faultless performer on the piano, and a beautiful singer. "Kate is nothing compared with her," was his thought; but, after his first enthusiasm was over, he was obliged to confess that he had done his sister injustice, and his sensitive nature failed to detect any thing more in her playing than perfect execution and faultless vocalism in her other musical efforts. One evening she played a sonata at his request, which had been, of all compositions, his favorite when at home. He used to think that there was nothing like it, as he listened to his sister's exquisite rendering; and great had been his delight at the prospect of hearing it once more. But he hardly recognized his old friend; and he felt so disappointed, that he thought he should never care to hear it again.

One day, late in the winter, Rose slipped on an icy pavement, and received a sprain that made a prisoner of her for several weeks. During this time, Sam neglected all his duties, so far as possible, and was unremitting in his attentions. He brought her his favorite books, and read to her by the hour; his favorite bits of Greek poetry, — of which language he was very fond, — he translated with an enthusiasm that amused his fair auditor. "If you could only read them out yourself from the original, you would like them as well as I do," Sam said; for he could not but notice her lack of appreciation: "you would then see how worthy they are to have lived all these years, to be read and admired by hundreds of generations of men." Flowers and such trifles he brought as often as he dared. Yes, he did all that a generous-hearted, enthusiastic young fellow could do, brought all his offerings, and laid them at his mistress's feet; and they were all received with the same pleasant smile, the same amiable manner, that had characterized her actions from the very outset. By degrees he came to feel that there was something wrong; to feel that in spite of his kind reception, in spite of the pleasant hours passed together, in spite of their charming drives and sleighing-parties, in spite of her invariable acceptance of his company as her partner in the german, or as her escort to the opera, he was not gaining ground in the least. What plans the young fellow had formed, or what it was he expected and wanted, cannot be told; but it was not in his nature to wait, like Villiers, till reason told him circumstances justified action. Here he was, — a man in stature, but a boy in every thing else, with not even a thought as

to the ways and means of life, and a horizon that did not reach beyond Class Day. He hardly expected ever to marry his goddess: she was too much his goddess for that; but just as he had given his heart and soul to the season's work in the boat, so he had devoted himself this Sophomore year to Rose Thorne, and he felt a keen sense of disappointment, sometimes mingled with apprehension. Though this feeling was way down below his college life with its many pleasures, below his social round of gay gatherings, below the intoxicating companionship with the young lady, below his perfect accord with his mother and sister, it was there, and haunted him at unguarded moments, like a terrible nightmare.

Most of this is, however, anticipatory. It was the growth of a year, not of the few moments it takes to tell; and this first term was almost purely a season of unalloyed pleasure.

The rolling year brought around the Cambridge assemblies once more, and again Sam was one of the favored students honored with a card; and this time he was not a Freshman, and understood the german. Huntingdon had one, of course, and Villiers too; "though how in the deuce he manages to get in everywhere, is more than I can understand," said Huntingdon to a contemptuous classmate.

"He does have a knack of turning up when you least expect him," replied the latter. "Why, would you believe it? I saw the list, and his name was the very first of our men. Who in the deuce is he, and where does he come from? I always supposed that he was a scrub, and was going through on hard work and

charity; but it turns out that he is richer than old Isaac of York; and I have heard, for a fact, that he gives the doctor eighteen hundred a year for the benefit of any poor devils who need it, and screws himself down to twelve hundred."

"Now, that last idea is all gammon," returned Huntingdon, shortly. "It's my notion *he* started the story for effect; for I believe he's a scheming, ambitious, dangerous fellow. If he lives close, it is because he is obliged to."

"Well, for one, I don't know him, and don't want to. Society is getting in a beastly mixed condition here, Huntingdon;" and Huntingdon confessed that it was.

Now came our friends' first introduction to Cambridge society. Cambridge society! how can it be described? Cambridge society! That immaculate company, that conglomeration of youth and age, of frisky students, grave professors and their families, and the scanty sprinkling of townspeople. Cambridge society! where girlhood is unknown, and where ladies never grow *passée;* where, in spite of the thousand young men, an engagement is a rarity, and marriage an event almost unknown; where the girls cloy of young men before they are out of their teens, and manifest a degree of prudery and fastidiousness that is alarming; where — but no: the task is too severe for my humble pen, and I leave the work to a more gifted and a more aspiring chronicler. Sam fairly went the rounds; for he was enabled in this way to pass several hours of an evening in the companionship of her he loved best.

Kate came to visit Rose as has been recorded, imme-

wholly in these days in his college relations and standing; if the work of the year too long neglected began to entangle him, and his once brilliant recitations were now for the most part lamentable failures, so that the kind-hearted Doctor, who had the well-being of every student at heart, was constrained to remonstrate with him over the change; if the class at large regarded him less and less as a leader, and ceased to believe that he was infallible, and if his word was no longer law among them; if many had grown tired of his rule, and were plotting against him; if his enemies no longer hesitated to assail him both openly and in secret: in short, if he was that pitiable individual, the most popular man in the class gradually but surely losing his influence, and sinking into insignificance, — this term, of all others, was the brightest in his social life. He was received everywhere; and, wherever he went, he was without a superior in elegance, polish of manners, and powers of entertaining and fascinating. Above all, he felt that he was Kate Wentworth's most favored admirer. Here were a score of the first-society men wild after her, watching their opportunity to be her partner in the german, to escort her to the opera, to hold her fan or bouquet; and he might have her all to himself for the asking, as he believed.

He was almost content to let the headship of the class go without a struggle. "After all, what does this popularity among a hundred overgrown boys amount to?" he said, reasoning with himself. "There is not a man among them all that begins to be my equal; and they all know it. What profit is it going to be to me to lounge about here two years and a half longer, grind-

ing at mathematics, dead languages, logic, and metaphysics? I don't need to know these things; and I sha'n't know them, even if I remain. I have half a mind to carry off this girl who moves me so strangely; she would be glorious in her love while it lasted. We could go abroad where people understand the art of living as they do not here;" and he was strongly tempted to bind himself.

Rumor, in the person of Mr. Cartier, had already spread the report of an engagement. Some thoughtless friend had rallied that gentleman on his devotion to "*la belle* Wentworth," as he was pleased to call her, and congratulated him on the success that was likely to ensue.

"I?" quoth he, with a very foreign shrug of the shoulders. "Ah no, I am not so fortunate. That Sophomore has it all his own way there. You know I have hardly had a fair chance" (for the young sprig of the law really believed he could make any woman desperately in love with him, if he only chose). "He is an old friend of the family; they were playmates together when children, and have been betrothed to each other three years;" and in this form the story went the round.

It almost seemed as though Huntingdon might have had his desire. Kate, be it remembered, was very young and very inexperienced; and it was not to be wondered at that she was bewildered by all this homage. How could she help adoring the opera, — she who was so enthusiastically fond of music? The bombast, sickly sentiment, and false passion, that abound so plentifully, had the ring of true gold in her inexperienced ears; and at her side was a man who could appreciate all,

and even point out new beauties; enhance her pleasure by accurate criticisms well-timed comments, and comparisons with and reminiscences of Old-World artists of renown. Surely a man who could love music as he did must have a good heart. She must have misjudged him in her old-time distrust.

How could she help loving the german, when for the first time she enjoyed dancing to her heart's content, — she, who was so full of buoyant, healthful spirits? How could she help loving fine dresses and the delicious waltz music? How could she refuse the homage of all these elegant gentlemen who vied with one another in showering attentions upon her? And how could she help being pleased and flattered at having this fine-looking and fascinating young fellow by her side, with whose attentions any lady of all that fastidious circle would have felt herself honored? So she danced and flirted, and went to operas and concerts, balls, germans, and assemblies, and was content to have Mr. Huntingdon for an escort; apparently more than content. She would hardly have been recognized as the girl who three months ago had been so simple in her pleasure.

XIX.

DOWN IN DIVINITY.

Thus the year glided on with its gayeties, its humdrum routine, and its tragedies, for each class is a little world within itself; and I should give a very wrong impression if I led any one to believe that the sum of college life consisted of successful study or easy affluence, or falling in love with pretty girls, and brilliant social pleasure. Many men there were, of excellent families, who forgot what a social gathering was like before the four-years' course of study was finished; for it was only to a very few favored ones that the Cambridge hospitalities were extended.

Though the number of poor students is perhaps proportionally smaller at Harvard than at any other college in the land, there are many brave hearts (and this is especially true of the professional students) who toil on sometimes without the common creature-comforts, and struggle manfully along the rough path to golden knowledge, sacrificing enjoyment and leisure, and sometimes health, and even life itself.

Sam, coming out of the gymnasium one stormy afternoon in January near the close of the year, espied Villiers ploughing his way through the snow-drifts in the direction of the Delta.

"Where are you going down there in this storm?" he cried, and hurried up to him.

"Down to Divinity, to see Cole," shouted Villiers: "come, won't you?" And now there are two figures breasting the storm and the flying snow. They floundered across the Delta, and down to Divinity.

"Where do you room?" This question was occasionally heard.

"Oh, down in Divinity." The reply was accompanied with a flush perhaps.

"Down in Divinity? what, in the name of all that is wonderful, makes you go down there among all those scrubs?" was almost sure to be the rejoinder; for it was not a very popular place. Many a good-hearted fellow has graduated without having seen the inside of the old hall; and yet one who has not lived there himself, or had a friend of whom he has seen much who has roomed there, has missed by no means the least interesting phase of student-life.

Divinity Hall is the seat of the Theological School, as might be inferred from its name. It comprises within its four walls, library, chapel, recitation and lecture rooms, and apartments for the students. It stands apart by itself, a quarter of a mile or more northeast from the college-grounds. The location is a little gloomy perhaps, and an air of undisturbed quiet and perfect peace usually pervades its halls. The building was designed for the exclusive use of the "divinity pills," as their irreverent fellow-students call them; but the school had not been so full but that there had been rooms to spare for some scientific and law students, and such undergraduates as were unfortunate enough to find it convenient to go there.

Notwithstanding the prejudice against going "down to Divinity," it was by no means the worst place in Cambridge. The rooms were very comfortable; just large enough for one, with cosey grates and gas, and an alcove for the bed, and a large closet. And they had one especial virtue in the eyes of their often needy occupants: they were cheap, at least for Cambridge.

"Cole?" said Sam, half aloud, as they stamped the snow from their boots, on the threshold of the hall; "I don't think I know him by sight, even. Ah, I remember now: he's the man that Adams said would give you a rub for the headship."

"It's a disgrace to the college, and the class, that such a man as Cole should be here six months, and not a dozen men know any thing about him," said Villiers; and he knocked at the door, — the two having ascended two pairs of stairs, and proceeded some distance along a dusky entry to his room.

Cole left his books, as Sam could see, to welcome his classmates to his room; and as he shook hands with his host, whom he now remembered to have seen before, and told him he was happy to make his acquaintance, his eye wandered about the room and its furnishings, and a feeling of wonder came over him. Then he looked once more at Cole, who was talking to Villiers. A tall, gentlemanly fellow was Cole, with dark hair, and a pale face; the *beau ideal* of a student; just such a man as one reads about in books, as taking valedictories in seminaries and theological schools. It was evident that he was a cultivated gentleman, before he had spoken a dozen words. His language was the purest and simplest.

But the room! so different from any thing that Sam had seen at Cambridge thus far, where comfort, if not luxury, was the rule, — bare walls and a bare floor; a plain, old-fashioned table, which belonged to the room, and came with it; two or three deal chairs; and a small cylinder stove, behind which were a kettle and a saucepan. In the alcove were a rickety-looking bed and a quaint sort of bureau (some more of the college property). There was nothing cheerful or comfortable about the apartment: it was as uninviting as a room could be. Moreover, there was a peculiar odor, as though something had been cooked there two or three hours ago, and the room had not been aired since. "Does he live this way because he likes it, or because he is obliged to?" was a query that entered Sam's mind. "I should have the blues, and die of disgust here, in a month," was his second thought.

Meantime Villiers had been carrying on a conversation with Cole, and discussing some matters that quite surprised Sam. The two seemed to be very well acquainted, as they were; for Villiers had sought him out early in the year, and had been a friend to him, — how valuable a one, no one but the stranger himself knew. They were talking about the hall and its occupants.

"Oh, I like it," said Cole, brightly. "I don't see what more one could ask for. We have every convenience here. The rooms are snug and warm, and well taken care of; and I do not mind a five-minutes' walk to prayers and recitation. Our letters are brought to the reading-room down stairs, which is nice; while the reading-room itself is a great attraction to me. We have a sufficient number of the daily and weekly

papers, and all the religious papers and magazines, and no trouble of going out of the house for the news. On the opposite side from the reading-room is the library of the Theological School; and there is a variety of curious and instructive and entertaining books. It is a delightful place to go into and mouse around when you are tired of study, and have nothing in particular to do. Above it is the chapel, where they have prayers every evening at five."

"That is rather an improvement on turning out these cold mornings before breakfast," suggested Sam.

"Yes, so I think. I often drop in when I have time; and it seems so much more like devotion than the farce at the college chapel in the morning."

"Yes: it is hard to expect very much devotion or piety from five hundred restless young fellows in the morning, before they are half awake, and cold and hungry besides," said Villiers.

"This evening service here is quite different," continued the host. "The music of the choir and organ rolls up through the silent halls, and sounds very beautiful. I should be very sorry to have the service done away. The professor is so kind as to allow me to practise on the chapel organ when I wish; and it is a greater pleasure than you can imagine, perhaps. It is old and small, but some of the pipes are very sweet. I visit the chapel for this purpose frequently. Friday evenings there are religious services in the chapel. A good many come, friends of the students, with a generous sprinkling of ladies in pleasant evenings. The exercises are conducted by the Theological students themselves, and are for the most part very

interesting, for there are many very bright men in the school."

"I am sure you make out quite a list of attractions," said Sam, smiling.

"Oh, but the greatest remains to be told. I suppose you know that most of us down here are poor enough; at least we nearly all find it desirable to economize. I think two-thirds of all the men in the building either keep themselves entirely, or go out to dinner and provide their own breakfast and tea" —

"I should think the 'marm' would want double price for her dinners under such circumstances," interrupted Sam, with a laugh.

"Very likely; but they mostly keep themselves entirely, and in this we are admirably accommodated. We leave our basket and pail just outside our door over night, and in the morning take in our milk and our fresh loaf; and some of the men down here live on bread and milk for the most part, or make it answer for breakfast and tea. It is very convenient; but unfortunately I do not like milk myself, and so am put to the trouble of cooking a meal much oftener than I should otherwise be. I keep myself altogether, and find it very much cheaper than I could possibly board. You will hardly think it possible," and he smiled somewhat sadly, "but I have lived here on eighty cents a week, and for quite a little time; and prices are very high now, you know. But I do not believe that it is healthful to live as I did then," he added, gravely. "I always have meat now at least once a day."

"Eighty cents a week!" exclaimed Sam, in astonishment. "Why, our 'marm' charges eight dollars for

meals; and many of the fellows go home Saturday, and stay over Sunday; and she grumbles at that, and says that she is losing money, every thing is so very dear."

"Oh, that was only for two or three weeks when I was excessively hard up. It costs me about a dollar and sixty cents a week for what I eat now, and I believe I live as well as a man needs to live. For instance, I usually have some tea and an egg, with toast or bread and butter, for breakfast. For dinner, a potato bakes nicely in the ashes under the grate; and I buy a bit of corned beef and boil it, or a roasting-piece and take it over to the bake-house; and once a week I have them bake me a pot of beans. Then I can broil a steak as nicely as need be; and sometimes I indulge in some apple-sauce. I have every thing I want to eat. Some of the men club together, and have jolly times with their cooking and housekeeping, and it is not nearly as much of a hardship as you would imagine."

"I don't see but that, if you had your wives down here, you would have every thing that goes to make up the sum of domestic happiness; but I suppose they would not allow that?" said Sam.

"I am not so sure," replied Cole, laughing. "I think there was a minister who had his wife and family here last term, and they carried on housekeeping in two rooms. What I find it hardest to accustom myself to is the solitary life one leads: it was almost unendurable at first, and this sitting down to a table alone and gobbling something, I don't think I altogether enjoy even now."

"How do you find the men of the school?" asked Villiers.

"Oh, I like them so far as I am acquainted. I think there are many fine fellows here, — men of ideas. If they were not men of ideas, I suppose they would not be here; but of course there is every grade of capacity, as there is of affluence and social standing. One thing strikes me very pleasantly: they seem to be more bound together by a common bond than the undergraduates; they seem more polite to one another, and on better terms. There is very little of the exclusiveness which I cannot help noticing in the college."

"I don't think our fellows are exclusive, do you, Villiers?" said Sam, quickly.

No, they were not so far as Sam was concerned.

"I don't know that they mean to be, but they certainly are," replied Villiers, to Sam's great surprise.

"Some of the law-students whom we have here," continued Cole, quickly and pleasantly, "are the roughest specimens of the student genus in the hall; and I think there is a little hard feeling between them and the theological men, — distrust on one part and contempt on the other perhaps. I was not a little amused at an incident that happened in the reading-room a few days ago. I was glancing over a file of papers, and was hidden from view in one of the recesses, when two of the 'Divinity Pills,' as they call them, came in. After looking around for an instant, said one of them in an irritable tone of voice, 'Where do you suppose "The Christian Examiner" can have gone to? I haven't seen it for a week.' 'Neither have I,' returned the other; 'and I can't think what can have become of it unless some of those Freshmen have carried it off out of pure mischief. I don't suppose they would want it to read,

you know.' 'More likely some of those Western law-students have taken it to kindle their fire with,' replied the first speaker. 'Do you know, I have no doubt they would open letters if they thought there was any money in them: I saw one of them fumbling them over the other day, and he looked sheepish enough as I came in. I don't think it is safe to have our letters left here myself;' and they were going off cross enough, when in came the librarian with the missing file. The reading-room is not warmed; and he had taken the papers to his room to read in comfort by his fire, and had neglected to bring them back."

Sam thought that was a pretty good story, and one that would bear repeating; and the three laughed heartily at the anecdote.

"Yes," continued Villiers, "there is more or less feeling of that nature between the different departments of students, though it is unaccountable to me. The undergraduates seem to consider the professionals, one and all, as so many scrubs, altogether unworthy of their notice; and the professional men, particularly the graduates, look down upon the college boys as a set of conceited young dogs, who ought to be taken in hand and have some of the nonsense rubbed out of them."

They had been sitting in the dusky glow which the coals shed over the room, but now the host struck a light. "I save a large bill by using kerosene," he explained to Sam; "and I find I like it better than gas, the light is softer for the eyes and steadier; and now, gentlemen, I hope you will do me the favor of taking tea with me. It will be a real pleasure to me to have your company, and I shall not be in the least incom-

moded. I can give you a cup of tea and a slice of toast, and a bit of beef perhaps, if it is not all gone."

They accepted his invitation readily, and Cole made his preparations for the meal. The table was cleared of books, and a newspaper spread thereon in lieu of a tablecloth. The kettle was soon singing merrily on the stove, the plates were laid, and some butter and a loaf of bread produced. The beef proved not to have been entirely devoured; and by the time the fragrant tea had steeped, some slices of bread were nicely toasted, and all was ready. "You will have to use your own knives for the butter, and your spoons for the sugar," said Cole, presenting this latter article in a paper bag; "and I am sorry I have not napkins for you. If I had expected this pleasure, I would have prepared for it: it is not often that I have company."

They both declared that apologies were quite unnecessary, and Sam said truly that he had not for a long time enjoyed a meal more. "Though I know I should be lonesome," he said, thoughtfully.

"The change from my life of last year to this is very great," said Cole, half in answer. "I had been teaching and boarding around, and met a good many people; but I have little time for repining. I find the work here pretty difficult, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Sam, leaning back good-naturedly. "I think it is all a most confounded bore."

"But you study very faithfully, I believe," said Cole, with a smile.

"Yes; I have concluded that it is the easiest way out of a bad fix, and work on this principle" (which was not quite true, though just at that moment Sam

doubtless thought it was); "not because I like to. I have made a solemn vow that if I survive the annuals, I will never look within the covers of a mathematical work again."

"Why, now, I like mathematics above all things," exclaimed Cole, with honest surprise. "I think it a beautiful science: it is all explained and proved so fully and exactly as you go on, and the way is made so smooth and serene, one need never make any mistakes. I do not see how any one can help being charmed."

Sam laughed long and loud at the idea of any one's being charmed with mathematics.

"What do you like best?" inquired Cole, a little confused, while Villiers remained a silent and amused auditor.

"If I can truly say I like any thing, I suppose that I like Greek best," replied Sam, after a moment's thought; "but I am afraid I should not do much work of any sort unless I were obliged to, as it were; and I have an idea that that is the way it is with pretty much everybody," he continued, simply. "We come here for the most part because we do, and without even asking the reason why, unless perhaps a man has an ambition to pull, like Tom, or to learn to smoke, like Adams. I think study is the last thing we come for. Of course, the work is all an imposition, and the instructors are our natural enemies. That is the way most of the fellows feel, I know. Once here, we have certain work to do; and for one reason or another, it may be because we find it to be the easiest way on the whole to keep up with the work, or it may be pride or ambition, or a

desire to please a friend by a high place on the rank list, or a way a fellow has from principle of doing things pretty well, that keeps you at it regularly and industriously. Of course, there is a choice among evils: once obliged to work, there are certain kinds we like best, and there is a left-handed sort of pleasure in it sometimes, when one is thoroughly warmed up; but I never imagined there was a fellow who really liked to study, who was sorry, for instance, when his lesson is learned, because it was not longer, as Tom is when he comes in from a pull, and who would keep on grinding just the same if you took away all the surroundings and incentives."

"Well, I believe I must say that I know I love study," said Cole, earnestly. "I take the purest and deepest pleasure in it, and I thought every one else did, too; and I still think you must be wrong. I enjoy to the utmost every hour I can spend in this way; and I have worked hard, and given up a good deal, for the sake of it. I might own a good farm in York State, and be a family man, and be comfortably well off; for I was not brought up to live in this way," casting his eyes about the dingy room. "I have been four years, — ever since I was twenty-one, working to the end that I might enjoy the advantages here; and I enjoy every hour of my time. Come and see me again soon," he added, as the two young men rose to go. "I shall esteem it a real favor."

"How does he expect to live?" asked Sam, as they groped their way down the dark hall. "What can he do to earn any money?"

"Oh, he will take a scholarship: that's three hun-

dred a year; and he will live on less money than that," was Villiers's reply.

"Sure enough; I forgot all about the scholarships. That is not such a bad thing, — having scholarships, — is it?" and Sam's heart began to warm towards the venerable institution. He began to think the college was not such a "miserable hole" as it was fashionable to consider it among a certain class of students.

"These scholarships are splendid things in the hands of such men as he; but it often happens that fellows get them who do not need them any more than you or I, just because they stand high."

"That must be so," returned Sam, thoughtfully. "There was Williamson who had a scholarship last year; and he bought a piano, and was as proud of it as a peacock."

"Yes; and Young, who is as hard-working a fellow as there is in the class, and who did not rank high last year, simply because he was not half fitted, failed to take a scholarship, just because Williamson took it. If Williamson had not applied, or his application had been refused, as it should have been, Young would have had the prize, and wouldn't have been off teaching school now, thereby ruining his chance for any successful work this year. That is one of the most contemptible things a man can do, I think, — take a scholarship just because it happens to be within his reach, when he is not really dependent on himself for his support, and there are so many earnest, deserving men who are needy, and who don't happen to rank high, for the most part because their advantages have been poor."

"Well, there is no doubt about Cole. What an unmitigated dig he must be!"

"Yes: he is sure of the first place in the class; but it is not quite right to call him a dig. I dig; study is work with me: with him, as he says, it is the highest pleasure he knows. I doubt if there is a man in the college that could hold out against Cole on a four years' course. You know he said he might have a farm in New York State. Well, there is more to his story than that. His parents are from the north of Europe somewhere, and belong to a sect who make it a part of their creed to discountenance all education. They deem it wicked as the Quakers do music; so, though they are well off, he has received nothing but opposition from them. When he was a boy he showed a most remarkable fondness for study; but his father kept him at work on the farm, and it was not till he came of age that he could spend his time as he chose. He had studied alone all that he could, and then he managed to go to school a little. At length he taught a school himself; and then a minister of the neighborhood found him out, and put him on the track of coming here; and he, firm in his resolution, teaching winters and working on a farm summers, without ever having had a year's instruction in his life, passed the Fresh.-Soph. examination without conditions last fall: and now you see him, and see how he works. Study is the sole thing he lives for. It is his meat and drink, his work and his relaxation. While I am off taking my constitutional, or at the gymnasium, or loafing, he is working; while you are at the opera, or dancing with Rose Thorne, he is working: and working, not as you

and I work, because we have so much to do, and want it off our hands, but because it is pure pleasure to him, — something that you and I have only a very faint idea of. You were right, Sam, in what you said about the way we study. It is a means with us, not an end; and we regard it as a means, — a duty to be performed. How can any one, working on such a principle as that, hold his own with a man who actually revels in an opportunity which to us is irksome labor? whose study is the pure love of truth? No one can, of course. Cole is bound to lead the class. He must be the first in scholarship, if he is not the first in the rank-list; but he will be first there, too."

"Come up, and let us work out those equations, and plot the curves — "

XX.

A PRIVATE ADMONITION.

It sometimes happens that we move about wholly ignorant of an event which most nearly concerns us, while with every one else of those who immediately surround us, the matter is a subject of general knowledge and common talk. Thus it came about that everybody knew of the engagement of Huntingdon and Kate Wentworth, except those most nearly interested, — the young lady herself, her brother, and Villiers.

The latter gentleman was not one to hear gossip of any kind unless by accident. All this time he was pursuing his unvarying routine of work, digging away at "curves and functions," Greek roots, and problems in chemical physics. The fashionable world had of a sudden monopolized his lady, had taken her to itself, and placed her on its very highest seat; and a few weeks had sufficed to transform her from a simple country-girl into a fine lady. All this he knew as of course, and it touched him to the quick. He had fought a hard battle with himself, the bitterest he had ever known. The temptation to devote himself heart and soul to Miss Wentworth had been almost irresistible. He had paid his compliments to her, immediately upon her arrival at the Thornes', and she had

received him with a flush of pleasure that gave him more delight than any thing that had ever happened to him. His sense of enjoyment was keen and strong: why should not he reach forth his hand, and take his share of the good things which were so readily within his grasp? Why should he not play his part in the festivities of the season? He could certainly do it well. Why should he risk the loss of this girl's love if he felt conscious that she was the one woman with whom he could tread the journey of life? Why should every one else have his chance to win her when her nature was excited and her reason dazzled by the peculiar experiences of this first taste of pleasure? and why should he stand aloof? It was a bitter struggle, of which these few words can give no conception; but he finally determined that principle and duty were more to be preferred than pleasure or success; and any other course than steadfast, unvarying application to the work of the year, which was in truth most exacting in its requirements, seemed to him foreign to the purpose of a college course. Thus it had come about that eight weeks of Kate's sojourn with her friend had passed away; and with the single exception of that first call, these two had not met, for Kate had chanced to be away from home on the occasion of his two subsequent calls.

He had, however, set apart a particular evening, almost the last before she was to return home, as a time when it would be entirely becoming for him to call at the Thornes' once more; and this time he thought he would be early, for his heart fairly hungered for a sight of Kate, and besides, he wanted to give her the benefit

of some thoughts and ideas which he felt she ought to hear.

He was making his toilet with all care, his thoughts wandering away before him to Mrs. Thorne's drawing-room, when there was a knock at the door, and Haskill entered. There was a dejected air about the usually complacent and dignified Senior that struck Villiers at once. Instead of his usual volubility, he merely nodded, and dropped into a chair, and sat smoking in silence, without even remembering to blow a ring across to the fire. Villiers was polishing his boots.

"It's an everlasting shame!" quoth the Senior, lugubriously, after a short silence.

Villiers merely looked up with an inquiring smile.

"If it was anybody else," continued the Senior, "even that booby of a Cartier, it would be bad enough, but not so bad as Huntingdon. If I was a woman, and Huntingdon was the last and only man left on earth, I would prefer to be the rose that 'lives, blooms, and dies in single blessedness,' as sweet William has it, rather than take him; that's just the good opinion I have of Mr. Huntington, in spite of his good clothes and his swell airs!"

At this Villiers suspended his work with a startled look. "What is all this about?" he asked.

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed Haskill. "I thought you were —— cool about it: why, she's engaged to him, that's all."

"Who's engaged to whom? I don't understand you;" and as the truth flashed through Villiers's brain, he was almost seized with a faintness, though he threw it off after an effort.

"Kate Wentworth is engaged to Huntingdon," returned Haskill, shortly; "and I say it's a shame, for I don't believe there is a decent or an honest ounce of flesh in his whole carcass."

"I — I — are you sure?" was all Villiers could say.

"Sure? Of course I am; I wish I wasn't. I had it direct from Cartier himself: you know you can never go there (Haskill had been a welcome guest at the Thornes') without finding *him* hanging around. They do say he tried it on himself, and that she told him that she and Huntingdon were very old friends, and had promised to marry one another a long time ago."

"I don't think that can be true," said Villiers, who for the most part recovered his self-possession by this time.

"Well, they're deep and foxy, these girls, the best of them;" and the Senior looked knowingly at the grate. "The simplest of them can fool any man that ever was born. I suspect it is a part of their nature to do it; and when you come to a real wide-awake one, there's no end to the mischief she will do. But you are going out: I will come in again some other time."

"Engaged! engaged to Huntingdon!" "Engaged! engaged to Huntingdon." "They were very old friends, and had promised to marry one another long ago." The words were like phantoms: they seemed to join hands, and chase one another in a wild dance through the young man's brain as he pressed on through the early gloom, with mighty strides, towards Mrs. Thorne's house. They seemed to dance to the rhythm of his footsteps; they kept time to the merry jingle of passing sleigh-bells; they moved slowly to the soft flow of the

dark river; they trod softly to the whisper of some overhanging pines. Could it possibly be true?

He had made up his mind to give Kate some good honest advice that evening, if he should be fortunate enough to see her alone, and had prepared it at length, so that if it should not be even now too late, the allurements of gay city life might not wholly absorb her best thoughts and pervert her best capacities; but if this were a fact! And again the words coursed wildly through his brain. At least, he would have an assurance of it from herself.

Even then she was dressed for a ball, as Villiers noticed with disappointment as Kate glided into the room, a bewildering vision of gossamer drapery trimmed with flowers, sparkling jewels, shining hair, round, white arms, and glancing shoulders, — a lovely apparition withal. She gave him her hand with all her old frank, cordial manner, that was almost re-assuring, and immediately took him to task for shunning her as he had done.

"I expected to see you often," she said, coming straight to the matter; for she had really been disappointed, and even chagrined, at his very unreasonable conduct. "It has really been unkind, when you know that I like old friends better than new ones; and it is altogether unfair to misinterpret what one says, Mr. Villiers," she added, with confusion, for he had looked at her hand, and then at her face, in a manner that asked the question as plainly as words; and then as the blood flushed to her very temples, she flashed back at him a look of mingled indignation and contempt, as it were, at the very thought, that thrilled

him through and through, and effectually set his mind at rest. How glorious she was in her displeasure! She seemed almost for the instant to tower above him, as she stood there with flashing eyes and heightened color. It was a picture that never faded from his mind.

"You know I cannot choose my companions, or my escorts, except from those who present themselves; and I have not even seen your face for two whole months, though you are only three miles away, and Sam finds time to come here almost every day, on one errand or another," she said, in a low voice. "One would naturally suppose that all your kindness of last summer was only pretended friendship;" but at that instant Rose came into the room, and just in time to prevent a breakdown.

She was not quite the same girl at this moment that she used to be last summer. Perhaps dissipation had begun to tell on her nerves, as was Villiers's inward comment; perhaps it was owing to the shock that she had received when the report of her engagement was brought to her that afternoon by some thoughtless lady caller; perhaps the strongly contrasted conduct of these two admirers, one of whom had been so persistent in his attentions and to whom she had been so thoughtlessly gracious, while the other had, for some reason that she could not comprehend, neglected her altogether, had caused her more pain than she had cared to show; perhaps much of her gayety had for a time been enforced. At all events, she had indulged in a good crying spell in her room that very evening, and had felt that she would much prefer to remain at home than accompany her friend, and had even pleaded a headache.

"You must really go without me, Rose, to-night," she said in reply to Miss Thorne's polite invitation to Villiers to accompany them. "My headache is really bad; and I am going to rob you of Mr. Villiers's escort too, for I am going to prevail on him to remain with me, and charm it away."

"But this is your last german," returned Rose lightly. "How can you ask me to console all those gentlemen who are expecting to meet you in their sorrow for your absence?"

"Make my excuses to Mrs. ——," said Kate, kissing her as she turned away. Thus she dismissed one friend, and retained the other, whom indeed she longed to see.

"And now, Mr. Villiers," she said, turning to him with her old bright smile, "will you excuse me while I doff my harness; or if I leave you for a moment, will it be next summer before I shall see you again? On the whole, I believe I had better remain where I am; and she seated herself near the grate.

Villiers was in no mood for pleasantry, however. All his ideas of the wholesome advice he had stored up for her had vanished at the cordial reception and the eloquent though unspoken reply to the question he had looked. But it all came back tenfold, when he saw her nervous agitation, and heard from her own lips a confession of illness; and he saw his duty plainly enough. Her nerves never used to be unstrung, as he knew very well; and as for headaches, they were altogether unknown; this he knew, for he had often heard her say so. It was an awkward matter, he felt, as he looked at the lovely girl in her innocent beauty; but he also

felt that an honest friendship demanded that he should utter his thoughts. So after a minute's hesitation, he began without comment or prelude, looking at the fire with a severe expression.

"I was very sorry, Miss Wentworth, to hear you say, and to perceive myself, that you are not quite well. I fear it must be the result of the dissipation into which you have taken such a deep plunge of late. It has grieved me beyond measure to hear about it, for I have feared the consequences."

How Kate would have resented any suggestion that savored in the least of impertinence, had it been offered by any other man in the world! Now, however, after the first flush of surprise, she sat demurely quiet.

"It is not so much the injury to the bodily health that is to be deplored, broken down as it frequently is by the round of gayety which fashionable city people indulge in, as it is the injury that must almost inevitably result to the intellectual and spiritual nature. The body may perhaps be recuperated by a few weeks or months of rest and recreation; but the taste for a false life, which is so often called into being, is not so readily or so easily appeased. I should be very sorry to see any friend of mine reach the state where parties and balls had come to be the one engrossing object of existence."

Still the young lady was quiet. Perhaps her thoughts had wandered, and she was musing over that early time of their acquaintance when the man who was now reading her a sermon on her follies was too constrained by her simple presence, to utter a single word; she recollected how very awkward he used to be, and how his

shyness had almost compelled her, in the exercise of commonplace civility, to take the initiative with him, and draw forth his unconfiding capacities. She could hardly realize the change that had come over his deportment since those days; and she looked once curiously at him as if to be sure that it was in very truth George Villiers.

"I recognize to its fullest extent the claim which society has on each and every individual; but what social benefit is there derived from a german, when the eight or ten hours are devoted entirely to dancing, and when a thin or scanty dress, perspiration, and a sudden draught of air, sow the seeds of death itself perhaps? Such affairs are not more than tolerable if quite occasional; but when they occur four or five times a week, they were better to be utterly discountenanced."

An amused smile was just perceptible hovering about the young lady's lips; but she uttered no word, though Villiers paused as if waiting for some reply. He began to think, as he stole a glance at her, sitting there a very picture of health, youth and beauty, that, after all, his remarks might in point of fact be wholly uncalled for; and the thought was any thing but a re-assuring one.

"I trust you will pardon me, Miss Wentworth," and he directed his glance at her now, "for I should not think of speaking to any one as I have to you unless — unless her well-being was very near to me; and this must be my apology, for I feel that I owe you one for what I have said." Here the young man stopped short, thoroughly confused, wishing that he was well out of a most awkward business, and well convinced that giving extempore lectures to young ladies was not his special

forte. Of all the odd actions that he was ever known to be guilty of, his talk to Kate Wentworth on this evening was the most anomalous. But he was very much in love with her; and it was not in human nature that he should not feel sore at the sudden change in the current which had drawn her for the time so far away from him. This made him almost ready to quarrel with the innocent and unoffending girl herself.

Perhaps, for the first time, she now guessed the real state of his heart; for there had never been, in all his intercourse with her, any thing save the most guarded courtesy: she had been free and almost familiar with him, presuming on his thorough honesty and reliability, and had vouchsafed him many innocent, thoughtless, girlish favors, that no lover save an accepted one could possibly have received, because it had never once entered her thoughts that this grave, dignified young man had felt any thing more than a friendly interest in her. But of a sudden this new thought flashed through her brain; and she was conscious of a burning blush, as she sat there exposed to his wonderfully penetrating gaze. Of a truth, her "nerves" had been severely tried that day.

She did not trust herself to say a word, but moved silently to the piano; and the rich-toned instrument broke forth with that favorite sonata of Sam's. What a strange way of making love! If Villiers had said the right words (and he had them on his tongue more than once, nor was it lack of courage that prevented his uttering them), he might have won the desire of his heart there and then; for strangely enough his whole-souled devotion to his work, and consequent neglect of Kate, had really furthered his purpose more than any

other course he could have adopted. She had counted on seeing much of him, as a matter of course, after their intimacy of the summer; and how large a part of her anticipated pleasure lay in this expectation, only she knew, as day after day slipped away, and he had not come. She heard of him as devoting all his time to his college duties, working early and late, and taking no part in social pleasures. At first she was surprised, then disappointed, then indignant, then grieved. This was her first visit away from home; and in spite of the kind attentions which she received, and the whirl of gayety and pleasure in which she was involved, sometimes the homesick feeling would come, and with it the thought of Villiers and the pleasant friendship of last summer.

She missed him too, though unconsciously, in a different way. His intercourse with her had supplied something that had been wanting to make her happiness quite complete during this gay winter. She had been entertained and amused by Cartier, and his affected manners, and his spicy and interesting gossip; she had been flattered at the homage she had received from the many elegant gentlemen she had met; she had been fascinated by Huntingdon for a time, for he had somehow seemed to embody all that was best in the many allurements of the new life. But Huntingdon's powers were really of a very superficial character, and the two had at heart nothing in common. She had discovered this as soon as the first glamour had passed away; and she was conscious of missing the deep, strong, trusty nature in which she had so confided last summer: so that she was more than glad to see Villiers

when he had come this evening. It was almost like being at home once more.

All this time the exquisite music filled the soft air of the room, bringing these two more perfectly at peace than any spoken words could have done; and, as the last notes died away, every vestige of vexation, or wounded feelings, or angry pride, had disappeared.

"Now, if you will, please forget every word I have said to-night," was Villiers's earnest request, as he bent his clear gray eyes over the piano.

"I will do better than that," said Kate, laughingly. "I will remember and profit by your discourse. Only, you ought to have favored me with it sooner; for I go back to Arcadia to-morrow, and I do not know when I shall be a butterfly of fashion again. I have enjoyed to the full, because I have always had this in mind; I have enjoyed every thing so much!" and she gave a little sigh.

"Seriously, now, Mr. Villiers," she continued, after a moment's silence, "don't you think that you have followed one extreme as far as I have the other? Perhaps, if you had condescended to depart a little from your horribly dull routine, and favored us a little with your company, we might have found it pleasanter to have made those dreadful germans only occasional. If our friends leave us to our own devices, and withdraw entirely the aid of their more experienced judgment, they cannot blame us if we err at times. I have peeped into Horace a little: don't he give some very good advice about choosing a middle course, that is equally good for all?" Though Kate laughed lightly, it was evident that her heart was speaking.

"It is my turn now. I am going to lecture you, and then we shall be quits. I have had a feeling that we don't always meet the most worthy gentlemen, or at least that, if we do, they show us only the most trivial side of their natures in our social gatherings. If this is true, are we entirely to blame for acquiring a taste for frivolity and a false life, as you call it? I am sure I think that we girls, all of us, desire the noblest and truest; I think our natures tend to that; and I think an earnest, high-minded man, with a purpose in life, owes it to his friends that at least they shall have some association with him, and gain some courage and strength from the mere contact with his character; and I do not think that he is without fault entirely if he devotes himself entirely to himself. There, now! I hardly knew what I was going to say when I began, and it is my turn to beg your pardon; but you will see that I have heard rumors, and had thoughts, as well as you."

"And I too," said Villiers, thoughtfully, "will remember and profit by what you have said."

The rest of the evening sped away on wings. There was much to tell, now that the ice was once broken; and the room resounded with the voices and the merry laughter of these young people who an hour ago, it had seemed to one of them, might be an earth's breadth apart. Yes, the winged moments flew away till the sound of the carriage at the door made Villiers start up almost in alarm; and lo! it was half-past one.

"You must certainly let the carriage take you to Cambridge, Mr. Villiers," Rose urged: "it is worse than the dark pulls you used to insist on taking last summer, — walking to Cambridge at this late hour."

Kate also lent her entreaties, but without avail; and once more the young fellow strode forth into the gloom. But what a change! How the very darkness seemed as light, and the icy frozen earth to echo his footsteps with joy! How the river sang on its mysterious sweep to the sea, how the wind through the little clump of pines whispered of happiness, how the deep stillness of night augured peace! At least she was free, and the great danger which he had feared was passed. Until the time for him to speak should come, if it was to come, he must wait and work and hope.

XXI.

THE CONFERENCE.

Huntingdon presided at the class supper at Taft's with all possible grace, dignity, and wit; and a right royal time the fifty or sixty Sophomores who attended the occasion had enjoyed, with the good cheer, ringing songs and choruses, and the good-fellowship. Longstreet was as merry as any one; but not even he cared to "go out on to the beach, and roll." Huntingdon presided at the class supper; but he failed of being elected president of the Institute for the second term, Lyman having succeeded him in that dignity. He seemed very much downcast about it, too; for he had really worked hard to secure a re-election, making it a test matter of his power with the men. "I believe I am the most unpopular man in the class, chum," he said, just after the session was over. "I didn't get a dozen votes at any time."

Whether he had ventured to try his fortune with Kate Wentworth, or no, is a matter which no one ever knew. He had certainly been with her the morning before her departure; but what passed between the two who had almost been lovers, — if any thing of that nature had occurred, — was a sealed book. Villiers and Rose Thorne, Mr. Cartier, Will Adams and Miss El-

dredge, had waved their farewells, as the train bearing the brother and sister glided out of the depot; but Huntingdon, so conspicuous hitherto for his attentions, was not one of those to say good-by. Kate's departure was the beginning of the end of those brilliant social pleasures which all had enjoyed with so much zest; for the few remaining days of the term slipped quietly away, and the winter vacation dispersed the students, almost without an exception.

The experience of the preceding summer at Worcester had served to awaken an unwonted interest in all boating matters, both at Harvard and at Yale. The Harvard boating-men had determined to wipe out the defeat of the year before, if any possible exertions could compass that result; while Yale was equally determined that the victory should stand as a representative one.

During the second term, some long-desired and most necessary improvements in the boat-houses were fairly inaugurated. At low tide, the water receded several feet below the level of the mud bottom where the boat-houses stood; so that it was impossible, at that time, to launch a single six-oar, or to get it in again, without a tedious delay, if launched when the tide served. Moreover the method of hoisting and lowering the long, narrow six-oars, through the open space in the floor, was, at best, awkward and inconvenient; and a boat-house which ought to accommodate three or four shells could be used for only a single boat. In short, the accommodations were such that it was almost impossible for a crew to train properly and pull regularly.

The improvements consisted in flooring over the boat-houses, and arranging shelves or brackets on either wall

for the boats to rest on. A stout broad platform resting on piles was built across their river-front. A dredging-machine was called into requisition, and a basin made sufficient to float a large raft, which was securely anchored at either end by two or more piles being driven deep in the mud, so that the raft could rise and fall with the tide without drifting from its place. Two long bridges fastened to the platform at one end, and moving on rollers as the raft rose and fell, spanned the distance between the raft and the platform. Dressing-rooms and closets were constructed also, for the men. The platform afforded a fine view of the river to either bridge, and was a convenient lounging-place for the boating-men and their friends.

It was to Wilkinson that these improvements were principally due. He had worked indefatigably all through the fall and winter. Not only the undergraduates, but old boating-men and their friends, and the friends of the college, were enlisted in the cause; and by the time the ice was fairly off the river, the arrangements were complete. Now a crew could launch their boat when they pleased; they were secured from having their clothing stolen; they took the shell from its resting-place, carried it down to the raft, and set it into the water; there was no sliding down or climbing up of ropes; their friends could have comfortable quarters to lounge in while they were waiting the return of the crew. The interest in boating doubled at once.

This year the Harvard was a working crew. Those conceited and lazy Seniors had graduated and departed; and Wilkinson, who had been appointed captain, was free to pick his crew of the best material

he could find. He had at once selected Tom Hawes for stroke, and Smith for bow. Tom's usually glum face had brightened with honest pride when he was offered the stroke of the Harvard: it was almost too much glory to be possible; but he was as modest as he was honest; and, after the first flush of pleasure had subsided, he very resolutely declined the honor.

"No," said he to the Junior who had so nobly deferred his own rights: "we want Smith for the bow, and we want you for stroke; and I can pull in the boat, three or five: it don't matter so long as I have a port oar."

"But that won't do," returned Wilkinson; "for I am going to pull five myself, and Wentworth is to pull three, and there is no place left for you except to pull stroke. No, I sha'n't take a refusal. If I can have the men I want where I want them, I believe we can teach those beggars a lesson, and whip the best crew they ever put on to the lake, and whip them soundly too; and that is what we all want, isn't it?"

"Yes; that is about it."

"Of course it is," continued the Junior. "I should like to pull stroke of the Harvard: what boating-man was there ever in the college that could help wishing it? But I would a thousand times rather pull five, and go up there, and come in where the Harvard ought to come in, than pull stroke, and come in as we did last year. What we are all working for is to win the colors, isn't it? and, to insure our greatest likelihood of doing that, we want you to pull stroke."

"I'll do it if you think I ought;" and once more Tom's eyes sparkled with pleasure. "But," he continued, "you are heavier than I am, and the boat would trim better with you in the stern."

"The boat will trim well enough. I am going to have Lewis for two, and Wentworth for three; they are both heavy men, particularly Lewis. I haven't made up my mind as to four; but Smith is light, and I'll have the boat trim just as she ought to."

"Well, now, let me tell you one thing," said Tom, warming with the subject. "Take an axe, and make toothpicks of that last year's Harvard, and get a boat not over nineteen inches wide."

"I don't believe in your narrow boats. That is too narrow," returned Wilkinson, doubtfully. "You men did wonders last summer, but I don't believe it was the narrow boat."

"It was more the boat than any other one thing," said Tom, earnestly. "I don't believe in a boat any wider than is just enough to sit in;" and the two friends parted to renew their discussion at the earliest opportunity.

All this had happened in the fall, and the men had worked regularly through the winter, with a zeal which was something new. Hawes had invented a machine called a rowing-weight; and Wilkinson had by dint of perseverance introduced three or four of them into the gymnasium. The apparatus was simple, and afforded splendid practice through the winter months, and was as near like pulling in a boat as any thing could well be. The men had worked manfully at these weights, following the lead of Wilkinson and Hawes, who, estimating that eight hundred strokes was about equal to a pull of three miles, had set that stint for the crew. The result of this was that when the river opened the men were in splendid physical condition, and there was no need of over-exertion.

Unaccountable as it appeared to Tom Hawes and Wilkinson, Sam had received the intimation that he was to pull three in the Harvard, with a coolness almost amounting to indifference; and had paid no attention whatever to the suggestion of the captain that eight hundred strokes a day on the weights were absolutely required of every member of the crew. All his old enthusiasm seemed to have disappeared; and finally, when pressed on the matter by Wilkinson and the rest, he said, though apparently not without some misgivings, that he thought he shouldn't pull that year. After this decision was once announced he seemed more inclined to adhere to it, the more he was importuned; and, of a truth, he was assailed on all sides in a manner that made it very difficult for him. The worst of it all was that he was unable to offer a single reason for his strange determination. It hurt his own feelings more than any one imagined; for Wentworth was generally considered the very best man in the boat, and his action in refusing to pull was something which every man in the college felt he had a personal interest in, and which he had a right to make a personal matter of if he chose. And many chose to do so. Men whom he respected, and who were prominent in their classes, argued the matter with Sam again and again. It was hard to say No, and doubly hard to say No to Hawes, his old stroke, who was grieved and disappointed more than he could express; and to Smith, his old captain, who was at first severe enough in his condemnation. Then there were Lewis and Lyman, and Adams and Longstreet, and even Haskill, who never let slip an opportunity of expressing his views about a man who had it in his power

to "let his college be whipped by a set of beastly beggars, and everlastingly disgraced, or to go in and 'pluck up drowning honor by the roots,' as sweet William hath it, and refused to; and all on account of some —— obstinate notion that the young man has taken, for there's no sense in it all."

"If I was big enough I'd thrash you into it," Longstreet said a score of times, shaking his fist in his big classmate's face.

Even Villiers looked gravely at his friend with his serious eyes, whenever the matter came up, and sometimes argued the point with him.

"If you were devoting yourself to study, and didn't wish to pull on that account, I shouldn't have a word to say; but you are not doing that, as you must confess, and you had much better be in the boat, in my judgment."

Huntingdon was almost the only man, of all Sam's friends, who did not urge him to reverse his decision; and he had come to look with too much envy on the young fellow's popularity and fair prospects to give him wittingly any advice that would tend to further his advancement in either of these matters.

Sam bore all this pressure with infinite good-nature, as indeed he felt that he was in duty bound to bear it; and he even consented to a proposition by Wilkinson that he should work along with the men even if he would not agree to pull. "It won't hurt you, at all events," said Wilkinson; "and by the time we get into the boat you may change your mind."

So the young man worked faithfully with his comrades, with whom, indeed, he would fain have joined

himself heart and soul, only that he had heard Rose Thorne say some few words that led him to think she did not altogether approve of a young gentleman's pulling in a boat. It was only a remark that was spoken incidentally, a protest from the most delicately sensitive part of her nature against the hard work and rough usage consequent upon a season's training in a six-oar, and the effect upon a gentleman's appearance, — one which she would not perhaps have re-affirmed; but it was fraught with meaning to Sam. As the weeks and months rolled away, he became more and more determined to win her; and thus he had resolved that, if rough hands and a sunburned face made him less acceptable to her, he would never pull in a six-oar again.

So through the winter and early spring he worked along with the crew; for he felt that he must have some exercise, and that he might as well take it in this form as in another. He had even been out in the boat with them once or twice. It became apparent, that unless he was going to take the place in the boat, and keep it, he ought to say so, and retire for good and all; and meeting Wilkinson and Hawes on the Delta, as they were coming up from the gymnasium, he told them so, though he did it with a heavy spirit.

It happened just then that the cheery form of the Philosopher, who was almost the only professor in the college who manifested any interest in the sports of the students, drew near the three boating-men.

"I tell you what," said Tom, suddenly, "let's leave it out to him," pointing over his shoulder. "Will you? Come, now, that is fair;" and his face brightened.

"I don't see why it isn't," said Wilkinson, earnestly: "we are all of us interested parties, and of course prejudiced in this matter. I know, Wentworth, you must have some very strong reasons for holding out as you do; perhaps you wouldn't care to tell us what they are altogether. Now, there isn't a man connected with the college more respected, or more justly respected, than he is," nodding with his head. "You can tell him, if you like, without it's going any further. Will you leave it to him? Quick, or he'll pass by!"

"Yes," said Sam, with sudden resolution, "I will;" and the three young men turned, and intercepted the professor, who stopped with an inquiring smile; and Wilkinson opened the matter, —

"We know that you are interested in every thing which concerns the students; and that is the excuse we offer for bringing a matter before you, as we beg your leave to do."

"No excuses are necessary, Mr. Wilkinson," said the Philosopher; and he nodded and smiled.

"We have agreed to leave to your judgment a matter which concerns the college as well as ourselves, and about which we cannot agree."

The Philosopher nodded again, though more seriously.

"You know we are boating-men; and I am chosen to select the crew who are to represent the college in the contest with Yale. It is an honor which I feel all the more deeply the responsibility of, in the face of last summer's experience; and I am bound to do every thing I can to secure the best men. I have made Hawes stroke, and Smith bow of the Harvard; and of course we counted on Wentworth to pull the same

place that he did last year in his class boat. But he has refused to pull at all; and nothing that I or any one else has been able to say could make him change his mind. I haven't argued with him much during the winter, because I thought he would come around all right when the river opened; and he has kept along, at my request, with the men in their work. I don't think we ought to go to Worcester this summer, unless we can have the best crew that the college can possibly turn out; for I think, if we do, that there will only be a repetition of what occurred last summer. Yale will have the same crew almost without exception; and to beat it I believe we have got to make the best time that has ever been made yet by any college crew, in a six-oar. When I say that Wentworth is the best man in the college to pull three in the Harvard, I only say what everybody in Cambridge knows to be a fact. If we go to Worcester without him, we shall go there with a second-rate crew. There has been a good deal of money contributed and expended, that we boating-men might have a better chance on the river, and keep up, if possible, with the increased interest in boating matters which has come about at Yale; and the money was mostly given by graduates and friends of the college, and readily too, when matters were explained to them, because they all felt that it wasn't pleasant to go up to Worcester, and see the Harvard beaten, or fair that our boating-men shouldn't have better facilities. For one, I have spent time on these things that almost every one would say ought to be devoted to other matters; but I have felt that some one must attend to them, or the college regatta would have to be given up; and I have

neglected my regular duties for this business, because I have felt that the college was more to me than I was to myself; and I think every man would feel so, if he would only look at the question in its proper light. I thought all along that, when we fairly got into the boat, Wentworth would come around all right; for I couldn't see any reason why he should not, compared with the reasons why he should; but he still holds out. I know that he must have some reason for this which is good and valid in his own mind, though I have no idea what it is; but I don't believe that it is sufficient in itself, or that it would really weigh against his doing as we wish to have him. Mr. Hawes suggested that we leave the question with you to decide, we to state our reasons why he should come into the Harvard to you, and he to state his why he should not, privately if he pleased; and then you should decide whether he should pull, or not. If you say No, then nothing more shall be said; but we will do the best we can without him. Wentworth has assented to this. I think I have presented my reasons. Shall we retire for a while?" and he looked earnestly at Sam.

The Philosopher looked at him too, through his spectacles, with a curious smile.

Sam stood doubtful. Should he make a clean breast of it to the professor, whom indeed he felt he could trust as the very soul of honor? should he tell him that there was a girl who was more to him than himself, than the college, than the whole world; and that it was to win her, if so it might be permitted him, that he had decided against his own wishes and his friends' entreaties? After all, unless she loved him (and he

had come to feel almost sure that she did not), could he ever possess her? And if she loved him, would she love him any the less for doing his part with all his might (even though it made him rougher and less gentlemanly in appearance for a little time), if those competent to judge thought he could do that part better than any one else for the honor and glory of his college, whose welfare he had at heart as deeply and sincerely as any one? If she did not love him, would she accept him on account of this sacrifice of which she could know nothing? He stood irresolute under the gray clouds of that cold, damp spring afternoon, the professor regarding him earnestly on the one hand, the two friends half in the act of withdrawing, and eagerly waiting an intimation from him to do so, on the other.

"I will pull," he said gravely to Wilkinson and Tom. It seemed almost as though he had said, "I will give up Rose Thorne;" and to the professor, "I am sorry I have caused you all this trouble for nothing."

"It is not for nothing if it has in some way led you to make up your mind for yourself," said the Philosopher, nodding again, "as seems to be the case."

"You would have decided against me, at any rate," said Sam, smiling sadly at him.

"That is by no means sure," said the professor, putting his arm through the student's. Nodding pleasantly to Wilkinson and Hawes, he moved on with Sam across the Delta; for he perceived that he was not more than half reconciled. "I am glad you made up your mind for yourself; for I am sure I wanted to have you in the Harvard as much as Hawes. But I should hardly have dared to send you there against your own convictions."

"My convictions were all for my going in."

"Then I am sure you decided wisely. Unless there is some strong moral conviction to the contrary, or unless a man's scholarship is going to be entirely ruined, any one who can pull as well as you can ought to do so, particularly in an emergency like the present. By another year, you will have earned exemption if you wish to claim it. I should have decided against you, if your reasons had proved merely personal."

"Personal and selfish," returned Sam, laughing a little bitterly.

The Philosopher looked quickly and sharply though kindly at the young man, but made no reply; and the twain walked on in silence.

"Come in, Mr. Wentworth," he said, as at length they reached his house; "oblige me. Come in, and smoke a cigar with me;" and they entered.

Sam was now once more fairly in a six, and pulling very much as the year before, except that the work was harder and more regular since they could always launch the shell at a regular hour of the day: only, this year there was no training for any Harvard regatta; and instead of being in a Freshman boat, he was the most popular and most boasted oar in the college. The platform in front of the boat-houses was always thronged, of a pleasant evening, with fellows who were there to give the crew a hearty greeting, and bear a hand in stowing away the boat if permitted; and to say that Sam repented of his decision would not be true. His calls at the Thornes' were less frequent, of course, than they had been when Kate was there, or for some time after; but

he never missed his Sunday evening tea there, and was pretty certain to meet Rose at least once during the week. She smiled approval too of the work he was doing in the boat, when he told her, as he did not till late in the spring.

"You enjoy it so much," she said, with one of her charming smiles (she had been peculiarly gracious to him that Sunday evening, quite bewildering him); "and I am sure you will win this year as you did last. I am sorry," and she looked him full in the face with the slightest conscious blush, "that I shall not be here to witness your triumph."

"Not be here!" said Sam, feeling as though some terrible revelation were coming.

"No," said she, very sweetly: "we are going to Europe in June. The day after Class Day, I think, the steamer sails. It has only just now been decided on."

Sam sat silent. "Do you go alone?" he said, at length.

"Yes; mamma and I. We are old travellers, and have been before."

"For a long visit?"

"Nothing is decided. Mamma's health is very delicate, and has been for some time; and she is confident that the change will do her good. How long we shall stay is of course uncertain; but probably a year or two. We go direct to the South of France."

How easily she spoke the words, as though it were only a week's shopping in New York that she was announcing! That was all that was ever said between these two about the separation; the preparations, as the summer drew on, going steadily on. There was much to be accomplished; but all was done without remark.

XXII.

HASKILL'S SPREAD.

The second term of the Sophomore year had drawn nearly to its close, and the class had passed over half the curriculum. It had been a prosperous year for this company of students, replete with earnest work; and though this had been sometimes grumbled at a good deal, there was not a man but felt that he had been improved. It had been a year productive of great changes on the rank-list, as will appear by and by: many who had stood high falling ignominiously; while slow, steady-working, painstaking men had climbed into their places. It had been a year bringing, as we have seen, changes in the class leadership; Huntingdon, and such of his followers as adhered to him still, having gradually lost their influence, though no particular man had succeeded that worthy; perhaps because there had been no occasion for a leader, after the time for fighting Sophomores and hazing Freshmen had passed by. For the most part, the members of the class had lost their boyish looks, and had grown mature and manly. When the last Sophomore annual (these annuals were the severest tests of the entire four years) was finished, and the men came from the ordeal Juniors, there was a feeling of complacency quite indescribable pervading their cheerful faces.

It had been arranged that Kate and Mrs. Wentworth should come to Cambridge some days before Class Day, in order that they might not only be Haskill's guests on that occasion, but also have an opportunity of visiting the hall and buildings. They were to remain till after the Thornes had sailed.

"That will be charming!" exclaimed Miss Eldredge, when Sam, announcing the plan, interceded for her assistance in procuring rooms for them. "I will arrange all that," said she. "They shall have my rooms; and I can get on very easily, without the slightest inconvenience."

If Cambridge is ever charming, it is during these early weeks in June. The college grounds with the breezy elms, nicely kept walks and drives, and fresh green turf, are then the centre of attraction to visitors and friends of the students. There was ample opportunity to inspect every thing, — Harvard Hall, with its pictures and sanded floor, and its trophies of bat and oar; the chapel, and the old chapel; the museum in Boylston, and the other museum "down by Divinity;" Gore Hall the library, with its jocund custodian, equally an object of interest with the stores of books and pictures; the Botanical Gardens, a mile away. Everywhere the ladies received the kindest attention; and Villiers even gained permission for them to visit the observatory, and look through the big telescope.

It was a season of the freshest pleasure, pleasure as delightful as the season. Escorts were never wanting. Sam, to be sure, was not to be counted on always, and Huntingdon made no attempt at renewing his old intimacy; but Villiers remembered the admonition he had

received on a certain occasion, and found his time quite at the ladies' disposal. Haskill, too, could call himself his own master, for which he expressed his devout thanks in his own peculiar way more than once; and a guide more replete with anecdote, or one affording more entertainment by wonderful recitals, it would have been impossible to secure. Adams always made his companionship felt by his considerate care; and Mr. Cartier, who was still the social lion of Cambridge, was pleased to attach himself to this party for the time.

Then there were croquet parties (the game was at that time just at its greatest popularity) for morning, afternoon, and evening; and one evening serenade while they were at the Thornes'. It was the last evening they were to spend there; and the music very much delighted the girls. The evening for the Glee Club concert brought a pouring rain; but the little Lyceum Hall, always too small for these entertainments, was crammed full of youth and beauty; and the delight at the songs was, as usual, most enthusiastic.

Mr. Cartier was pleased to devote himself during these June days to this party of friends; and it soon became apparent to all to whom his attentions were especially offered; for he was even more devoted to Kate Wentworth than Huntingdon had ever been. His gallantry, though always the pink of politeness and decorum, was something essentially different from what had ever been tendered the girl before. It indicated plainly, though perhaps in a manner too subtle for analysis, the social school in which the young gentleman had been reared. It was almost impossible to refuse his attentions with-

out positive rudeness; and Kate accepted them and enjoyed them to a degree and in a manner which alarmed some of her friends a little, and harrowed poor Villiers cruelly enough, though with the exception of vouchsafing one of his grave looks now and then he made no sign.

Others were, however, not so delicate, or at least saw their duty in the premises differently; and one day Kate was surprised at receiving a little private advice from her friend Haskill.

"That Cartier is getting to be a fast friend of yours," he said to her, suddenly.

"Hardly a friend, Mr. Haskill, though he is very polite and entertaining."

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the Senior, quaking inwardly.

"What? — that he is polite and entertaining?" and she laughed brightly.

"No: that he is not a friend of yours. He isn't fit to be any girl's friend. He is worse than the other one, if possible."

Kate flushed with anger, and her blue eyes gleamed. She looked at the little fellow by her side, whose heart sank into his very boots: he was so thoroughly frightened that she relented at once. It was not an hour since she had heard something of the kind hinted at by her best friend, Mary Eldredge.

"I thought you couldn't know," said Haskill, humbly, by way of apology, "though of course it wasn't my business to tell you."

"Yes, it was," said Kate, graciously, for her anger had quite vanished, "and I thank you too. Of course

I know him only as I meet him. He is received everywhere, and he is very polite and entertaining; though I have always thought him a very simple person."

"Well," said Haskill, in his own peculiar manner, for his courage returned at the prospect of a bit of fresh gossip, "perhaps he is simple, but *I* don't believe it. I know he is invited everywhere, and made much of; but it's a shame that it is so, for everybody knows all about him here in Cambridge. I can't altogether understand it, unless it is because people don't realize what a thoroughly good-for-nothing fellow he is. He has good looks and assurance, and plenty of money, and something of the foreign way about him that is taking, I suppose, for he has been the rage among the Cambridge girls ever since he has been here; and yet if one of us were to be guilty of his iniquities, it would fare hard with him."

"You are a little severe on poor Mr. Cartier."

"No, I am not; and if I could only talk to you as I could to your brother, you would say that I am not. He has spent, in the six or seven months that he has been here, over thirty thousand dollars."

Kate looked her surprise.

"He gave a supper to the 'Elise Holt Troupe,' that cost a small fortune; and that is the least questionable of his expenditures. He isn't a fit companion for anybody."

Kate was silent.

"I think the worst feature of it is that he seems to be unconscious that he is doing any thing out of the way. He has grown up so, and it all comes as natural to him as breathing; and that accounts for his being such

a mighty innocent-looking fellow. He has fitted up a place, — 'The Den,' they call it, — he and Huntingdon and a couple of law-students; and they say it's a regular gambling-place, and that, if the police knew of it, there would be trouble. I haven't been there myself, for they are mighty careful who goes in, as of course they want to keep it select and secret; but it is no secret to any one in the college. But I suppose, the worse he is, the more he will be admired: it is so romantic to be almost a Russian, and to have no end of money to spend, and — and to be wicked," and the little fellow sighed in a way that was comical.

Just then who should be ushered into the room but this wicked Mr. Cartier himself! At the same time Haskill departed.

It was almost impossible for a lady, looking at him as he stood there, to believe much to his discredit: he was the very picture of fresh, innocent, manly youth, a splendid figure, ruddy face, honest blue eyes, light, curling hair and whiskers. I think Kate was not very well pleased at what her two friends had told her. Henceforth she must needs regard him with suspicion, while before she had experienced only enjoyment in his company, regarding him, as she had said, as an entertaining young man who was not over-supplied with brains. Could he be so entirely worthless? She did not believe it, though her confidence had been shaken; and her manner lacked its usual cordiality, as the young student noticed with surprise.

"How do you come on with your law-studies, Mr. Cartier?" she said to him, suddenly.

"Oh, ah! well, not so very famously," said Mr.

Cartier, rather taken back at the question; for it was not often that law-studies were the theme of his discourse.

"Do you find it pleasant reading Blackstone? I believe you call it 'reading,' don't you?" Kate continued, with her pleasantest smile.

"Oh, well, no. I am not reading Blackstone's. I — I am reading Kent's. You see, I am not studying law exactly, but only getting up international law a little; and as soon as I have read my two years here, I am to have any position I desire on the Russian legation at St. Petersburg. Prof. Smith advised me not to begin with Blackstone's, but to take Kent's; and I believe Kent's is altogether the best."

"Is there much of it?" was Kate's next interrogatory.

"Four volumes," responded the future employee of the United States; "but only the first volume is about international law. I — I read some whenever I can, and I am almost half through."

"Half through with Kent?"

"Oh, no: half through with the first volume. You see, it's more a matter of form, after all, than any thing else. I shall complete the regular course at the Law School in two years, and have my diploma, whether I read any or not; and, you know, I am not obliged to do any thing, and only came here to please my father."

"And the lectures," said Kate, graciously, for she seemed determined to call the young man to account, "do you find them pleasant?"

"The lectures were such a fearful bore," returned Cartier, "that I gave them up long ago; but I shall get my diploma just the same. Oh, I am bound to get my diploma. I promised Gen. King and my father that I

would do that. My father sent me to Siberia, to take charge of the business there. It was a fearful place; and things didn't go well, as he soon discovered. I was three hundred thousand francs in debt in about nine months. My father was fearfully angry; brought me back to St. Petersburg, and gave me no money at all for almost six months. Then I went to Paris on some business for him; and I got very badly in debt there; and I don't know what would have become of me, if it had not been for Gen. King. He interceded for me again; and my father paid my debts, on the express agreement that I should study hard for two years here, and get my diploma. I promised to do this, and of course I must. But I can get it just as well without going to the lectures; and, indeed, I hardly find time to go.

"But that don't trouble me," he continued, with an expression of serious thoughtfulness altogether foreign to his face. "I mean about my diploma; but I don't see how I am going to stay here, unless my father gives me some more money; and I am fearfully afraid he won't give me any thing more. He gave me my money for the two years, fifteen thousand a year, three times as much as Gen. King said was sufficient; and declared that, whatever happened, I should not have any more till the two years expired; and I am afraid he will keep his word, unless Gen. King can intercede for me again. My father will be so angry, I fear it will be of no use," he added, ruefully.

"It seems almost incredible that you could need more money," said Kate, with a dash of scorn in her manner, which was entirely lost upon the student.

"It is all gone," he returned, simply; and Villiers and Will Adams entering the room, the question was not discussed further.

It was Class Day evening. The great wish of Haskill's heart had been accomplished. Mrs. Wentworth and Kate had been his guests since morning; and there had been no more thoroughly happy man in the college than he. Kate had entered so heartily into the pleasures of the day, that her enjoyment had been something good to behold. With rare tact she had turned away one after another of the admirers who had sought her for the dances or the promenade, and had saved her favors for the almost friendless Senior. She made his spread the triumph of the day, the most frequented of all; and the little man, who had indeed been most thoughtful and kind, and omitted no possible attention to the ladies, had fairly revelled in the glory of the occasion.

It was night: the festivities were well-nigh done, and the day which crowns the student's college life with its joys and festivities had already drawn to a close. A dusky circle was gathered in the gloom around the window in Haskill's room in Holworthy, resting after the excitement and fatigue of the day, talking over the varied incidents, listening to the tread of many feet underneath the elms below, the hum of voices, and the ringing songs of the Glee Club that from time to time burst forth from the stand in front of the old hall.

Perhaps even Rose Thorne felt the shadow of the parting which was so swiftly drawing near to her; for she said to Haskill, "You must feel very sorry to think

that your college days are ended, and you are to leave Cambridge so soon."

"Sorry to leave Cambridge!" exclaimed the Senior, brusquely. "Well, I am not, and that's the truth. I don't see how that could be possible. I consider Cambridge the meanest place I have ever had the fortune to abide in in my short existence of twenty-two years and three months."

There was no little mirth at the young man's frankly expressed opinion. "Mr. Haskill is as peculiar as he is decided in his sentiments regarding Cambridge," said Kate.

"Well, maybe I am peculiar," returned that gentleman, stoutly; "but I am honest. Farewell, ye muddy streets and foggy mornings, ye clouds of dust, and droves of squealing pigs and bleating sheep and lowing herds! Farewell, O bell, thou that hast for four years summoned us when we could but obey! In vain we tried to drag thee down from thy belfry. Farewell, O Thayer Club! I shall nevermore regale me on thy familiar viands. No: if there is one thing that I am thankful for, it is that I can shake off the dust of Cambridge from my feet forever."

"But you must be fond of some of your classmates," said Miss Eldredge, seriously.

"I don't know," said Haskill, with equal seriousness. "Some of them are well enough; but, to tell the honest truth, there are hardly six of them that I really know. No, I have no regrets of any nature. I am going to the medical school next year. The old gent has set his heart on my being a doctor; and as it makes no sort of difference to me, I am going to accommodate

day, though I can hardly make the statement without disgracing myself."

"Why, what can it be, Will?" said Miss Eldredge, in a low, anxious tone.

"Shall I go on, Sam?"

"Yes." All listened intently to Adams's recital, sitting there in the gloom, with no sound save the murmur of distant voices, and the sound of footfalls echoing in the quadrangle.

"You know Cole of our class?" and Adams turned to Huntingdon.

"Yes, I know who he is," returned that gentleman; "but," he added, sarcastically, "I have never cultivated his acquaintance."

"No, I suppose not," continued Adams. "He is one of the scrubs of the class; that is, any one would say so thoughtlessly, and perhaps some might think so after acquaintance with him. There were very few of us who knew him: you did, Sam?"

"Yes," said Sam. Now all was silent both within and without.

"You have noticed" (again Adams addressed Huntington) "that Cole has been absent from recitations for quite a number of days?"

"No," said Huntingdon, shortly: "I have noticed nothing at all about him."

"This man," continued Adams, "entered our class last fall. He was a very modest, unassuming gentleman, unknown to everybody; and as he wore very plain clothes, and attended strictly to his own affairs, no one cared to know him or to notice him, except to wonder at the recitations he made, which were simply perfect.

Whenever he was called up, we used to lie back, and laugh and wink at each other; for he would go on with a translation as long as he was permitted; and there seemed to be no such thing possible as pumping him dry, no matter how many questions were asked him. Well, it seems that Villiers was the first to hunt him up; and he found him living down in Divinity Hall (why, *I* hardly knew there was such a place), and so very poor, that he was simply starving himself, trying to live on eighty cents a week. Just think of it for a minute, — a gentleman living, or rather dying, on eighty cents a week! I believe he went through much of the cold weather without an overcoat or any thing like a substitute for one; while there were scores of fellows in the college, and even in the class, spending hundreds and even thousands of dollars worse than foolishly. Why, my bill just for cigars has been over three hundred dollars this term; and I am no smoker either. But Villiers, when he found he was diffident about taking any aid from him, brought his case before the doctor, so that he had money enough supplied him to provide the necessaries of life, all that he could be induced to accept. Villiers cultivated his friendship, and took as many of the fellows down to see him as he could prevail on to go, and did all that was in his power to make it easy and pleasant for him; though he knew that Cole was sure to take the first place on the rank-list away from him. Sam here, used to go and see him pretty often, and so did Lyman and Longstreet. I told you that I could not tell the story without disgrace to myself. I never entered his room till last Monday."

Here a soft, white hand was put into his own. It

was commonly enough remarked that what a girl like Mary Eldredge could see in Will Adams, to make him worthy of her regard, was a mystery; but perhaps her perception was not so much at fault as was supposed. "Go on, Will," she half whispered.

"There is very little more. About ten days or two weeks ago we began to miss Cole from recitation; but no one thought much about it. Monday I heard that he was very sick with typhoid fever; that was really almost the first I knew about him. I met Lyman by chance, as he was going down to see how he was, and he told me what I have told you; and I went down to the room with him. It was enough to stir the pity in any one, to go into that room, and see how that noble man had lived and worked; and I shall never forget the sight of his pale, worn face as I saw it Monday afternoon. It seems he had been sick three or four days before any one discovered it. It was Villiers that found him; and he and Sam took care of him for almost a week before the rest of us knew about it.

"Well, those first three or four days were what settled the matter against him. Villiers called in a doctor immediately; but he shook his head. 'If I had been there at first,' he said, 'I might have thrown the fever off; but he seems completely run down, and I see no chance for him whatever. All that can be done is to nurse him and care for him;' and that has been done tenderly and carefully of late. Some of the fellows have been with him night and day, and he has had the best possible attention. They sent for his mother as soon as her address could be obtained."

"We all know where Mr. Villiers is now," said Kate.

"Yes: he and Longstreet have been with him since the forenoon. He is delirious most of the time, and seems to prefer Villiers to any one else; and Charley said that Class Day was nothing to him, and insisted on staying with Villiers; and they are down there now, I suppose."

"Has the young man's mother come?" asked Mrs. Wentworth, rising.

"She had not this evening," replied Adams.

"She had not an hour ago," said Sam.

"Why did you not tell me of this before?" and she took Sam's arm. "I must go to your sick friend at once;" and the dusky group around the window dissolved into the inner darkness of the room, and Haskill's Class Day was at an end.

On the morrow Rose Thorne was to sail over seas for a sojourn of perhaps two years in a foreign land, and she whose image had been for a year so cherished by our student was to withdraw herself from his mortal vision for that interminable period. He had secured the boon of driving her home that Class Day night, though he could hardly realize, as he sat by her side on the sultry, starlit, summer evening, that his last moments alone with her were fast slipping away.

Although his companion was so entirely composed, the young man had been in a fever of excitement, these latter days, and was haggard and worn, — that rosy, hearty young fellow. Curious thoughts, foreign to the hour and his purpose, crowded through his brain. He thought of his sick and perhaps even now dying classmate; and his own hope seemed to burn

with scarcely more vigor than that feeble, fluttering flame of life down in Divinity. He thought of his two years more of college, of the work to be thereafter entered upon, and of life's battle to be won. He thought of his friend so perfect in his self-control, so steadfast in his devotion to duty; and contrasted his strong manhood with his own selfish, impetuous, almost foolish desires. Rose had her thoughts as well: perhaps, however, the fatigue consequent upon the enjoyment and excitement of the day made her content to suffer the silence to remain unbroken; and thus they drove on.

Two hours later he assisted Rose to alight from the carriage, at her own door. She stood on the steps a moment, waving him a good-night, a sad, white, delicate figure, in the light of the weird moon which had just risen, oh, so lovely! and then the door closed on her; and he felt that he was alone in the world, — alone, in spite of mother, sister, and friends, as he had never dreamed a human being could be.

How much of hope and bitterness, of passion and disappointment, of success and mortification, ay, of love too, and a deeper, stronger life, would come to him before he met her again, he knew not, and would not believe if he knew. He went forth into the night, so calm and still, to bear his first great disappointment.

All through that beautiful June afternoon, Villiers and Longstreet had watched by the sick man's bedside, and ministered to him with woman's tenderness. The soft breeze of summer had breathed through the room, and at times the faint sound of music from the distant

festivities had floated hither on the gentle air, telling of beauty and youth, dancing, gayety and happiness; but these three, the living and the dying, had no thoughts for scenes like those. The long summer day had waned; and with the setting sun had come faint echoes of the ringing cheers which told that the Seniors had met together for the last time. The mantle of night fell gently, and one by one the stars shone out. The far-off strains of the band sounded faintly and sweetly in the sick-chamber. The familiar songs of the Glee Club, indistinctly heard, told that the hours were creeping on. Then a ministering angel had come to soothe the last hours of the dying man, with that tender care which a woman alone can give; and there had been three watchers instead of two. While the riotous students were holding high revel over their class. punch in the distant hall, and those scores of pretty girls were sweetly dreaming of their partners of the day before, and Sam was pleading his unsuccessful suit with Rose Thorne; when the tumult and strife and hurry and bustle of the great world was at its lowest ebb, as the first cool breath of the morning was wafted into the room, — the great mystery of life and death was solved for one more soul. He went forth to meet his future, to a revelation which to his pure spirit could be only good, whatever it may bring of weal or of woe to those who are weak, uncertain, and wavering.

XXIII.

THE JUNIOR YEAR.

The Junior year used to be a pleasant resting-place between the grinding work required of the Sophomores and the spirited effort which the Seniors are wont to put forth; the pleasantest by far of the four, — "the loafing year," as Haskill had said. It was at this point in the curriculum that elective studies first made their appearance, affording, to a limited degree, an opportunity for the individual tastes of different men to follow out an inclination for classics, or mathematics, or the sciences. It not unfrequently used to happen that the choice of electives gave a man a very considerable amount of leisure. There might be three days in the week with only two recitations, possibly one or two days with only one. Therefore it is, that there is less to chronicle of those easy, idle days, and that there used to be fewer distinctive features of this year than of any other.

A group of our Juniors had gathered, one noon early in the term, under the broad elms in front of Hollis, and were in right merry mood. Longstreet was talking, laughing, and gesticulating, as was his wont when well pleased. He and Sam had just come from their recitation in elective Greek; and he was telling the company what a funny time they had had there.

"You see, fellows, it is just the very best elective of all: there is no trouble of preparing a lesson. We trot out our 'ponies' in the recitation-room, right under old Sophy's nose, and squirt every time; and the 'Athenian' is perfectly satisfied. If he propounds any conundrum about the construction, (as he doesn't often,) give a good guess, and you are all right. There isn't a man of us all that ever pretended to know any thing about Greek, except Wentworth; and Sophy deads him regularly."

"That's so!" said Sam, glumly. "The less you know, the better you get on with him. He is down on 'my Syntax,' and fairly scowls at you when you give a rule out of it. I believe I'll petition to change my elective."

"He's just been roughing Wentworth," continued Longstreet, gleefully. "He had him up to-day, and the young man made a splendid squirt; had dug it all out with lexicon and grammar. But old Sophy looked glum enough. 'Why did they use the aorist optative in this place, Mr. Wentworth?'" said Longstreet, mimicking to the life the broken English of the professor. "Sam got off a learned disquisition, inspired by 'my Syntax,' that would have covered him with glory last year. We all lay back, and grinned and winked at each other, for we knew what was coming; and you had better believe the old fellow looked black. '*No!* NO! NO!—Mr. Williamson;' and Sam sat down, mad enough too. Well, Williamson knows some Greek: so he gave a rule, and Sophy deaded him; and saw me laughing, and called me up. 'Mr. Longstreet, why did they use the aorist optative here?' You see, I had heard all about the old fellow's dodges: so I merely

looked wise, and said I supposed it was because they wanted to. 'Right!' said he; and he nodded most benignantly at me. 'It was because they did, because they wanted to. Very right.'"

Of course everybody laughed at this original way of teaching Greek syntax.

"Tell them the rest of it," said Sam: "don't stop there."

"Yes, by Jove! the rest of it is the best of it," said Longstreet, in no wise disconcerted. "I was for sitting down while I was in luck; but Sophy told me to go on with the translation: so I squirted out of a pony leaf in my book till he stopped me. The word 'lion' occurred in the text. 'Mr. Longstreet,' said he, and the old cove's eyes twinkled, 'how came there to be lions in the Peloponnesus?'

"That was a poser. 'I suppose they must have swum across from Africa,' I said.

"'No,' and he shook his head ominously.

"'Perhaps they came around by the way of Asia Minor and the Straits.'

"'No,' with a blacker look than before.

"'Then they must have escaped from a menagerie.'

"'No,' and he looked like a small thundercloud. Well, I gave it up.

"'There were no lions in the Peloponnesus.' He had me there, didn't he?"

This old professor, a native Greek, — "the Athenian," as they used to call him in distinction from the younger Greek professor, who was known as "the new Athenian," — used to be one of the institutions of the college. Deservedly a great favorite with the students,

he was at the same time the most peculiar of college officials. He was a queer-looking old fellow, short of stature, with curling, iron-gray hair, long, grizzled beard, and piercing eyes. He invariably appeared in a short blue cloak and tight-fitting blue cap. He lived entirely in his room in Holworthy, devoting every hour of time that could be spared from his duties to his dictionary. They used in Sam's day to tell many funny stories about him, and many which bore witness to his goodness of heart and friendly disposition toward the student. A few years, and his place will know him no more; but he will never be forgotten.

By this stage of the curriculum, the different sets of men in a class can be readily distinguished from each other. There are the "digs," less known and esteemed, and caring less for aught save study, than any others. There are the "scrubs," whose numerous ranks contain some of the best and most talented members of the class. It is hard to tell just what makes a man a scrub at Harvard. It is not the lack of money altogether, for some very poor students are sometimes very much liked by their classmates; though probably no man who had an abundance of money, and spent it freely, was ever considered a scrub. Nor does it depend on scholarship, for a scrub may be the first or the last man in the class; nor on refinement altogether, for some of the roughest specimens of the student are sometimes the most popular. In very many cases, — in most, perhaps, — where a man is counted a scrub, it is his misfortune rather than his fault. He in some way makes an unfavorable impression at the outset; and then it goes wrong with him

all through the four years. There was Haskill, a thoroughly good fellow. One who knew him well could not help liking him. But he came to Cambridge from the far West; he brought with him no letters of introduction; his manners were peculiar, his speech idiomatic, his dress plain. At the outset, he was set down as a scrubby fellow; and nobody cared to know him. He never belonged to any college society; he never belonged to any "set;" he never saw the inside of a Cambridge drawing-room, or enjoyed the first social privilege during his college life, until Mrs. Wentworth took him to her heart, and invited him to her house, after which the Thornes permitted him to call. There used to be scores of such cases in every class; doubtless there are now. Perhaps the professors did their whole duty when they heard the hour's recitation, and marked the men fairly. Perhaps they could not with reason be called upon to introduce the rabble of college boys to their families. But the exclusiveness that was invariably manifested by these gentlemen in Sam's day bore hard on many a young fellow away from home and friends.

Then there are the "boating set," and the "ball men," and the "good livers," and the "society men," and the "botanists," and the "naturalists:" in short, if a man had any accomplishment to perfect, or any fancy to please, the Junior year used to be the time in which of all others he might carry out his plans.

There is quite a new set on the river at this time, — quiet, gentlemanly fellows, who take the old "lap." or a discarded shell, and pull in a complacent, dignified way, as only Juniors can. The Delta resounded, every one

of the mellow autumn days, with the crack of the bat as the ball went whizzing through the air. How happy these Juniors are! They could never play ball before as much as they desired; but now they can practise to their hearts' content. If one falls in with a pair of students miles away from Cambridge, tramping through woods and over fields, collecting specimens of plants or minerals or insects, they are sure to be Juniors, — complacent, dignified, happy Juniors. At least, it used to be so in those days.

About this time a curious determination possessed Mr. Huntingdon. He had made up his mind to win distinction as a crack oar, and to pull in the Harvard in his chum's place. He proposed this to Smith, who simply laughed at him. Then he offered his services to the captain of the class crew, who very politely declined the tender. Nothing daunted by these two failures, he concluded to organize a crew of his own.

"Chum," he said suddenly one day, "I am going to put a crew on the river, and I want you to pull stroke."

"I am sorry I cannot accommodate you," replied Sam; "but, if I pulled in any boat, it would be with Smith and Tom."

"But this is only a crew for practice: there will be no training or hard work, and you shall be captain."

Sam smiled, and replied, "I have given up work in a six-oar, chum." Mr. Huntingdon was fain to seek another captain.

Yes, Sam had given up work in a six-oar. If he had a reason, or thought he had one, for refusing to pull the year before, it was laziness or indifference that alone

kept him out of the boat now; for he was a very different man this Junior year, as will more fully appear further on. One would hardly have recognized him as the easy, happy fellow of a twelvemonth ago. He was, however, too much of a water-dog to give up the river altogether. Jointly with Villiers he had purchased a double-scull, which the two stalwart young fellows propelled with tremendous power. In this craft they explored the river for miles above the dam, carrying the boat around falls or shoals or rapids; and they used frequently to start off early of a Saturday morning, with a basket of lunch, and make a day of it, down the harbor. They pulled so well that few boats could follow them.

Huntingdon was a very persevering man, though, indeed, it was not difficult for him to find five men to join his crew, most incongruous elements though they were; men whom Huntingdon had snubbed in the days gone by, but who were drawn together by a common bond, — the love of boating; disappointed candidates for the class boat; men whose dream of happiness had been to pull in a six-oar, and who now saw a possibility of realizing their hopes; all as enthusiastic as a captain could desire.

Huntingdon's plan was to use the old club lapstreak, at least for a time. The class shell was too crank for a company of beginners; but the old lap. was the very thing, — safe, comfortable, and light; and she hung strapped to the rafters in the boat-house, of no service to any one. The class boat-club that had purchased her was practically long since defunct. He himself was a member; but as several of his crew were not,

just for form's sake, he thought he would mention the matter to some of the members, and see if there was any objection to his using the boat.

"Oh, that is all right; make such use of her as you please: she is of no service to any one," was the reply to his queries. At length one morning all was in readiness; the new crew met together at the boat-house, and actually got under way. To be sure, the oars took the water in a succession truly Freshmanic; and the boat tacked from one side of the river to the other, like a close-hauled craft beating to windward. They did better next time, however; and there was a fair prospect that Huntingdon's crew might come to something in time. One morning, not long after this, they assembled at the boat-house stripped for their usual morning pull; but the boat was gone.

"Well, this is interesting!" said the stroke, with a blank look.

"She hasn't been out for a year, except as we have used her," said another.

"Some of the club men must have taken her," suggested a third. "They have a good right to her, I suppose."

"That must be it," said Huntingdon, thoughtfully. "It was such a charming morning, I dare say they thought they would take a paddle. Wait awhile: they can't be gone long." The men lounged around expectantly for an hour, and then dispersed without their pull; and one of them who went out in his wherry reported on his return that he had seen the boat and a club crew at Watertown.

Next day there was no boat again; and the follow-

ing day the result of their stripping, and coming down to the boat-house, was the same. The men began to grumble.

"Interest in boating seems to be coming up all of a sudden," said Huntingdon, sarcastically. "It looks precisely as though this thing was done on purpose, so that we shouldn't use their old ark. I mean to stay here, fellows, till she comes back, and see who has taken her, and what it all means. I promise you it shall not happen again;" and Huntingdon waited: the rest dispersed.

Presently the nose of the boat shot out from under the bridge, and the measured pace of a six-oar brought her quickly up to the raft; and in an instant she was alongside. Huntingdon recognized half a dozen well-known classmates, none of them his dearest friends. Hawes had been pulling stroke, and Smith bow; and there were Lyman, Longstreet, and Adams.

"How are you, Huntingdon?" called out Longstreet, as he jumped briskly out of the boat. "We have been out for a little pull, you see. It's splendid exercise this fall weather; the very best thing in the world to set a man up for the winter;" and he bustled consequentially about, putting away the oars.

"Then you doubtless propose to continue the recreation."

"Yes," returned Adams, with cool indolence. "I, for one, am going to train for Wentworth's place in the Harvard; and I want to pull all I can, so as to get Tom's stroke;" and he looked admiringly at his arms, which were as soft and white as a girl's.

"Oh, well, of course I'm going to train for the Har-

vard too," said Longstreet, drawing up his biceps, and looking at his show of muscle with a very knowing expression. "You needn't laugh: stranger things than that have happened."

"This is what I wanted to ascertain," said Huntingdon, with dignity; "for, knowing your plans, I can make my arrangements to suit them. It is not very pleasant to get ready for a pull, and find that the boat is gone."

"You have wanted to use the boat!" exclaimed Longstreet, in a loud and surprised tone. "Well, that is news. — I say, fellows, Huntingdon has been getting his crew together, and coming to take a pull every day; and we have been out in the boat ourselves; and they were getting on so finely too, so everybody said. It is too bad, isn't it?"

At this there were grave faces and very general expressions of sympathy, and regrets that their pulls should have been so ill-timed; but all the while the winks and knowing looks exchanged among the young fellows were enough to make it apparent to a much less sophisticated person than Huntingdon, that he was being most decidedly roughed. He stood quiet a few moments; one or two finished dressing, and went away.

"Well, fellows," he said at length, "if I had for a moment imagined I was not perfectly welcome to the boat, I would not have used her on any account."

"Wouldn't have tried to, you mean," called out Longstreet, as he dashed off.

"You are perfectly welcome to the old craft," said Lyman, with cool indifference, as he walked leisurely with Huntingdon up from the boat-houses. You would have thought, to look at them so polite and courteous

to one another, and so ready to accommodate, that they were the best friends possible.

"We can use the boat in the afternoon, if that will not interfere with your recreation," suggested Huntingdon, blandly; for he had made up his mind to use her in spite of all opposition.

"Certainly," returned Lyman: "suit your own convenience in this matter. Our *recreation* is of no consequence compared with the training of your crew. Use the boat whenever you like;" but the worthy Junior added to himself that he would be —— if his estimable classmate should do any such thing.

The afternoon pull came off once; and the next day the new crew found that all pulling in that boat was forever ended. Somebody had stove her in, in half a dozen places; the oars were broken, the rowlocks torn off, the rudder unhinged and gone; and the gallant old craft which had taken so many jolly fellows on so many jolly larks, which had trained so many oars that had afterward honored the college, which had been bravely through a score of races where she always had done her best, which had been so long stanch and true, so obedient to her master, so willing, so brave, — lay a wreck on her side with half a dozen death-stabs, her usefulness departed forever.

It was evident now to any one what this sudden interest in boating, among men who had not pulled a stroke for two years, signified. "An enemy hath done this," was the involuntary thought of each one as they gazed at the ruin in silence.

Not to be baffled in this way, Huntingdon bought a boat from the Sophs., and so kept his crew on the river.

It is evident from this incident that members of the same class do not always bear the spirit of brotherly love to one another.

One bright Saturday morning, in the fall, a large crowd was collected in front of Hollis; a cushion was placed in a certain window in the second story of the old hall; and a sleek-looking young fellow, with a glossy silk hat and an independent air, nonchalantly seated himself thereon, facing the crowd below. When comfortably settled, his hat waved in the air; and the short, sharp cheers for the respective classes of undergraduates rang out, and broke the stillness of the morning.

"What's that?" asked one Freshman of another, as they tumbled down the steps of University.

"Mock parts," returned the knowing youth. "Come along; they are bully. We are just in time: they've not begun yet." They broke into a most undignified run, and swelled the crowd just in time to join in the abortive cheers for their own class, which is roughed on this occasion as much as may be; a general howl arising and drowning their often undecided "*Rah, Rah, Rah!*"

Lyman was reading in his cool, self-possessed way, the humorous description of the procession of "part" men and others which are supposed to be *en route* for the hall where the exercises of Junior exhibition were to commence on their arrival. The narrator hit off local customs and personal peculiarities, stopping gravely, as some well-aimed shaft of wit or sarcasm struck its mark, till the noise of the clapping of hands and the pealing laughter subsided: then, as the grotesquely ridiculous

procession entered the hall, Lyman read over one after another the "mock parts," or supposed subjects on which the imaginary orators were to hold forth for the edification of the audience.

This reading of mock parts used to be one of the very best incidents of the year. If a man had at any time, during the two years and two months of his college life, made himself conspicuous in any way, he was sure to hear of it at mock parts, in a way that was certain to amuse and gratify the three hundred auditors who were present, listening with eager ears, rather than himself. A part, or perhaps half a dozen of them, would be read over his name; a familiar quotation, a well-known line of poetry, a few suggestive words, calling up the particular incident in an unmistakable way; his good actions, his folly, his vices, his conceit; an awkward predicament of the time gone, an unfortunate name, a Quixotic idea, an absurd pretension,—nothing escaped the censorship of mock parts. For the most part, this was good-naturedly given and taken. The parts were sent in to the committee, none knowing whence they came, and were read unless too bad.

How could it be expected that so unfortunate and ludicrous an adventure as that of our friend Huntingdon, when he was struggling in the water with an irate Freshman that cold November night a year before, should escape notice at such a time as this? Fully one third of the parts — one-half that had been handed in, the committee said — were with reference to this matter; and every possible change was rung upon it. Of course all the Sophs. present were noisy in their demonstrations when part after part was read, hitting off this

midnight adventure of the swelly Junior. They could understand the joke here if they could not in most of the other cases, and made up for their enforced silence. Who could blame them? had not Huntingdon treated them, for the most part, last year, as though they were dogs? It was their turn now.

There was quite a little knot of Juniors too, Huntingdon's own classmates, who were especially delighted at these parts, and hooted and huzzaed and clapped their hands, whenever one of them was read, in a very marked manner. Many of the class forebore, for after the first four or five there was little to laugh at; but this particular group seemed bound to be very highly pleased at this incident. It was plain enough to any one of the three hundred gathered under the window of Hollis Hall that morning, whether tutor or professional student or goody or undergraduate, that Mr. Walter Huntingdon was being most decidedly roughed. Some men said it was too bad,—some of the more considerate. Villiers looked very grave indeed, and expressed his displeasure in decided terms; but for the most part the class didn't care, except that it was something to talk about for two or three days.

Perhaps the most suggestive feature of the morning was the fact that, in the arrangements for carrying out the morning's programme, Huntingdon had been entirely ignored. His advice had not even been asked on any one matter. What a change in the position of the man who a year ago ruled so prosperously! and for the most part it had all been brought about by three or four determined men.

The Faculty had seen fit to assign Sam a Greek ver-

sion for Junior exhibition, which was to come along presently. The young man had climbed to the fifth place on the rank-list for last year, to the satisfaction of his friends at home; and he ought to have been well pleased with his year's grind.

XXIV.

THE RUSSIAN.

After the memorable night in June when, as Sam used often to declare in a comically lugubrious way, "a glorious possibility was blotted out of his life forever," he was a changed being. A man who had never before known a gloomy hour, he had now the most terrible fits of "the blues;" a man whose whole being had overflowed with good-nature and kindness, his disposition seemed changed to bitterness itself; a man who had had the fullest and most perfect faith in all that was fair seeming, he appeared now to consider truth, integrity, and honor a myth, and fair intentions a cloak for treachery: he discovered a false motive in every good deed, empty show beneath fair advances; and a sharp and sarcastic remark was ever on his tongue.

His mother was at first surprised, then grieved, then alarmed, at the transformation. He was not her boy at all; and her tender heart was deeply wounded. Kate, equally surprised, at once suspected the truth, though there was that in her brother's manner which forbade inquiry even by her. She urged him to take a tour through the mountains, declaring that it must be dull for him at home; but the young man saw fit to remain

where he was, and made himself disagreeable and unhappy to his heart's content.

For a long time, Kate forbore all allusion to the cause of his troubles; but he was so comically woe-begone, that at last her humor got the better of her resolution, and she drew forth the whole story. She restrained all mirth, and did her best to entertain and comfort him; but his wounds were too deep for her simple surgery; they were not like the hurts that she used to kiss away when they were children. The old, simple, happy times were gone. The summer dragged slowly enough, and how quietly, in comparison with the last! It ended at last, however; and then came the return to college.

The two chums were not particularly fond of one another this Junior year. Huntingdon knew well "where the shoe pinched," as he expressed it, with Sam, and was in the habit of suggesting a sea-voyage as the best possible cure for melancholy, besides indulging in other pleasantry, until Sam one day cut him short in language more forcible than elegant. After this there was coldness and indifference between them; and Huntingdon was ever ready with one of his sneers.

Sam, on his part, had come to see his chum's character in very nearly its true light. He saw how false this man was, who had so fascinated him two years before, and whom he had loved with the ardor of his boyish, impetuous, confiding nature. As he was at this time without a grain of charity for any thing that savored of meanness or insincerity, or, indeed, for any thing that chanced to come under his own most royal displeasure, whether with good reason or not, his contempt

for Huntingdon was now as deep as his admiration had formerly been.

Wentworth was still a prominent and a rising man in the class and college. He had contributed much toward the splendid victory that the magenta had won over the blue, in July, at Quinsigamond; and though the men had all been heroes, his manly proportions, eminent strength, and graceful style had made his name synonymous with the perfection of aquatic accomplishment. Especially among the men in the younger classes, was his prowess a favorite subject for admiring gossip. That easy, indolent, half-supercilious manner, which had of old so commended itself to his taste, and which he had striven so hard to acquire, came to him quite naturally now, and became him wonderfully too; and many a Freshman sighed with envy as he regarded the well-favored, complacent, indifferent Junior, and thought that, were it possible to reach his standard of perfection, the measure of happiness would be more than full.

His own particular friends were indeed bound to him with bands of steel, although he had a way of saying sharp things, that might have made another man many enemies. Thanks to Villiers, he had learned to look with respect on the industrious, unobtrusive men of the class, whom he used to pass by with an indifference born of thoughtlessness, and to find in them much that he was honestly compelled to esteem; and these men felt kindly toward him for his notice. No student ever entered upon the Junior year with fairer prospects, or at least with more flattering possibilities.

His habits of work were in strong contrast with

those of a twelvemonth before. "Study is played out," he said to Villiers more than a score of times, in the cool, indifferent manner which now characterized him, and often with the weary feeling that every thing was "played out;" to which proposition Villiers was wont to reply only with a look from eyes tenderly anxious and sad. Nevertheless Sam studied much, earnestly at times, from sheer desperation for employment. He made friends with the jocund Cerberus of Gore Hall, not so easy a task for another man, and spent hours and hours in its silent alcoves, in communion with much that was good and much that was new. He often read far into the night, putting by his book only when his chum returned from some protracted revel; and the "midnight oil" was no myth to him now. By degrees he came to understand what Cole meant when he said that he studied purely for the love of study, and to realize that a very perfect happiness might be derived from books. But it was not yet time for him to profit to the full by the discovery; for he was too indifferent and careless, too difficult to please, to follow any thing long.

Villiers was only too kind and patient with his friend. Sam kept his own secret; and if Villiers mistrusted the cause of his changed disposition, he never in any way indicated his suspicions, or alluded to the past year. For the most part, Sam was different towards this friend than towards others. There was less snap and sarcasm in his manner; but sometimes he would have his sneer, even at Villiers and his philosophy and faith in the right. As their electives were different, they were less together than in the years before; though

Villiers was always ready to throw down his book, and go for a pull on the river, or a tramp through the country.

The memory of his classmate who had died at his post was often before him in these days; and, strolling by the hall one October afternoon, he thought he would go in and see Cole's room. Climbing the two flights of stairs, and proceeding cautiously along the dim passage-way, he paused at length before the door. A bit of pasteboard tacked on the panel bore the name of Cartier; and it was that gentleman's ever-cheerful face that peered out at him as the door was opened in response to his knock.

"Come in, Mr. Wentworth," said Cartier, extending his hand cordially.

Sam entered without a word, so great was his surprise at this most unlooked-for apparition; and he was still more surprised to see that appearances showed the law-student to be the occupant of the room.

"How long have you roomed here?" he said at length, gathering his wits together.

"Since the summer," returned the diplomat. "It is really kind of you to come and see me," said he, never guessing that the call was not intended for him.

"Didn't you like your other rooms?" queried Sam, innocently. (Cartier had been domiciled in elegant quarters in a private house.)

"Oh, yes; to be sure. I did not come down to this place from choice."

"No?" said Sam, a little puzzled. "How, then?"

"From necessity, my friend;" and Cartier laughed; though Sam thought chagrin and mortification had their part in it as well as mirth.

"You know," continued Cartier, passing Sam a costly pipe, and tobacco from an elegantly carved dish, "that I spent all the allowance I had, long ago. Since then I have had little to live on except the expectation that Gen. King (you know the General is United States Minister at St. Petersburg, and a great friend of my father's) would intercede, and get some more money for me. The General sent me a few hundreds; but he wrote that my father was terribly angry, and would give me nothing till the two years are up. I had paid nothing for my rooms; and, as the woman refused to wait, I was obliged to give them up; and I found out this place. I had paid nothing for my board, and was told that my place at the table was engaged. Well, I get on here pretty well, with plenty of bread and milk for breakfast, and coffee when I like to have it. I am almost always invited out to dinner. I bought a carpet," and he glanced at the bare floor; "but the fellow would not send it until it was paid for; and it is in the store now, I dare say. However, my father must give in soon. I am expecting every day to hear that he has."

It was indeed passing strange, Sam thought, that this young man, who a few months before had squandered money without stint, should be living here in Cole's room, breakfasting on bread and milk, and depending on invitations for a dinner. But he appeared not in the least overwhelmed at the change. Adversity sat as gracefully on his shoulders as affluence. He was the same debonair, ambrosial youth, apparently as content with a crust of bread and a cup of milk, as ever he had been with the greatest abundance. The room presented

a curious contrast of luxurious elegance and rude poverty. There was the bare floor, and the primitive chairs, table, and bureau, as it had been in Cole's time; the same wooden bedstead, with the college bed, was in the alcove: but a luxurious armchair was drawn up in front of the grate; a little stand close by held a collection of the choicest pipes, together with trays, tobacco-boxes, and smoker's paraphernalia, all of the most *recherché* pattern; a pair of solid silver candlesticks with half-burned candles were on the mantel; pictures, statuettes, and articles of *bijouterie*, were gathered promiscuously in a corner, just as they had been left three months before. On the table was a paper bag half full of sugar, and beside it an exquisite china cup and saucer and a pewter spoon. Several luxurious dressing-gowns lay about on the chairs: smoking-caps, several pair of foils and masks, boxing-gloves, French boots, slippers, neck-scarfs, jewelry, and jewel-cases, there were in abundance. Hundreds of dollars could not have purchased half the useless luxury that abounded, while the commonest articles of necessity and comfort were wanting.

Sam's curious eye took all this in, as he listened to the Russian's recital, puffing away all the time at the fragrant perrique.

"While you are waiting for the old gentleman to come around," he said, after a little silence, "you must not forget that you have friends, or hesitate to use them. I am always at your service. I know what it is," he continued with a smile, "to be left before the end of the term with nothing on hand, and be hard up; for I have experienced it myself."

"I may take you at your word some day," said Cartier, with an uneasy laugh.

"Pray do so now," returned Sam, earnestly.

"No, not just now, though I thank you much;" and he shook Sam's hand warmly.

"There is one thing that puzzles me," said our student, frankly, though with a feeling that he might be treading on dangerous ground; "and that is, I can't understand how you can possibly have spent such a large sum of money as you had at your disposal in so short a time."

"Oh," laughing, "I can enlighten you. The ladies had a good share of it: they run away with money tolerably fast," said the Russian, with an air of indescribable complacency.

"The ladies?" repeated Sam, innocently, immediately thinking over in his mind Miss Eldredge and half a score of nice Cambridge girls. "They scarcely permit a gentleman to spend much money for them."

"Ah? No! perhaps not," said Cartier with a curious look at his guest; "but that depends. However, I cannot lay at their door the loss of all my money, or even the larger part of it. No, my friend, I lost it, as I have lost much before, at play;" and the host carelessly rolled and lighted a fresh cigarette.

Sam's looks showed that he did not fully comprehend the force of the statement.

"Yes," continued Cartier: "the largest part of the money I had for the two years I lost at play; only, instead of *rouge et noir*, it was your chum's confounded poker that was my undoing."

Our friend was more in the dark than before; and he

repeated the word "poker" mechanically, to the manifest enjoyment of his *vis-à-vis*, who laughed pleasantly.

"It is amusing to me, my friend, when I think of it," he said, after his mirth had subsided; for he was far too polite to suffer his guest to discern that he had been laughing at him: "I spent a couple of thousand fitting up the 'Den;' and it, together with your friend Huntingdon and his little game of poker, have been my undoing. More than twenty thousand dollars went into the pockets of your excellent Mr. Huntingdon. But I regret nothing;" and he deftly rolled another cigarette. "My father must come around before long, and then I must have my revenge. Permit me: your pipe has gone out;" and with his easy grace he presented a lighted piece of paper to Sam.

"I — I — thank you: I believe I won't smoke any more," said Sam, returning the pipe to its owner. He had been slow to comprehend Cartier's statements, but he understood all now. So his chum was no better than a gambler, who had fleeced this rather simple-witted, if not unsophisticated, young foreigner. Curiously, as he afterwards thought, it never occurred to him to attach any blame to Cartier: he was so absolutely unconscious himself of any moral obliquity, — considering money expended for "the ladies," or won or lost at play, as so entirely a matter of course, — was so frank and honest in his statements, and so innocent looking withal, that no one who knew him ever thought for a moment of blaming him for any thing he did; though, as Haskill had said, his doings would have made another man an outcast from society.

"By the way," resumed Cartier, "we have never had

the pleasure of seeing you at the 'Den.' Won't you accompany me there some time? One is not obliged to play; and the company is limited as to numbers, and always choice."

"Thank you," said Sam, feeling, however, a little uneasy: "I should like to go with you much."

"Then we can go now. Excuse me, but my room has to serve for dressing-room as well as for reception;" and the Russian doffed his dressing-gown and slippers, donned his street apparel, and the two young men set out for the Den.

An attractive Den it was for most young fellows. The house was small, and stood on a quiet street some minutes' walk from the college buildings, surrounded with trees, and having an air of modest, cosey comfort. It had been leased by the students who first originated the idea, and fitted up most admirably for the purpose for which it was intended. The rooms were warmly carpeted, and nicely furnished with every comfort that could be asked for by a student. All kinds of pipes, tobacco and cigars of every brand, and the choicest liquors, were supplied in profusion. The walls were hung with pictures of nude or scantily draped women, many of them photographs or engravings from originals of great artistic merit. A sable attendant ministered to the wants of the company, and kept the premises wholesome and clean between times.

Sam had never seen any thing quite like it all before. The company never was numerous, — usually not exceeding half a score, — and comprised professional students for the most part, some of them young bloods who had seen life in European capitals, others who were

more familiar with life on the frontier, and some commonplace enough. All drank much whiskey, and the apartments were dusky with tobacco-smoke. They talked a slang that puzzled the young fellow at first; but there was a certain fascination in their company that drew Sam often to the Den.

I think his purity, his fresh manhood, his unsuspecting singleness of heart, and his prowess which commanded respect for his better qualities, had a certain influence for good even over the reckless fellows who frequented this place. With the single exception of his chum, they were all very polite to him; admired his pipe, which was really the best-colored bowl in the college (Hawes had smoked "navy" in it all the year of Sam's probation); encouraged him to talk "boat," and were very fair and considerate toward him in their play, for the young man took his hand at poker with the rest of them, though it was rather the companionship and conversation (which from respect to him was kept quite decent, for the most part, when he was present) than the chances of winning or losing money that attracted him.

It was no fault of Huntingdon's that at this time he did not prove his chum's evil genius. It was no disgrace to a man like Cartier to lose a fortune at gambling, and it was a very ordinary matter with him. His father, whose wealth was really immense, was certain to give him another fortune, after punishing him with a little season of impecuniosity, the only chastisement with which he could reach his son. The vice made him a hero rather than otherwise, even with the most staid and respectable people of Cambridge. He was con-

scious of no wrong himself; and perhaps for the reason that he would shortly return to those parts where his habits were the fashion, no fault was charged upon him. The other men whom Sam met at the Den were for the most part young fellows of character, with a purpose at bottom, who, when they once entered upon the busy scenes of active life, would forget their youthful follies; but for this young student to have become involved would have been a far different matter. Yet Sam was thoughtless of all this, prone to follow an example which was for the time attractive; and Huntingdon, that personification of guile and fair-seeming purpose combined, was determined to ruin him if it were possible. Huntingdon never consummated these evil purposes, however.

Other avenues to ruin there were, which Cartier unwittingly (for in this he was a mere tool in the hands of Huntingdon) threw open to Sam's thoughtless feet. The simple-hearted boy, had no adequate idea of the foulness that was hid beneath all the beauty and blandishment which he saw in these new scenes, — at least he had none at first, — but destruction none the less threatened him on every side. In truth, he was treading dangerous ground. The honest work of the two preceding years was at this critical point his best safeguard. It had strengthened his natural purity, refined his tastes, ennobled his thoughts, and had imperceptibly infused itself throughout his whole being, making a consciously wrong action well-nigh impossible. It took the place of a religious principle, which might have saved another man; of a deep, soul-absorbing love which a year ago precluded any danger like this; of affec-

tion for mother and sister, powerless now to avert destruction; of a deep-seated devotion to duty, like his friend's, which as yet he had to learn. If Huntingdon was pre-eminently his evil genius, this was in a certain sense his guardian angel; for it had made vice or a sudden plunge into it almost impossible.

The young man was not to escape, however, without being sorely pressed. Though he could frequent the Den, and join in the play there without forming a love for this dangerous amusement; and though he could walk in those paths thick set with danger without once missing his foothold; though he could "see the world" without being of the world, as he reasoned to himself, — all this had its effect on his character and his notions of what was right and proper, until he came to look with different eyes on many things, and to admit to himself, and argue with Villiers, that such and such an action might not be so exceedingly reprehensible. Thus it came about that, though Huntingdon's plans all failed of an immediate result, they still were near bearing fruit exactly after their originator's heart, when in the later days of the term, after all danger from them had apparently passed away, the young student came near making shipwreck, from causes unforeseen, accidental, and unavoidable.

XXV.

KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

It so happened that one night early in the term, Sam was delayed in the city late, and that it was the last car, which leaves the Revere House at twelve o'clock, that he hailed at Charles Street. As the car slacked its speed, he jumped on, entered, and dropped into a corner sleepy and tired. Pulling his hat down over his eyes, after handing the conductor a ticket, he attempted to enjoy such rest for the next half-hour as might be had in a horse-car.

But it soon transpired that there was to be no rest for him at that time. Four or five students besides himself had taken passage; and, judging by their conduct, these latter seemed to think that the enjoyment of the evening was but just begun. They were in a decidedly hilarious condition, and were singing bits of ribald songs, cracking coarse jokes, and behaving any way except as decent young fellows ought. The conductor came in to pick up the fares, and made some little attempt to enforce order, and calm the disturbance; but he presently gave it up with a grin, and went back to his place on the platform. It was the "last car," and he was used to it.

These Freshman doings chanced on this particular

evening to be extremely disagreeable to the moody Junior who sat somewhat restlessly in the corner, with his hat pulled down over his eyes. He glanced quickly around at his fellow-travellers for a familiar face, if by chance there might be one, and for the first time caught sight of a female figure in the corner, at the other end of the car. It needed but a glance to see that the girl was most uncomfortable, and ill at ease; and Sam, as he glanced around once more, and comprehended her situation, looked ominous. He sprang to his feet, and gave the bell a jerk. The driver put on the brakes, and brought the car to a sudden stop, at the same time twisting his head around, and peering in through the door-glass, as though suspecting some Freshman trick. The conductor was on the spot in an instant, with an inquiring look.

Sam was still standing, and the Freshmen were suddenly quiet. "I want you to put those men off: they are 'disorderly' and 'intoxicated,' and are insulting that young lady;" and he pointed to a rule of the company, which was hung up in the car, forbidding the use of the car to intoxicated or disorderly persons.

The half-dozen Freshmen got on to their feet at once; the conductor, quite nonplussed at the unexpected demand, stood silent with a vacant stare; the driver, guessing that some row was imminent, started up his team; the girl sat shrinking in the corner, her face covered with her hands; while the confusion, which had ceased for a moment, became indescribable. The conductor recommended that they all be quiet, and that there be no fuss. One or two of the students were ready to fight, and asserted their willingness vocifer-

ously: others with equal determination shouted out their counsels for peace. All this time, Sam stood looking dangerous, and feeling ugly. Fight? he would like nothing better. He pulled the bell again with a determination. "I demand once more that you put these fellows off," he said savagely to the conductor. "They have no right here." At this, the conductor threw the door wide open, and invited the offenders to get out.

"See you —— first," was the rejoinder from a big Freshman who had put himself forward, while his friends shouted with laughter at the joke. "Get out yourself; and you too!" he cried to Sam. "Who in —— be you?" at the same time striking out with clenched fist.

The only reply was a blow which sent the unfortunate man with a crash half through a window, while the stalwart and muscular boatman glared at his remaining antagonists. He could easily have whipped them all in these close quarters, though more than one was no baby. But the girl, sobbing violently, and half frightened out of her wits, rushed between the belligerents, and clasped Sam's arm, half in fear, half in supplication.

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth, please stop!" she cried. "I — I don't mind the noise. It's no matter about me. I'll get out and walk. I'm not a bit afraid; only don't fight."

"Sit down!" said Sam, gruffly; "you shall do nothing of the sort: sit down, I say!" and he tried to shake her off.

"No, no, no!" cried the girl: "this trouble is all on my account. I'll go, and that will end it." And before

he could detain her, she had darted out through the still open door.

"This will never do," he muttered, looking first at his opponents, who were ready for a second attack, and then out at the darkness of the night. "I mustn't leave her here: she's worse off than before." And amid a shout of jeering laughter, and cries of "Stop him! Come back!" he too left the car.

Sam found his *protégée* clinging to the railing of the bridge for support, crying, and trembling like a leaf. She had been badly frightened at the rudeness of the students, and altogether terrified at the turn matters had taken, and the breach of the peace that ensued; and in spite of her protest to the contrary, she was also terrified at finding herself alone on Cambridge bridge at midnight, as what girl of seventeen would not be? The night was bleak, and she still had a childish terror of the dark; and thoughts of all the possibilities for evil connected with the situation, the hour, the darkness, the black rushing waters, the complete isolation, took possession of her, and quite deprived her of strength. She gave a scream of terror as Sam came up.

"It's only I," he said re-assuringly. "I am not going to desert you in any such fashion as that. Why! what is it?" as she went on crying violently. "I declare, you can hardly stand: take my arm. I assure you, you have nothing to fear now. I will see that no harm happens to you, and that you reach your home safely;" and waiting patiently, and offering such words of sympathy as the occasion inspired, when she was at length in some degree re-assured and soothed, the two took up the line of march through the gloom.

It was not long as they walked on through the darkness, before Sam found himself wondering what manner of maiden, if maiden it was, the fates had consigned to his care. A thick veil had effectually concealed her face while in the car; he had not even thought whether she was black or white: it was enough that she was a woman, and most grossly and dastardly insulted. But now, with the light pressure of her hand on his arm, and the slight touch of her figure at his side, he could not help wondering who she was, and what she was doing alone and unprotected in the city at that hour. Then he recollected that she had called him by name. "Oh, Mr. Wentworth!" she had said, using his name pat enough. Her voice was soft, sweet, and childish; but he could not recollect that he had ever heard it before. Altogether, his curiosity was more piqued than he would have thought possible.

"You must think it strange," said the girl, artlessly, breaking the silence after a time, "that I should be in Boston so late alone."

"I should judge it to be rather an unusual experience on your part at least," returned Sam.

"Yes, indeed. I almost never go to Boston, especially of an evening. I went this afternoon with aunty, and she told me to wait for her at the horse-car station till she came. I waited for her from half-past five in the afternoon till twelve, and then I thought I must go."

"I should say so."

"But I am terribly worried about aunty. I can't think what can have happened to her, though I thought perhaps she might not have noticed me in the car-office, and so have gone home."

"Then I take it that you have had no tea to-night."

"Oh, no; but I don't care for that. I have no fears now except that something may be the matter with aunty."

Sam, as his companion's weight became more and more perceptible, thought that there might need be fears for others besides "aunty" if they had much farther to walk.

"Do you live near the square?" he asked.

"Nearly a mile farther on," she replied, with a little sigh; and there seemed no alternative but to keep on till the long, dark walk should at last come to an end. The way was, however, not irksome to Sam; for his companion, unnaturally nervous and excited by the events of the evening, prattled on in a way her naturally shy disposition would have rendered impossible at another time.

"I made every one of those handkerchiefs you wore in the races summer before last, with my own hands. Aunty said she couldn't be bothered with such things, though she was gracious enough to say that I might do it," she said, after a time.

"I never knew till now how much we were obliged to her," returned Sam, as the recollection of the pretty little girl whom he had taken Villiers in to see flashed across his mind, "or to you."

"Oh, they were such pretty colors that I really enjoyed making them, though I found it harder work than I thought it could be. I had just come to live with aunty then, and had never sewed much. I was such a little girl — only fifteen."

"And now you are such an aged person, and so overgrown," returned Sam, much amused.

"Oh, no," she replied, laughingly; "only I thought perhaps you wouldn't remember me from so long ago."

"Yes, indeed. I remember Miss Leigh perfectly well, — Ruth Leigh;" and he repeated the words half sadly, as he thought of the joyous, happy time of that Freshman year, — so long ago, it seemed. He might almost have said, with Ruth, "I was such a little *boy* then."

"I always wondered," he continued, as the scenes of those Freshman days came up fresh in his recollection, "if you could be the — that woman's daughter;" the "she-dragon's," he had almost said. His companion flushed, though protected by the darkness, at this unexpected evidence of the student's interest in her.

"Oh, no, indeed! I am not her daughter," she returned, with a dash of indignation. "I call her 'aunty,' but she is only a cousin of papa's; though the only relation that I have in the world. He said that she would take care of me; and so, when he died, I came to live with her: though, if he had known, I am sure he would have arranged differently."

"I always used to think of her as a sort of she-dragon," said Sam.

"It isn't so much that," continued Ruth, eagerly. "I think she intends to be kind to me; but her ways and ideas, and manner of life, are so different from papa's, and so different from any thing I could ever become accustomed to, or even like, and sometimes I can't help showing how I feel; and then aunty gets very angry with me, and tells me that I am rebellious, and possessed with vanity and pride."

Sam laughed, in spite of himself, at the artless manner

with which this charge against her character was related; and the girl laughed too, though a little nervously.

"But the worst of all is, Mr. Wentworth," she continued, as if plainly bent on divulging all her troubles, "that I haven't been to school a day since I came to Cambridge; and I am forgetting entirely my music, that papa was so fond of, and took so much pains to have me carefully instructed in. I know he intended and wished that I should go to school, and continue on with music; for he said so, and wrote so to aunty. It isn't for lack of money, either; for papa told me there would be enough for me. I don't mind doing housework, and making bonnets; though it isn't pleasant, when you see no prospect of ever doing any thing else."

"I should say as much," exclaimed Sam, indignantly. "She is a she-dragon, indeed."

"I really think," said Ruth, eagerly, as if determined to do her relative full justice, "that aunty is honest-minded in what she does. She claims that I have had schooling enough, when I can read and write; says music is a vanity and a snare, and that what a woman wants to know is how to cook, wash, iron, and sew. And all this I have certainly learned to do, during the past two years. Aunty is my guardian; and, of course, as long as she is, I can only submit. But I have so longed to ask some one whether a change could not be made; for when I am twenty-one it will be too late, I fear."

Sam was silent, thinking.

"I know you must think me very bold, Mr. Wentworth, to make all these complaints to you; but I have so longed to tell some one; and I haven't a single friend, or acquaintance even."

"By Jove!" said Sam, with commingled excitement and indignation. "This matter must be looked into, and something must be done. I am awfully ignorant myself about business, and guardians, and the like; but I know a body must have some rights. I'll take Villiers into the secret; and he will pull you through your difficulties."

"Mr. Villiers!" exclaimed Ruth dubiously; for Sam's words had somehow struck a chill to her hopes. "He is the tall young gentleman whose eyes look through you so, isn't he?"

Sam laughed at this rather ingenuous description of his friend. "His eyes are a little penetrating sometimes; but he is just the most splendid fellow in the world."

"Mr. Villiers dislikes me. I know that from the way he used to look at me; and I should be terribly afraid of him. If you please, Mr. Wentworth, I would rather you should say nothing to your friend, or to any one, if you please. Promise me that you will not. Oh, please promise me; for I should not have spoken to you as I have, if any one else was to hear about it."

Sam promised, of course.

"You have been very kind, and I thank you for it," she continued; and, with a soft "Good night," Ruth disappeared into the house, which they had at last reached, while Sam slowly and thoughtfully made his way to his room.

As a matter of course, he looked into the shop next day to see how his charge of the night before was coming on. She was there, and alone, as it chanced, and received him with a mixture of cordiality, modesty, and simple grace, that was very pleasing. The rear of the

store was partitioned off, and furnished for a sitting or sewing room, and was altogether cosey and comfortable. Into this sanctum Ruth blushingly invited him. "Aunty" was at home, resting after the worry and fatigue of the previous night. She had thought to find Ruth at home, having made the appointment for the car-office in Cambridge, and had been thoroughly frightened at her non-appearance, and for once entirely affectionate in her greeting.

While Ruth was telling her story, Sam took a good look at her; for not only had his love-affair of the preceding year quite put the little girl that he used to peep at through the window out of his recollection, but Ruth herself had changed not a little. Fastidious beyond measure as he was at this time, and prone to speak harsh words against any thing feminine, he was yet fain to nod approval as he finished his survey. A fresh, delicate, sensitive face, small and regular features, a forehead low and beautifully proportioned, with an abundance of wavy brown hair, and a countenance that changed expression as rapidly as the varying emotions which it portrayed, so that one might indeed read her soul through it, — that was what he saw. Her figure was slight, supple, and finely moulded; and she still wore her black dress. He noticed that the little forefinger was rough from constant use of the needle; but the hand was perfect for all that. Another would have seen at most a very pretty little milliner: he saw, with the recital of her wrongs still ringing in his ears, a young lady tenderly reared and carefully educated during her girlhood, condemned, by circumstances which she was powerless to control, to an existence of the most

uncongenial companionship and unmitigated drudgery. Moreover here was an opportunity to exercise valor and discretion, (so often that better part of valor,) in looking after her rights, and reinstating her in the enjoyment of those privileges and opportunities which she craved so earnestly, and which were her right if her story was a true one, as he could not for a moment doubt it to be.

The days and weeks of the term slipped away; and, though Sam continued to "look in" frequently at the shop, the question of a change in Ruth's condition was never brought up in those little talks, which indeed were short and fragmentary. The matter was one which Sam fully intended to look into "by and by," though when or in what manner he was unable even to guess.

One cold and rainy evening Sam had met Ruth going home alone, and quite unprotected from the storm that was raging. "Ho!" said he, stopping short, "this is a pretty go! why, this will never do;" and stripping off his own great-coat, he had wrapped her securely in its folds, and sheltered her with his umbrella till she reached home. He had chidden her too, gruffly but kindly, giving her a very lecture on the perils of exposure to such a November storm. Then, though not without a protest, and a feeling that he was not doing exactly as he ought, but yielding to her determined expression that he should not depart until he was warm and dry, he had entered her home. Aunty was away somewhere; and the two had lighted the fire, made the tea together, and passed an hour of perfect enjoyment. The ice once broken, he found his way to the house often of an evening. Was not this young lady in dis-

tress, needing his assistance and protection? and was not he in good time to reinstate her in the enjoyment of her own?

As for Ruth, — girlish, affectionate, confiding Ruth, — was not this ambrosial Junior, with his curling chestnut locks, his ruddy and honest and cheery face (for somehow the young fellow forgot all his lugubrious thoughts and feelings when in her presence, and was his natural self), his broad shoulders, and his fatherly and protecting manner, her very hero of heroes? Her veneration for him was of earlier growth than the night when he rescued her from insult. Away back in those first days at Cambridge, when the world had seemed all grief to her childish heart, his cheery presence when he came smiling into the store to order neckties, and white and pink silk handkerchiefs for the regatta, had left its impression deep in her memory. Though from time to time, when her acquaintance with him was ripening into intimacy, she gave him a very full account of herself, there was one chamber in her heart whose secrets were never so carefully guarded as when he was present. She did not tell him how she had peeped into a catalogue, and read the scanty story that it had to tell, or with what eager excitement she had devoured the account of his victories in the six-oar; or how she had got a glimpse at a rank-list that very fall, and with a thrill of pleasure found his name high up in it; or that, reading his name among the "part" men of the "Junior exhibition" of that year, she had stolen away in her most becoming hat and her newest gown, and attended the exercises in the old chapel on that mellow October morning, when she had thought his Greek

dissertation a most wonderful piece of oratory, and the Greek language altogether charming. All this time she had regarded him as the very pink of perfection; and the sight of him was alone enough to quicken her heart-beats. And now, — now that her god had rescued her from danger, and taken her under his care and protection; now that Sam not only condescended to notice her, but even took pains to be polite and entertaining, to sympathize with her troubles, and plan a better condition, to be as other mortals while in her company, and even to accept her hospitalities, — she felt, with all the depth and strength of her sensitive nature, that she could live for him or die for him.

Thus it came about, that, as the days and weeks of the term passed silently away, Sam drifted steadily and surely, though slowly, into an intimacy which boded nothing but ill. Very disinterested, he assured himself he was, seeking only Ruth's welfare, and looking forward only till the time should come when he should be the means of restoring her to the lot which of right belonged to her; very grave and dignified, and grandfatherly too, in his bearing towards her: but still unconsciously pleased to have the charge of so fresh and beautiful a life; unconsciously as yet flattered to feel his power to make her happy or wretched, for it needed but a smile to make her gay, or a frown to make her tremble, as he soon discovered; and all this time drifting into a tangle which would surely be a woeful puzzle to extricate himself from when he should awaken to a full realization of the situation.

XXVI.

BEFORE THE FACULTY.

Meantime it began to go the rounds of college gossip, as such matters invariably will, that Wentworth of the Junior class "had a soft thing on that mighty pretty little milliner in the square." The story of the disturbance in the car had leaked out; and as it came from the party who were in the wrong, and who had had the worst of the fight as far as it went, they had given it their own coloring. This, together with the fact of his intimacy with the girl, which was a matter of observation for any one, furnished the framework for a story that would have been obnoxious to any decent young fellow, most especially to our high-spirited hero. Before the end of the term, he was in everybody's mouth; envied by some, condemned by more, but a marked man in every one's eyes; the affair discussed in a way that would have made his blood boil had he known what everybody else knew, — that is, everybody except Villiers and himself.

He had told his friend about his adventure the very next day, thinking it a coincidence worthy of remark, that it should have been his fortune to protect the little girl whom he had thought so pretty two years before, and whom both had afterwards forgotten. He had

wanted to tell him her story too, and apply to him for counsel, put her case in his hands; but that he had promised not to do. He had hinted at her being something different from what she seemed, belonging to a different station in life from the one she now filled, till Villiers's gray eyes had expressed an astonishment that warned him to stop, if he proposed keeping his promise. But he had very carefully refrained from letting Villiers know any thing about his growing intimacy with Ruth; and the latter never once suspected that the midnight adventure had not been the last of it, till one morning the story that had been in every one's mouth burst upon his astonished ears. He lost no time in seeking Sam out, though a little dazed, and not quite comprehending it all.

It happened that Tom Hawes had been before him.

"It's an everlasting lie, the whole of it, Charley," was Tom's exclamaiton when the news reached him.

"It does look a little fishy, that's a fact, — that part about their driving Sam off the car. He isn't the man to run away from Brackett and his crew," returned Longstreet.

"You may believe he isn't: the lie sticks right out there. And, as for the girl part, you may bet he's all right there too."

"Why in thunder don't he go for those Freshmen, and most everlastingly clean them out?" and the little Junior strode about with his irresistibly comical air. "I would."

"The chances are he knows nothing about it at all," replied Tom; "and I'm going to tell him; for though it's none of my business what girl he goes to see, or what

else he does,— though I would bet my head on his doing the right thing anywhere, for there isn't a mean streak in him, — I can't have that Brackett and his crowd cocking their hats at me, and winking at each other, as though they had regularly cleaned out the whole Junior class. If Sam don't thrash him, I shall."

"Then he is doomed," said Longstreet, solemnly: "go in, old boy."

Thereupon the glum boatman had sought out his friend, and in his blunt fashion had told him the story as it was told him.

"I couldn't believe it myself, Sam, and I thought you ought to know it, and that you didn't; and I see I was right. Of course it's all a —— lie, old fellow;" and he squeezed Sam's hand. "You needn't say a word;" for the look of blank astonishment that had overspread Sam's face had been more eloquent than words. "But my advice to you is, to clean it up. Call on me if you want any help;" and he was off, leaving the student to his reflections.

Sam had been as one struck dumb. Then the indignation born of the consciousness of the most perfect integrity surged through him; and his face flushed darkly. Again, as after a time his thoughts grew more dispassionate, and he was able to look at his intimacy with Ruth, and consider it as it would necessarily appear to another, he realized fully the mistake he had made, the wrong he had done in risking the possibility of her name being coupled with his, when from the very nature of the case such an association could only be to her discredit. He was penitent enough, but that did not cure the mischief. Perplexed though he was,

and by no means seeing clearly the course which would with consistency and honor lead him out of difficulties which beset him, he would at least have gone no farther, had it not been for the ill-timed though well-meant interference of Villiers. He, filled with astonishment and alarm, came just at the time when the young man's wounds were most sensitive and most easily irritated, and by his firm, persevering, and unflinching endeavor to mend matters, roused all the opposition and independence in Sam's nature.

Villiers fully expected that his friend would deny point-blank all acquaintance with Ruth, except what might naturally result from the episode when he had been her champion; and when Sam by his silence admitted the intimacy between them, his face grew white as if with sudden fear in a way that Sam had never seen before.

"What do you mean by looking at me in that fashion?" he exclaimed, turning square upon Villiers, and looking with wrathful gaze into those sad, calm, honest gray eyes. "You don't for a moment believe that there has been or can be any thing unworthy in my conduct towards that girl? Say you don't, or, by ——, let our acquaintance end here and forever!"

"If I thought that," said Villiers, gravely, "I should not be here."

"Well, then, why in the devil's name do you come here preaching me a sermon?"

"Because," returned Villiers, firmly, "I want you to break off your intimacy and acquaintance with her at once and altogether. It is the only safety for you both."

"Safety!" exclaimed Sam, burning with anger.

"Yes, safety," replied Villiers, firmly.

"And suppose I do not choose to break it off either at once or at all, but conclude to mind my own affairs as I see fit, with the expectation that the rest of the world will do the same?" They were both pacing the room, Sam excited and thoroughly angry, Villiers becoming more and more alarmed.

"It is just because the rest of the world will not mind its own business, as you see it will not, that I am come to you, as a friend not only has a right, but is in duty bound, to do."

"You are very kind, and I am obliged to you for your good intentions; but I prefer to act in this matter without interference from any one."

Villiers's face flushed, and he turned quickly as if to leave the room. Then, determining to make one more effort, he said, "You know that it is not yourself alone that you are compromising. Can you think of any thing that could be more abhorrent to a decent girl than to have her name coupled with yours as your friend's has been and is?"

Sam was silent.

"When any one's attentions cannot, from the very nature of the case, bring any thing but confusion, is it not common honesty to stop them?"

Sam again had no reply for what he knew and felt to be the truth.

"And, besides all this, any one can see at a glance that this girl is an affectionate, confiding, romantic young thing, who would give herself away unasked and perhaps unsought. Such a gift must be troublesome and

perplexing to the last degree, if one should happen neither to expect nor care for it."

Sam had realized all this within the hour.

"I say you have no right, — come, now, have you, Sam?" and he laid his hand entreatingly on his shoulder: "put all false honor and resentment at my interference aside, — have you any right to go on in such a matter, in a spirit of foolish independence, or consulting only your own inclination and pleasure?"

Sam had listened without a word, and, in spite of the ugly feelings which somehow seemed to possess him, had half determined to promise that he would abide by his friend's judgment, which he felt was right, and be governed by his counsel; but the words "inclination and pleasure" set him all aflame. He shook Villiers's hand off roughly.

"If it is agreeable to her and to me, that our acquaintance should continue, I don't know that it concerns any one else," he said, savagely.

"Not concern any one else! Ah, Sam, you know better than that. Do you forget your mother? How can it be possible, when a man has a sister, that his errors should not concern any one beside himself?"

"No, certainly not!" exclaimed Sam, with bitterness. "Sisters are very great incentives to every thing that is nice, especially if they happen to be some other man's."

At that Villiers went his way, alarmed, hurt, discouraged; and Sam, out of sheer bravado, made love outright to Ruth for the next two or three weeks.

Meantime he did not forget Tom Hawes's advice to "clean it up." He was just in the mood for such work.

A spirit of vengeance possessed him; and he chafed continually till he could find an object on which to pour out his wrath. First of all he interrogated his chum. It was to Huntingdon's good offices that the present situation of affairs was due. With an overweening desire to see the young man ruined or disgraced, he had, through Cartier's instrumentality, spread every possible snare for him, and fairly gnashed his teeth at seeing the unsuspecting young fellow walk safely amid them all. He hated the very name of Wentworth, and had vowed that his hate should in some way have its fill. He it was who had given both notoriety and color to facts that, innocent in themselves, would else have soon been forgotten; and he fairly delighted in the young student's confusion.

"Ah, ha!" said he, with his cool, sneering laugh, "you are a sly dog, aren't you, chum? a sly dog, by Jove! Oh, I know all about those things, chum: I don't want to hear a word," as Sam made an indignant gesture. "They want to be kept mighty quiet, I know; and you are doing perfectly right in cleaning the thing up, and knocking any one's teeth down his throat who pretends to believe any thing of the sort, and hushing it up in every way you can: only," — and his face darkened, and his eye gleamed wickedly, — "it won't do with me. Save your righteous indignation for somebody else. Oh! ah, ha!" and he laughed again, long and immoderately. "I never would have believed it of you, chum, — of *you*. The women are all alike to you, equally objects of indifference, since a certain R. T. has disappeared from these parts; aren't they? By Jove, chum, she's a little beauty; and I envy you."

It was discouraging business; and, but for the fires of vengeance that burned in his soul, he would have abandoned it all; for the most that he could gather was that the Freshmen had told that they had beaten him in a fight for the possession of the last car one night in the fall, and had driven him off, along with a girl that he had taken up the quarrel for. There was no doubt that Brackett, the champion and heavy weight of the Freshmen, had plumed himself not a little on his victory over the crack oar of the Harvard; for his friends had persuaded him that such had been the result of the encounter, and he was unable to know from his own recollection of the matter that this was not true. His friends had certainly presumed on the non-contradiction of the statement, to put on airs in a way that had become particularly offensive to many of Sam's boating friends, till it had come to pass that the feeling prevailed very generally among them that Sam must take the matter up. Ordinarily he would have laughed at the whole affair; but at this time he was not himself; and as if to add fuel to the flame, Tom Hawes and Longstreet, and even Lyman, for whose opinion he had more than ordinary regard, intimated, each in his own peculiar fashion, that it was his duty and right to give Brackett a sound thrashing.

"And do it publicly too, by Jove," said Longstreet, earnestly, rubbing his hands enthusiastically together at the prospect of a disturbance. "Teach the beggar a lesson, by Jove!"

"Never you fear but that it will be done thoroughly," said Sam, glumly, "or that it sha'n't be as open and public as his —— lies have been."

Having marked his man, he waited patiently and quietly, nursing his wrath, till he should encounter him some day with as many near as possible, to witness the unfortunate Freshman's retraction or his punishment. One Thursday noon he met him in front of University, just as a hundred or two students were swarming down the steps from the recitation-rooms, and as many more were thronging up to take their places. Sam confronted him, as with his friends and followers he was passing on, stopped him, and regarded him a moment with lowering brow and flashing eye, though Brackett was no baby. Instantly a crowd collected at the cry of "Row, row!" but the confusion was awed into silence by Sam's wrathful look; and all stood in eager expectation, while knowing looks and winks, and waggings of the head, were freely exchanged.

"Mr. Brackett," quoth our hero, "I am informed that you have seen fit to state that one night last fall you thrashed me in an encounter we had in a car, and drove me out of it; and the story is all over the college. Have you said so?"

"Yes," returned the Freshman, sullenly.

"Well, then, I want you to retract it here and now, fully and publicly, and to state that it is utterly and disgracefully false, — a downright lie."

"Well, I sha'n't," said Brackett, fiercely, "for you know that it is true."

"Then take care of yourself, for I am going to knock you down;" and with the word, in spite of the Freshman's guard, he felled him heavily on the snow, whereupon his friends assisted him away, too much stunned to renew the conflict.

"Hi!" said Longstreet, excitedly, "he throws up the sponge at the first round."

"Shut up!" said Sam, grasping him by the collar, and holding him fast; adding to the group of Freshmen; "If there is anybody else that thrashed me at that time, or that would like to now, the present is his opportunity."

The gentlemen addressed were, however, occupied in assisting in the retreat of their leader.

Then there was a clapping of hands, — for Brackett was a bully, and many were glad to see him humbled, — a scampering up the steps of University to recitation, and Sam was alone with his friends.

"I say!" said Longstreet, a little piteously, "let go, can't you?" and Sam released his grasp which he had retained unconsciously, while there was a general laugh at the little man's crestfallen look. One after another, the fellows congratulated him; and for twenty-four hours he was a hero indeed; then the entire matter became a thing of the past.

There was more to come, however. It so chanced that a certain professor passing by saw Sam's blow, and heard his challenge; and the next Monday Sam was waited upon by our old friend the janitor, and informed, that as the Faculty were to sit in council that evening, and anticipated the pleasure of his company before them some time during the session, he would be good enough to remain in his room till he should be summoned. For the moment, Sam's heart failed him: he had never thought of this.

"I am afraid, chum, that you have got yourself into trouble," quoth Huntingdon, with a malicious look.

The benevolent Cerberus disappeared down the stairs.

"I shouldn't wonder; but I can't help it if I have," returned Sam, with a half-sigh. Trouble certainly had come thick and fast on him, these last six or eight months; every thing seemed to go wrong, he thought; and, for the moment, he felt well-nigh discouraged. "I couldn't have acted differently under the circumstances."

"No, certainly not."

"I don't see how they can rough a man much for knocking a man down who had lied about him as this one had, and who refused to retract: I gave him a fair chance. There wouldn't be much justice in it if they should."

"That is perfectly true; but you know what Faculty justice is," replied Huntingdon, with a sneer. "You remember Parsons, don't you, and what he got for bloody Monday night, when they mistook him for me? —a year's suspension; and he wasn't even in Cambridge at the time. And you have actually knocked a man down, and bunged him up considerably too, according to all accounts. They say he won't be able to use his eye for a month. However, I dare say you will pull through all right: I trust so; but I should rather not stand in your shoes just now."

Sam waited in his room that Monday night in not the most enviable frame of mind. He had assuredly wound himself up in a most uncomfortable snarl. There was Villiers, who had been right in all this matter, as he always was. He had deceived him, and broken friendship with him. He felt that his whole intercourse with the innocent cause of his present difficulty had been wrong, while he could not enough condemn himself for the lover-like course he had pursued during the past three weeks.

He saw his folly in supposing that a hot-headed fellow like himself could meet a girl as he had met Ruth, without danger to both parties. Villiers had been right in saying that she was an affectionate, confiding, romantic young thing, who would give herself unasked. And Sam was free to confess that such a gift was more than troublesome and perplexing: he was utterly at a loss to know what to do about it. The neglected work of the term, too, reproached him silently, but not the less deeply. He could hardly bear to think of the blow that his suspension would be to his mother and sister. At length, a knock on the door interrupted his meditations. The janitor with his kindly face, and his lantern and bunch of keys, had come to escort him to the Faculty meeting.

"Take your coat, Mr. Wentworth," he said, pleasantly, as Sam started up, hat in hand, to accompany him; "it is very cold without."

"Thank you, I sha'n't need it;" and indeed he did not. He could not have told whether it was warm or cold. The twain passed on in silence over the snow. The big elms made moving shadows, which the gleams from the lantern seemed to chase and try to seize upon, as they passed across the yard. They ascended the familiar stone staircase. Sam even found time to wonder how the massive stone blocks were held suspended one over the other without any apparent support; and then in a moment he was before the Faculty.

He cast his eyes coolly around, and took in the scene; for with the emergency had come calm, collected courage to meet whatever might await him. It was the old familiar President's room, with the folding-doors lead-

ing to the Regent's room thrown open. The reverend President sat at the head of the table, at his usual desk. The doctor was also present, and bowed politely, though with an expression of grave, kindly concern on his face. The Philosopher nodded to him, and smiled; and several others greeted him pleasantly. There were twelve or fifteen others of the corps of instructors, scattered about the rooms in various attitudes. Prof. Chubby was tipped back in his chair, nursing one of his feet. The business was a thoroughly distasteful one to him, as became more and more manifest as the session progressed. Two or three more were in a corner by themselves, laughing and talking over some matters of interest; while others with stern visages sat at their places ready to mete out justice to the offender. Sam afterwards said, as he told the story, that the weird-looking professor of physics was in the Regent's room, zealously rubbing a door-panel with the palm of his hand, trying to bring out the fundamental note, and that he did "make it speak" very successfully, producing an excellent bass.

Presently the attention of the company was called to business; and the reverend President broke the silence.

"Mr. Wentworth, you were seen to strike a Freshman last Thursday about one o'clock, in front of University Hall, and knock him down; and the student is considerably injured, and complaint has been made against you. You do not deny that you did it, I presume?"

"No, Mr. President: I do not deny it."

"What was the occasion of such a proceeding, Mr. Wentworth?"

"He had lied about me, sir, and refused to retract the falsehood."

"What was the statement he made, to which you took exception? Will you be pleased to relate it?"

Sam told the story given out by the Freshman and his friends, as he had heard it. "This report was all over the college, Mr. President; and I could not allow it to stand. Every one would have been justified in believing it, if I had; whereas it did not contain the least particle of truth."

"There was a disturbance in a car, late one night, in which you took part; was there not?" asked the bantam of the Faculty, in his shrill, precise voice.

"There was, sir."

"Then, I should say that the statement which you found so obnoxious did contain 'the least particle of truth;'" and the professor's lip curled.

"Won't you state the facts of the case, Mr. Wentworth?" said the doctor, in a grave and anxious voice.

Sam told what took place on that now memorable night, with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes.

"I don't wonder that he objected to Brackett's story," said Mr. Prof. Chubby, quite audibly, to the Philosopher.

"No young gentleman of spirit would suffer himself to be so belied with impunity," said the Philosopher; and he nodded to Sam, at the same time polishing his eye-glasses.

"What became of the girl?" asked that well-remembered professor who had assigned the rooms, in his shrill, nasal tone.

"I accompanied her home, sir."

"Had you ever met her before?" continued the quondam curator of rooms.

"I was not aware that I had, at that time."

"But you had, in point of fact?"

Sam was silent; and the question was repeated more shrilly than before.

"I don't see what that has to do with the matter," said Mr. Prof. Chubby, in his brusque, off-hand manner.

"Nothing at all, of course," said the Philosopher, turning uneasily in his chair, and rubbing his glasses more vigorously than ever.

There was a silence, broken only by a snort on the part of the last interrogator; and the President looked inquiringly around.

"Ah, Mr. Wentworth!" and the bantam half bowed to the President, "you say, sir, that all this happened last fall; at what time during the fall? how long ago?"

"About ten weeks I should say, sir."

"Ah, yes; about ten weeks ago," superciliously. "How happens it that you have permitted this most obnoxious story to remain uncontradicted all this time?"

"I did not know of it till recently, sir."

"How recently, Mr. Wentworth?"

"I think I first heard of it three weeks ago. Then some time was consumed in tracing it back, and finding out who it came from."

"And how long since you knew for a certainty who the offender was?"

"About a week, sir," replied Sam, not quite understanding the drift of this examination.

"Well, now, Mr. Wentworth, why did you let the

matter rest a week, even? why did you not visit the offender with your vengeance at once?"

"Because, sir," returned Sam, a little contemptuously, but very politely, "I thought best to wait for a favorable conjunction of circumstances. I desired the most fitting opportunity, backed by the strongest inclination for the work. There were times when my inclination was sufficient, but the opportunity failed: it so chanced that there was a most fortunate conjunction of the two at one o'clock last Thursday afternoon, at which time I knocked the man down, as I had proposed;" and he bowed civilly to the now irate instructor of youth, while a smile lingered for a moment on the faces of most of the company.

"It was a most unwarrantable proceeding, most unwarrantable," half snorted the senior professor, "to attack a student on his way to duty. You would be glad to apologize, I presume, sir?"

"Of course I could not do that, sir," returned Sam politely, "without admitting myself to be in the wrong from the first; and in that case I should owe Mr. Brackett more than an apology," at which the Philosopher nodded two or three times in succession.

It appearing that no one cared to ask him in any more questions, the reverend President gravely informed him that he could retire; and he made his way to his room, to speculate on the event.

To say that Villiers was grieved and alarmed at his friend's conduct, would convey but a mild impression of his feelings at this time. His anxiety during these three weeks had been deep and unremittent. The inter-

course between the two had been so slight that he did not even know of this new danger that threatened Sam, that he had knocked a man down, and been summoned to attend the Faculty meeting. He only knew that his friend was going very fast and far with the young lady in the square; and, look at it from whatever standpoint he chose, he could see no good as the possible result of such an intimacy, could discover nothing but harm for them both. He was fully determined to break it up in some way, if such a thing should be possible; and he was all the more inclined to persevere, because he felt convinced that the young man had been drawn in by circumstances to a relation which he never contemplated in the outset: so he made up his mind to save him from the disgrace of an unworthy action, or the necessity of fulfilling a damaging duty. The only problem was how to accomplish this result.

Pondering over these matters, and torn by conflicting emotions and doubts, he strode along, on this Monday afternoon, towards the city. It was one of winter's glorious days. The air, clear, crisp, fresh, and still, tinted the horizon and the distant, snow-covered hills with a delicate roseate hue; on either side the pure white landscape stretched away; hundreds of gay equipages, with their merry passengers and jingling bells, gave life to the scene. Presently the river, frozen, and covered with snow, caught the deep purple and red of the dying sun, and shone magnificently. Over the city in front of him, the moon, nearly full, hung suspended in the clear air, lending her reflected rays to prolong the light of the dying day; while the thousands of windows, rising one above another on the hill before,

threw back the fading sunbeams in dazzling showers of purple and saffron and golden light. He strode on through the snow, and plunged into the gloomy streets of the city, just as the pageant faded away.

Unconscious of his path, he passed slowly along the crowded streets, until at last he found himself quite at the opposite quarter of the city, and before the entrance of the finest of her Catholic churches. It was a week of musical carnival with the Catholics; and some festival of the Church was being celebrated in grand style within. Unwittingly he entered the edifice, and stood with bared head and reverential mein, gazing upon the kneeling thousands, as the low chanting of the priests came in a monotone from the chancel. Of a sudden, the organ pealed forth a familiar strain; and that air so familiar to him, and so well loved, that hymn to the Virgin, was given with enrapturing effect. High above the organ and the accompanying chorus, soared the clear, thrilling soprano, bearing aloft the impassioned music.

The young student stood spell-bound. The church, with its snow-white pillars and walls, its kneeling throng, its gorgeously attired priests, its thousand candles, and clouds of rising incense, faded from his sight. He stood once more in the homelike sitting-room where he first heard these notes. His love for the place and its precious inmates rose once more, fresh and green. He remembered the deep-seated anxiety of that gentle woman, lest her son, the hope of her life, should go astray; the promise he gave that blue-eyed girl, by the river bank, years ago. Surely now is the time for him to keep his word to her! This is the day to which she

looked forward with instinctive dread. He remembered how much he owed them both, for the many happy hours they had given him; and, as the music suddenly ceased, he hurried from the church, resolved that at least they should have full warning of the impending danger.

Two hours later, just as the Faculty had voted, after a long discussion, to suspend Wentworth of the Junior class, he worded the following note: —

My dear Mrs. Wentworth, — If you can possibly find a reason which will make it necessary for you to call your son home for a time, it would be well to do so at once. Believe me, it is my firm conviction that it is absolutely indispensable for his well-being that he leave Cambridge without delay, and for some little time. I hope I may impress you sufficiently with the necessity for this change. Very truly yours,

George Villiers.

XXVII.

SUSPENSION.

The news of Wentworth's suspension fell like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky, and was all over the college before recitation next morning. One of the tutors had told a student, the student spread the news at prayers, and in a twinkling everybody heard of it, unlucky Sam among the rest; and he was immediately the centre of a group of excited, indignant, and sympathizing friends.

"Oh, well," was Lyman's comment, "it is just what you might expect from the Faculty: their ideas of justice are as yet in the egg," which expression of sentiment met with the most universal approval.

"We had better not stand it any longer, fellows: they have roughed us long enough," exclaimed Longstreet, excitedly. Breakfast waited while this little indignation-meeting was in session. "It is high time to take a stand, and let them understand that we are not going to be abused in this fashion any longer. There wouldn't be a dozen men left by Class Day except the digs, if they had their way, confound 'em!"

"That's so!" echoed Lewis and Hawes and a score besides.

"But what do you propose to do about it, Charley?"

said Lyman, coolly. "I, for one, don't see how we are going to help ourselves."

"Do?" shrieked the little Junior. "We'll have a rebellion: that's what we'll do; and they shall take Wentworth back, or else try their hand at running the machine without us. According to my taste, it would be mighty nice to lay off and let the Prex. and the old Doc. and the rest of them go to prayers, and find nobody there: he might pray just as long as he wanted to then, and welcome."

There was a general laugh at this speech; for that was more than the graceless students permitted the Doctor to do those cold mornings. They gave him a certain amount of time for his prayer; and if he forgot himself (as in fact was not often the case), and seemed disposed to prolong the exercise beyond the prescriptive limit, there was such a shuffling of feet, coughing, and confusion, that the reverend divine forthwith took the hint, and brought his devotions to a close.

"And I tell you, boys, it would be just gay to loaf and smoke and lay off, and see those wretched instructors go to the recitations to find nobody there! Wouldn't it take them down some?" and the little fellow's eyes glistened with delight at the anticipated pleasure. "And, by the eternal Moses, we can do it, too!"

"I guess you have been reading the 'Rebelliad,' Charley. That thing can't be done twice. You could not get the fellows to go in for it nowadays." Lyman spoke gravely and seriously; for it was apparent, from the temper of the assembled group, that Longstreet's plans were entertained by others than himself.

"Oh, yes, they would!" he replied, eagerly. "There's all the Sophs. and most of the Freshmen, and one-half of the Seniors; and our men would go in of course. We never shall have another chance like this: it is the very thing!"

"You won't do any thing so foolish on my account," said Sam, earnestly, "that is, if you are my friends, and want to oblige me in the matter. You couldn't carry it through; enough fellows would stand aloof to spoil every thing, and you would have to cave at last, Charley."

"Oh, I suppose we should have to cave at last," was the ingenuous reply.

"And instead of one man suspended, there would be fifty; and it isn't pleasant to be suspended, when you really come to the point," said Sam, smiling ruefully.

"Yes; I suppose they'd make it hot for us. But then we'd have the fun: they couldn't cheat us out of that."

"Well, Charley, there wouldn't be much fun now: it's too cold weather. Wait till it comes warmer, so that you could lay off under the trees, and see those wretched men going to the empty rooms: that would do very much better."

"No: I guess you're right, Sam," he replied, dolefully. "There wouldn't be much fun in it now; but I thought this was such a splendid chance; and I'm blowed if I don't have that rebellion first or last!" And in truth the curious little fellow had worked for this with a zeal worthy of a better cause, and had pledged over half the men in the college to join when he should give the word. A rebellion was the dream of his college life, — a dream that was never realized.

Sam presently received notice of his suspension for the remainder of the year, and he must leave Cambridge forthwith. "It is only to cross the line, a half-hour's work," he thought, as he gathered his traps together; "and I may as well be off at once." He had inveighed against Cambridge often enough of late; but now that he was to leave it, he was disconsolate. All his friends, the entire college in fact, sympathized with him, but that only served to make the separation harder; and although here every one braved him out in his action toward the Freshman, he felt that the presumption would be against him when once he should have stepped his foot outside. And the matter was not one that he felt he should care to enlarge upon in explanation of his situation. The best way would be to keep shady, he thought as he packed up. "I can tell mother and Kate all about it; and further than that it is no one's business; and I shall have a splendid time to dig. After all, it won't be so bad."

"Look out for a good room in Holworthy for next year, chum, and run down when you can, won't you?" said Sam as he shook Huntingdon's hand with some of the feeling of the old times when he had looked upon the handsome and accomplished student as a very beau ideal.

"You may trust me to do both, chum. I am vastly sorry that you have to go;" and they parted.

"Confound him!" soliloquized Huntingdon, as he turned away. "I have no idea but that somehow he will make capital out of his misfortune, and come back all the better for it;" and his face grew dark. "I believe I had better have kept my mouth shut: then he

would have staid here, and been certain to have got into a nice mess with that girl, whereas now he'll be out of harm's way. If he could have got himself expelled, there would have been some satisfaction in that. Well, I sha'n't see him swelling round here for one good while: there's some little comfort in that."

"God bless you, Sam!" said Tom Hawes, as he grasped his hand. "I am sorry you've got to go;" and, in spite of himself, a moisture gathered in his eye. "I hoped you would be in the Harvard this season: we shall need you there badly enough." Then in an undertone, "The society elections are coming on early next term, and we'll see that your interests don't suffer. We are all going in together, and you should be president if you were only here; for you are the best of us, as we all know."

All the men, pretty much, came to give him a grasp of the hand. "Now, then, fellows, three cheers for Sam Wentworth, the martyr to the right of protecting a fellow from slander and lies!" called Longstreet; and they were given with a ring.

"Three groans for the Faculty!" called Lyman; and they were given most lustily.

"Let us form a procession, and escort him around the grounds," said Lewis; and the proposition was accepted with a shout. But Sam was very determined in his "No;" and at last the hand-shaking was over. He broke away from his hundred friends, and was off with Villiers. Villiers was the second person who was glad of Sam's suspension, though for reasons essentially different from those which influenced the excellent Mr. Huntingdon. He had perceived with pain Sam's mani-

fest attentions to Ruth during these latter weeks, and, though powerless to do aught to arrest his friend in his folly, felt that it was horrible to suffer him to go on recklessly and thoughtlessly, — whither, he could not, dared not conjecture. The suspension was a very salvation: so this friend reasoned and rejoiced.

Sam and Villiers had gone together to see Ruth on the occasion of Sam's farewell. Sam would not trust himself to go alone. Ruth was well-nigh broken-hearted at learning what had befallen her champion and hero, and felt, with all her warm and girlishly enthusiastic nature, that she would rather have died than have brought ill to him. She meant to tell him this; and here he had come to her with this tall, grave man who she felt had always disliked and distrusted her, and in whose presence, and beneath whose soul-reading eyes, she found it impossible to say a word. Sam had other thoughts and purposes, however, than the mere utterance of condolence and endearing phrases. He felt that if he could be the means, even indirectly, of having Ruth cared for as she wished and had a right to be, then the events of the past weeks might be in a measure redeemed; and his purpose was to place the matter, with Ruth's consent, in Villiers's hands.

Sam, to his surprise, found it one of the most difficult matters he had ever undertaken. The girl, so timid, so pliable to his will, so ready to devote herself to him body and soul, was utterly unyielding in this matter where her own welfare was involved; and it was not till Sam introduced his own personal wish that it should be so, — a reason which was all-powerful with her, — that she at length consented. The matter was

then explained to Villiers, who in a few questions gathered what information could be obtained from this source, and promised Sam to look the matter up, and restore Ruth to her rights.

"You put on the screws, and straighten every thing out as it ought to be; will you?" was Sam's eager request; and Villiers promised that he would, without delay; and, as Mr. Villiers's promises were sacred matters, it was measurably certain that Miss Ruth's days of house-drudgery and trimming bonnets were over.

The two had been very near breaking friendship over this girl. Sam had been hot and insulting, and, though sorry enough afterwards, would not make up his mind to say so. Villiers, though he felt his motives to be irreproachable, was conscious of having interfered in a very delicate matter, and was not at all sure that he had not made every thing worse; but he too was not prone to admit himself in the wrong. So they had gone on for more than three weeks, barely nodding to one another as they passed, — they who had loved each other, how well they never knew till now. It had been hard work for both; and neither could have held out much longer. When the suspension came, they instinctively sought each other out; and that which had been growing and struggling in their hearts burst forth: they confessed their faults, and asked forgiveness.

"You are worth all the girls in the world!" said Sam, as the two big fellows embraced each other on the platform of the car, to the wonder of spectators. "You are worth all the girls in the world, Villiers; and I have been just crazy. By Jove! I don't know what else it could have been. But take good care

of her, won't you, for she has been much wronged on all hands; and keep me posted on every thing that happens; and come down as often as you can, and cheer a fellow up;" and amid much waving of the hands the train glided slowly out of the depot, and the young fellow was gone.

Yes, Sam was gone; but the great machine moved on just the same. A man drops out of his place, and is soon forgotten. His well-known form is missed at recitations and lectures; there is a gap at the table which was wont to be filled; his cheery face and hearty manner and sprightly talk are missed for a time: then the void grows familiar, and, whether he is married or buried, he is soon forgotten.

The first term drew to its close; the winter vacation slipped quietly away; there was a gathering in the old halls at the second term; and soon the happy spring season came on once more. The river showed signs of life, as the ice, breaking up, floated off; and the boats ventured out. The ball men were in the field before the ground had fairly hardened. Then came the verdure and leafy glory of the spring and early summer, then the hot weather, the digging for the annuals; Class Day, and at last the Juniors were Seniors. But this is anticipatory.

Although the shock of the suspension was at first severe, as the weeks wore away Sam found that this visit to his home was not so bad. The doctor had written Mrs. Wentworth a letter, stating that in his opinion the action of the Faculty in her son's case was an act of gross injustice. Sam had told his story, which, taken in connection with Villiers's note, and his

own enthusiastic statements in regard to that darling little girl who was so fond of him, reconciled his mother very much to his being at home for a time. He had to face the curiosity of his neighbors; but that soon wore away, and his mother and sister made his life as pleasant as possible. Kate teased him a good deal, as a matter of course. "I shall keep a sharp look-out for some more 'Lines:' 'To R. L.' they must be this time. Can't you make the old ones do, Sam? You might easily change so as to read, 'Maiden of the auburn tresses.'"

Sam bore this more than once, in good-natured silence.

"I declare, I am dying of curiosity to know what this young lady is like."

"I meant to bring a photograph; but it was all so sudden that I forgot it."

"Forgot it!" exclaimed Kate, with a toss of the head. "The idea of forgetting such a thing! It was the most stupid thing I ever knew. I have a mind to go to Cambridge without delay, and see her myself."

"Do!" returned her brother, half seriously. "You would be more than paid for your trouble."

Though Sam was away from Cambridge, his memory was strong among his friends; and hardly a week passed that he did not see some of them. They took pains to keep him well informed on every matter of college news; and he thought that he had really heard more pleasant gossip during his suspension than ever before.

Villiers came down regularly every other Saturday, and remained till Monday morning; getting leave of absence of the Faculty for this purpose, in some mys-

terious manner. Hawes came to tell him about the society elections, and how successful they had been in getting just the men they wanted. His chum came down once, and spent an evening with them all; and it was quite like old times to see him there. Miss Eldredge and Will Adams were Mrs. Wentworth's guests for a fortnight, during the winter vacation; and the period of their visit was replete with the rural festivities of the season. They were all surprised, and not ill pleased too, at receiving a call from Mr. Cartier, one day in the spring. He had come for a call, but was easily prevailed upon to remain with them.

"I know we should not be keeping you from any very important duties; and we should be charmed to have you with us as long as you can content yourself," said Kate; and her blue eyes smiled at him with a charm he was unable to resist: and, without knowing how, he found himself, for the time, almost a member of the family.

As Kate had anticipated, this visit was a most pleasant one. She had told Villiers that she was going back to Arcadia; and her life since that time had been in Arcadia; but I think there had not been the same pleasure in its simple duties since that taste of dissipation which she had enjoyed at the Thornes'. She was as devoted as ever to her pursuits, her reading, music, domestic matters, and social engagements; but, though she hardly confessed it to herself, she had seen better things; and the remembrance of them was sweet. Cartier could tell her all the gossip of the set she secretly wished to make one of once more; and they talked by the hour, Kate listening eagerly, and asking

questions with merry laugh and smiling eyes, at the Russian's recitals, while her nimble fingers wove some pretty plaything.

"And your own fortunes, — they are sufficiently retrieved, I trust?" said she, glancing at the luxuriously attired young man.

"To a degree," returned Cartier, half seriously. "My father has not relented as yet; but I think he must, before long. Gen. King has sent me some money; and my father would not suffer that to be without repaying the loan: so it is almost the same as if he sent it to me. But I have one thing to live for; and I am determined to accomplish it before I go home."

"What is that?" asked Sam, from his place on the couch before the fire.

"To have my revenge on your chum, Huntingdon."

Sam and Kate were both silent.

"Yes. I owe it to myself to have my revenge on him; and I shall remain in Cambridge till I accomplish it."

Kate had heard about the money lost at play, and had been so shocked that Sam was fearful that his own doings at the Den might be brought up next.

"He was very near getting your whole class involved in a serious disturbance with the Faculty, only last week," continued Cartier.

"I had not heard of that," said Sam, rousing himself.

"I am not able to give you all the details; but it was discovered that some book which you men are using was out of print, and that no copies could be purchased at the stores. Those belonging to the class mysteriously disappeared from the rooms in a single day, almost with-

out exception; and the recitations could not go on. The professor was very wroth, and substituted at once some text-book more difficult than the first one. The trick was supposed to be the work of Huntingdon."

"How did they get out of it?" asked Sam, eagerly.

"I think Mr. Lyman and some others discovered that there were enough books to be had to enable the class to go on by borrowing from the Seniors, and making use of those in the library; and an arrangement to that effect was made."

"What was to be gained by such a move as that, even if no more of the books were to be had?" queried Kate.

"I think an examination on what the class had been over would be avoided. It was thought that Mr. Huntingdon intended to re-establish himself in the popularity of the class by this undertaking; but Mr. Lyman would not permit that."

"He would not be very likely to, if it was in his power to prevent it," said Sam; and then the conversation came around to pleasanter matters.

Perhaps the Wentworths enjoyed a sojourn that Haskill made with them as much as any thing that took place in these days; for he was never more replete with his peculiarly entertaining information than at this time. He expressed his indignation at the action the Faculty had taken in Sam's case, a score of times; and the character he gave that venerable body would not have delighted them much, I am sure.

"You heard about the fireworks in Goody's room?" he remarked, in a matter-of-fact manner, as they were

all sitting in the twilight; though he knew well enough that they had not, and, indeed, had come down almost expressly to tell the story.

"No, I think not," returned Sam. "What was it?"

"Well," said the medical student, with ill-suppressed glee, "that's good! the best thing that has been done this generation, and you not to know about it!" and his eyes sparkled with delight.

"Well, you see, the Sophs. were reciting to Goody day before yesterday morning in at University 16. You remember the big curtain in the room?"

"Yes, the first college room I ever entered. I shall never forget it."

"Goody was explaining away about the optative and all that, when of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion behind the curtain; Roman candles went off, serpents flew hissing around, mines and batteries exploded. The curtain was afire in no time. Goody gave two strides, and was half way up the aisle and behind the students. He wasn't frightened; oh, no!" and Haskill laughed, and Sam too.

"The fellows were as surprised as Goody; but they rushed and opened the windows, and some got out that way, and some by the door. There was a cry of 'Fire! Fire!' and, as the smoke poured out of the room, the fellows rallied with their water-pails; and there was a great crowd, and water was plenty for a time. Somebody had to take most of what was brought in, on their persons; for the curtain was the only thing in the room that could or did burn."

"The professor must have felt badly," said Kate.

"Oh, didn't he! he felt badly enough to think that

his students should wish to blow him up in that style: so somebody drew up a statement expressing regard for him, and disclaiming any knowledge of or part in the matter; and the joke was that every man in the class signed it."

They all laughed at this.

"It seems to me as though that was carrying matters pretty far," said Kate, seriously. "I don't think I understand the passion that seems to exist among the students for setting fire to buildings, or blowing them up; encouraging rebellions, and troubling the souls of professors. To me it looks very silly and foolish, though it may all be very fine sport."

Haskill looked a little dashed. "But I haven't told you the cream of the joke yet," he added.

"Do tell us," said Kate, mollified at once by his downcast look. "I thought your story was finished, or I shouldn't have interrupted you with my moralizing."

"You remember Lyman, Miss Kate? Yes, you must of course; and your chum, Sam, will remember him a long while, I fancy, for he blocked his little game for him nicely. Your precious chum would have got the class into a nice mess, if it hadn't been for Lyman and a few others. Well, among the rest Lyman rallied with his water-pail to help put the fire out; and it so chanced that he had on a new pair of pants, which were ruined. What does the youth do, but go up to the Prex.'s office next day, and tell that functionary that at the fire yesterday where he had rushed to the rescue with his water-pail, to save the college property from destruction, his new pants had been ruined; and ask for

eighteen dollars to buy another pair with! The Prex. said he had no authority to pay out money for such a purpose as that, — you know nobody ever knew him to 'have any authority' to do any thing, — but said, with a twinkle in his cold blue eye, that he would lay the matter before the Faculty. He was as good as his word; and, by Jove! they actually voted to give Lyman eighteen dollars to buy a new pair of pants with; and he had just the gayest old time playing billiards while the money lasted."

They all laughed heartily at this yarn, which was true in point of fact, although that is more than could be said of many of Mr. Haskill's recitals.

"You have here a fine illustration of Faculty justice, Mrs. Wentworth," continued Haskill, "in their suspending your son, and voting Lyman eighteen dollars to play billiards with; but, then, what can any one expect better? It is about the way they manage every thing there. Everybody connected with the college seems to use as little common-sense as possible in all their doings. Every thing is so different where I am now!"

XXVIII.

SUNDAY EVENING TALK.

Besides running down every other Saturday, Villiers passed the May recess with his friends at Little Harbor; and the days were wondrously pleasant ones to him.

"It is, as I feared, too late for any mayflowers," said Kate, as they were strolling home after a long tramp through the fields in quest of them. "They are usually gone by the middle of the month; but the season has been so late, I thought we might possibly find a few."

Villiers was well content; it was enough that he had Kate for his companion.

"I believe I would walk almost any distance to gather a bunch of mayflowers in the early spring. I suppose you think me unduly enthusiastic."

"They are certainly exquisite," said Villiers.

"Ah! you cannot appreciate their beauties by the faded bunches you buy on the street in the city. I used to go with mother and Sam, and look for them, when I was a very little girl; and they used to pretend that they could not find any till I had found the first one."

If our friend had been prone to passing compliments, he would have told her, in some polite way, as he looked down fondly at her fresh beauty, her pink

cheeks, violet-blue eyes, and her wavy hair just charmingly disarranged by the fresh breeze, that she was a very mayflower of a girl herself: as it was, he only thought it, which was perhaps better. They passed on to the old landing, where Sam was at work overhauling the sail-boat.

"You cannot be quite safe, Miss Kate, in venturing out to sea in that old sail-boat," said Villiers, looking distrustfully at the somewhat venerable specimen of naval architecture.

"Oh, she will be seaworthy for a long time yet," said Sam, looking up from his work. "She was extremely well built, and has been well cared for."

"I do wish I had a boat not quite so large, and with only one sail," said Kate, eagerly, "and one that I could call my own."

"Next winter, when I get back to Cambridge, I will try and get you up one after your own heart. We sha'n't do much boating this summer if we go to the mountains."

"No," returned Kate. "It would be much nicer to have one next year, built in Boston;" and her eyes sparkled at the anticipation.

"We can go a-fishing any time now," said Sam, as he climbed on to the landing, and surveyed his work. "She is already for service."

"You must not miss that if you care for the sport," exclaimed Kate. "When the apple-trees blossom is *the* season of all the year. If you are enthusiastic enough, you can go for a night's work. The fishermen set their nets in the night, and haul boatloads of fish. And, though they are very superstitious about having a

stranger in their boats, we can arrange it for you, if you care to go."

Thus the two classmates had a night's sport with the seine; and it became an every-day occurrence for them to haul a boatload of splendid brown cod from the grounds in the bay. In this way, the time passed only too quickly.

Sunday evening, as they were all gathered around the ruddy fire, the conversation drifted around to religious and metaphysical matters, and lasted a long time. The Wentworths obtained a better insight of the character and principles of George Villiers than was ever vouchsafed by him to any other friends, albeit it was accidentally given to them.

The events of the year had led Sam to ponder over matters which had hitherto been the least to occupy his attention; and the result of his reflections was a most thoroughly misanthropic condition. Thus far, none of his friends suspected what gloomy thoughts were laid away in the young man's mind. He had kept them all to himself, and pondered them in his heart; but this evening he gave vent to them with a bitterness which pained and astonished them all.

"For one," said he suddenly, after a statement by Villiers, "I have concluded that every thing goes wrong, not only with myself, but with any one and every one; or at least, that every thing or any thing is as likely to go wrong as right, irrespective of any reason or justice for the one result or the other. Every thing is *hertzlich schlecht*, — as bad as heart could desire, — as Mephistopheles says in the play."

This utterance was a very firebrand. "How can

you say so, Sam? What is there that bears you out?" said his mother, anxiously.

"Oh, a thousand things!" returned the young man, warmly. "Take Cole's case. He had worked all his life for one single end, had sacrificed family, friends, and fortune. His ambition was pure, noble, almost holy. Just as he was beginning to realize the first fruits of his efforts, he died; and all this desperate effort and privation was in vain. What justice was there in his case, that he should die?"

"No one can say that he has not gained more than he has lost," said Villiers, after a silence.

"No: I presumed you would say that of Cole's case; but look at that little girl, who has been wearing out her youth, and her life almost, in drudgery. What had that innocent child done, that she should fare thus? She might have lived on that way always, but for the veriest accident."

"She might have; but, in point of fact, she is a very poor illustration of your views," returned Villiers. "Her affairs have been untangled; and she is as happily and favorably situated as need be. She has an ample income, a competent guardian, is at a good school improving her opportunities in a manner that shows that adversity was not without good results in her case. I have no doubt that the three-years' discipline she endured, though it was hard to bear, will make her more womanly and attractive and more useful in many ways."

"Well, then," said Sam, coloring a little, "take my own case for the past year and a half. What have I done to deserve the disappointment and mortification I

have had to bear? I worked hard enough to fare better in more ways than one. I — I set my heart on winning Rose Thorne, as you all know. I did all I could, and she sent me away. It may seem a little matter to you; but, if any thing of the sort ever comes home to you, you will discover that it is not. Then see what a nice mess I made of it this fall. I believe I have honestly tried to do only what was honorable and right at all times: the result is, so far as I can see, that I am sent home in disgrace, and for no other reason than that I would not suffer a parcel of tipsy students to insult a young girl, and afterwards tell such a story about the matter as pleased their fancy. Why, take the situation of the people you find in the places I went to with Huntingdon. You don't know any thing about these things, and never will; but they are there: the city is full of all sorts of wickedness; and the people who make up this lot are at least human beings, men and women, and not much different from other people, — I dare say really not much worse. All these things, that make or break us, determine our condition in this world and the next, as we are taught to believe, are beyond our control, and as likely to be for evil as for good, so far as I can see; and there is really no justice in any of it. That is my idea."

A silence succeeded this rather unexpected statement. "I think," said Villiers, "that you are on the right way to a very comfortable state of mind in regard to these things, which at some time or other perplex every thoughtful person; and I think that at no very distant time you will emerge from this darkness, and see the clearer for having passed through it. A great point

is gained when any one fully realizes that the events which shape his life are controlled by a power greater than himself; for, when he once believes this, he must, if there is any reason in him, admit upon careful reflection that this power which brings these things to pass, brings them to pass for his good, thereby saving him many a time when, if he could have his own way, he would rush straight to destruction; and I think it is the fault of our education that more men and women do not realize this to be so.

"We are taught, for instance, all through our lives, that every man is the architect of his own fortune. We hear this from the time we are boys till we become old; and the doctrine pervades every field we enter upon. We have the words given us to do into Latin when we are at school, with an emphatic comment from the master to remember them. In business or professional or political life, the same principle is insisted upon on every hand. They even preach it at you at church, where, to make their theories consistent, they tell you that we are absolutely free agents. Of course success is the object which, if this principle is true, we are bound to achieve if there is any virtue or manhood in us. Many a man is unsuccessful: he fails through no fault of his own perhaps; but his training and education have been such that he thinks it must be his fault, and the world treats him as though it were his fault, and he becomes discouraged, and gives up the fight; says every thing is out of joint, and that life is not worth the having, just because he has not been permitted to work out his plans after his own heart: whereas, if he had been differently educated in these matters, he would

think that perhaps it was his own plans that were out of joint, and take courage, and try again."

"But you believe we are all free agents?" exclaimed Kate: "we could not be responsible beings if we were not." Kate was a most devout church-woman, and came promptly to the rescue of principles which she fancied had been assailed.

"I do not believe in any such absolute and entire responsibility as is commonly accepted, any more than I believe in absolute and complete freedom, which is something existing in words only; and I will try to give you my reasons for this. In the first place, I believe with all my soul that our lives are controlled from the beginning to the end; and I will try to show you why I think so. I dare say I shall not make my meaning plain; and, even if I do, one needs to reason it out for one's self, to realize it all fully; but I may possibly lend a helping hand to one who is struggling in the dark, like my friend here.

"You know you often hear it said, that a certain event happened 'providentially.' Thereupon the sceptic laughs at you, and says, 'Ho! a queer God this is of yours: he permits things to take their own course in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, and then in the hundredth stretches out his hand, and has this one go right. Now, let us be fair and honest in our talk, and call things by their right names, and call it all chance; for certainly life is all chance if any of it is, and you admit that it is chance in the ninety and nine cases.' And the sceptic is right. If there is any such element in human life as chance, it must be all chance: if there is any such thing as design, it must be all design.

"Now, my idea is, that every thing comes to pass by design; that God's providence is in every thing, every action and every thought; and that, in common with the rest of creation, we are under this omnipresent care. You wonder perhaps at my stating this so gravely, and say, 'Why, yes: we all believe that;' but no one I have ever known believes it to the full extent to which I mean to have it extend, — that existence from the beginning to the end of life is in accordance with one vast plan of God's which comprises every thing. We get only glimpses of this plan from time to time; but every one sees more or less of it, and enough to enable him to realize, if he will, that it exists in its entirety.

"If we are unexpectedly, and perchance wonderfully, rescued from danger, we call it a 'providential' escape, and thank God for it. If we meet with some great disappointment, which we realize comes to us from causes beyond our control, like Sam's trouble, we say it is 'hard luck,' or 'cruel fate,' or 'adversity.' If something quite unforeseen and unexpected comes to us, we call it chance. In reality it is all one: there can be no such thing as fate or luck or chance. It is all God's providence and care; and every thing in our lives comes to pass in accordance with his infinitely good and wise design. I have often thought that this fact of God's omnipresent care over our lives, as shown in his ordering of them, is the one absolutely unanswerable argument in proof of God's existence.

"I cannot tell you fully, Miss Kate, how the commonly accepted belief in free agency and consequent responsibility exists consistently with this plan. Everyday experience makes us conscious that we exercise

choice in our sphere of action, and that certain results follow our choice; but I still think that our choice must be in accordance with God's design. The fact that we are for the most part unconscious of God's providence in our daily affairs; that in the ninety and nine events we cannot realize its existence, except we realize it as ever present for the reasons that I am trying to give you, — is sufficient to account for the responsibility which we all feel and act upon. If we are not conscious that our path is shaped for us, we cannot but feel that we are shaping it ourselves. The wisest government in human matters is that which controls without conscious constraint on the part of the governed. So it is that the divine hand which leads us is manifest to us only enough to make us aware, if we take the pains to reflect upon it closely, that it is ever guiding and protecting us. When we begin to reflect on these matters, it is with a firm conviction in our freedom and responsibility; after a time we come to a point where we cannot tell whether life is controlled or not; and farther on we come to ground where every one admits that it is controlled. Every one admits this to a greater or less degree. Now, I believe that we are controlled always, except that for God's own wise purposes we are unconscious of this for the most part, and only see God's hand directing our lives from time to time: that is, that is the general condition of mankind. I dare say I have wound myself up by this time, so as to be altogether unintelligible."

"No," returned Kate, slowly. "I understand you, though I never thought of this before."

"Then I suppose," said Sam, a little dryly, "that,

according to this doctrine, any thing that happens to a man is for the best. If he commits a crime, or takes to drink and bad company, or if a girl goes onto the street and to perdition, it is all right! I should think there were a good many stubborn facts in the way of your little theory."

"So there are; but there are still more stubborn facts to account for if you accept the sceptic's belief; and one or the other I believe we must choose. This problem of evil which you bring up has staggered many a one, and made him lose his faith; but if my theory is correct, there can be no such thing."

"But there is such a thing: a man must be crazy to say there is not."

"Yes, as we estimate and judge, there is what we call evil; but in God's sight every thing must work for good. There can be no such thing as evil in God's administration. I cannot understand or explain how it is that evil always works out good; but I can show you very strong reasons, as I believe, for my faith."

"Pray let us hear them."

"Well, Sam, suppose we take your own life; for that is something you are most familiar with, and are best able to judge of. Perhaps you will admit that to your best knowledge every thing that has happened to you thus far — and nearly every thing has come about without your agency — has been for your good, excepting these two troubles which you have spoken of. Is this true?"

"I suppose it is," said Sam, promptly.

"And I suppose you can think of things that at the time seemed unmitigated evils, and which you were

perhaps responsible for, which you have since recognized as good in their results."

"I see," said Sam, laughing, "you are going to corner me. Yes, I admit that too. There was my experience (to speak of it tenderly) at the examination for admission. I thought that as bad as any thing could be; and yet I learned a very wholesome lesson."

"I will venture to predict, Sam, that before you are two years older you will rejoice that these two troubles or disappointments came to you as they did."

Sam shook his head.

"I am sure Mr. Villiers is right about this," said Mrs. Wentworth.

"But even as you feel now," continued Villiers, "have you any right to say that these two trials are not good for you? Are you not bound, considering that every thing else has happened for your best welfare, to take these two trials which came without any fault of yours, — no more than a hundred others which you consider blessings have come without any desert on your part, — on credit, as it were, and believe that these are equally for your good; that some time you will see that this is so, even if you cannot now? Of course that will not cure the ache and pain; but it will help you to bear it with courage, like a man."

Sam was silent.

"Your theory is as practical as it is beautiful, Mr. Villiers," said Kate.

"And it seems so very simple to me," continued Villiers. "The old lady put it into the fewest words, who used to say that such and such a thing that had happened was right, otherwise it would not have hap-

pened; and the way to it is so plain that no one need miss it. Let any one take ten years of his life, and go over them carefully, and see if he is not satisfied that every thing that has happened to him has been for his good; if not all, at least enough to justify him in having faith for that which he cannot as yet reconcile. Let any one do this fairly and dispassionately, and there are few who must not fain acknowledge that those events which were at the time the most grievously disappointing, the hardest to bear, the most baffling, the most unjust, as it seemed, have really proved to be events for which, on one ground or another, there is the chiefest reason to give thanks, and events which show God's care to be the tenderest at the time when it has seemed as though Mephistopheles was right, and every thing was 'as bad as heart could wish.' The difficulty in the problem arises when you pass from your own life and experience to that of others; for there you go astray very soon, if you have nothing to trust to but the appearances which their lives present. You are wholly unable to reconcile the misfortune and trials that others have to endure, with any thing like justice or divine goodness. You see only a tangled skein, in which the dark colors seem to predominate in an appalling degree. Vice and crime seem to riot unchecked; and the hydra-headed problem of evil confronts and confounds. But return for a moment to your faith. You see that the evil in your own life has been for your good; your trials, misfortunes, sins, even. Are you not right in believing that the lives of others are ordered for them, as your life has been and is from day to day ordered for you, and that it is only your own ignorance that doubts

God's providence, and that, if you could see only as well into the lives of others as you do in your own case, you would know that all was well?"

"You would change very much our ideas of what good is, Mr. Villiers," said Mrs. Wentworth.

"Yes," returned Villiers, "I suppose so. It is presumptuous in me to say it; but I think the common idea of good is all wrong. Good is any thing one happens to want; while any thing unpleasant or disagreeable is not good. Success in one's undertakings is good, pre-eminently so: failure is not. The end of life is to get rich, and have a good time; and any thing that promotes this is good. But this is all wrong, in my humble judgment; and the home training, or school teachings, or social customs, that so instruct, are wrong also. The object of life is education and discipline. We are all of us at a great school; and we are here to be educated and disciplined. The school is God's school, and he is the master; and he gives us each that kind of work and experience that will best develop us. He sees the beginning and the end; knows our hearts, lives, and destiny. We have our own fancies and notions, as children always do; and for our own good they are often crossed. But we always have just what we need; not what we want to crown success or happiness, but what we need to carry out this great education.

"Occasionally you hear this principle set forth from a pulpit, or have it advanced in a book; but in every instance that I have ever known good is used in its commonly accepted sense, and thus the object of the sermon or the essay is defeated. Nobody is deceived

by such talk. Everybody knows that things do not come to pass in accordance with our wishes, desires, or our most earnest efforts, and that plans do not result happily or successfully or justly, so far as we can measure justice; that men die heartsick and broken in spirit; that their lives go out in darkness, though they struggle hard to keep them bright; that God does not always temper the wind to the shorn lamb, but oftentimes suffers it to perish; that thousands follow a life of sin and crime: so that for a man to preach that every thing happens for the good of everybody, and limit the meaning of the word 'good' to its common use, is worse than for him to hold his tongue altogether. For every one sees that, despite the curious stories and incidents he has collected to fortify and establish his position, there is a fallacy somewhere in the argument, and that what he says is not true in point of fact and common experience; and the congregation forget all about it as soon as they are half a mile from the church door.

"But if my faith is right; if we are each one of us led by God's hand from day to day, all through our lives; if there is in store for us such success, happiness, such failure, disappointment, discipline, even though it be dark and fearful, as each one of us needs for his best welfare; if this is true, and we receive from the paternal care that watches over us care that is perfect, infinite in extent, and incapable of a mistake, just what we need; and if we could be taught in our youth to believe this, and to realize that when we are not permitted to have our own way, and work out our own plans; when we are crossed, punished for our faults and

sins, we are receiving from God's own hand just such mercies as we most need, — I think we should grow up to be better and braver men and women. I think that allegiance to duty, honest manly and womanly effort, would come to be the end sought for, rather than success at any price in our undertakings. I think there would be a faith in each one, that would cheer and sustain through the sorest trials and the most heart-breaking disappointments, — a faith that would enable us to see the light shining beyond, even though the clouds shut down dark on every side."

"Well," said Sam, when Villiers had concluded (and he laughed a little nervously), "I won't say that it is easier to preach than to practise; but I think there are some people who seem not to need any discipline. They are blessed in having their heart's desire come to them; I suppose because it is just what they need, and what will do them the most good. But you have talked well, old fellow: you must have an '8' for this."

Although the young man spoke lightly, the words of his friend made deep their impression on his heart.

XXIX.

SENIOR YEAR.

At last Senior year and "Holworthy" have come.

A half-dozen of our Seniors were loitering one day on the steps of the hall at noontide, as if unwilling to break the pleasant gathering, chatting merrily over the news of the day.

"Oh, Charley is going to give Villiers a rub for the lead this year," quoth Lewis, in answer to a remark by that gentleman.

"Yes, he is going in for a *summa cum* at the very least," said Lyman, coolly; and Longstreet was the centre of observation.

"I am going to have a part at Commencement, and let folks know that my brains are not all in my heels; and you fellows may laugh as much as you please," returned the diminutive Senior, stoutly; and there was a fresh shout of laughter from the company.

"And so the young man has turned dig, and given up his rebellion, has he?" said Sam, good-naturedly, and there was a fresh outburst, though Longstreet seemed in no way abashed.

"Dig!" ejaculated Lewis. "That word does no sort of justice to the facts of the case. You ought to hear him squirt! There isn't a man in the division that

begins to hold a candle to him. He will keep on as long as the professor will permit."

The group seated themselves on the shady steps, to while away an hour in pleasant gossip about class matters.

It was even so: the eccentric little man had taken to study, and was working with all his might for a "part," and was as dignified and orderly at recitation as Villiers himself. As his natural capacity was good, he was making an excellent show indeed. Nor was he the only one thus metamorphosed by the ambition to have a part at Commencement. As usual, there were a score of men who had hitherto barely kept their places in the class, who, at the beginning of this last year, were seized with a determination to distinguish themselves on the rank-list; and for a time they made a brilliant display. Your plodding student who had always done his work well, without making any especial exertion, was quite thrown into the shade. But this sudden impulse was wont for the most part to die out as the term advanced; and, as the professors understood it from past experience, it did not usually profit the men much.

Here we are Seniors, and actually in Holworthy! It is hard to realize it at once; it seems as though there must be some other class above us to look up to. The dignity comes in time, however, and sits easily and gracefully on our shoulders. We are the college. We have our suite of apartments, — a sleeping-room apiece, and the comfortable and almost elegant study-room, with its deep, pleasant window-seats, whence we look out upon the grounds and the checkered shade under the elms, which from this new point of observa-

tion seem really to have been planted in rows, a fact we never discovered before; and in the rooms about us, overhead and underneath, are our best friends, our classmates.

Being Seniors, with a great deal of dignity to spare, we can unbend a little if occasion requires, and pitch coppers, or play leap-frog, on the smooth, firm drive in front of the hall; or lounge an hour after dinner on the steps, in our silk hats and slippers, in most elegant ease.

Yes, there is no glory equal to the glory of the full-fledged Senior at Harvard, as he calmly looks down on the classes below him from the inapproachable height to which he has been so long a-climbing. The lower classes, how infinitely removed they seem! The very President and Professors, — what are they more than his servants, whose duty it is to keep this great institution in the most perfect order possible, that he — yes, he, who only a little time ago was a poor dog of a Freshman — may enjoy the benefits thereby afforded? It makes the work of the year, hard though it be, and tasking severely the best mind, and the soundest constitution by no means lightly, quite a different matter from the intolerable grind it would otherwise be to many.

Happy Senior! enjoy these your halcyon days while you may; for great will be the fall from your pinnacle of glory, when after Commencement you go forth into the great world to earn your first dollar, and find that even the boy who dusts the office, and kindles the fire, and runs of errands, is for the time at least more valued and more valuable than you; since he does some deed

even though it be a small one, well, while you are utterly inexperienced and unpractised! So smoke on, and dream on, and enjoy your glory while it lasts; for, when you have departed from this charmed circle, it will have vanished forever! With hard work and happy days, the senior year slips rapidly away.

Sam enjoyed, one evening late in the term, a call from his friend Wilkinson, now a law-student of six months or more; and the talk was about the work and amusements of the year.

"Yes, forensics always were a bore," said Wilkinson, in reply to a remark of Sam's. "I don't suppose that Fanny ever gave out a real live subject, or one which could not be argued on one side equally well as on the other. Do they rough him as much as ever?"

"More, I should think. I get out of patience with the fellows, though it's impossible not to laugh sometimes. Two or three of our division men have a way of shaking the floor in a manner that annoys him very much, as well it may; for the windows rattle, and the walls tremble, as though there was an earthquake; and he finds it impossible to discover the offender."

"Yes, our men used to do that."

"Then they sometimes go in and sit down with their overcoats on. As soon as the recitation begins, the end man in the division gets up and leisurely takes off his overcoat, folds it carefully, and sits down. Then the next man rises, and does the same; then the next, and so on: all with the utmost gravity and decorum. The funny part of it is to see him look up and give a half snort, and try to discover what it is that is wrong; for

he is surely conscious that something is not as it should be, though as he can discover nothing more reprehensible than a man quietly taking off his overcoat he will almost immediately forget time and space in his political economy. He is a thousand times more interested than any of us, though he has been over the ground scores of times."

The law-student laughed softly at this. "He is so sincere and earnest that it always seemed to me to be a shame to treat him so."

"Oh, yes, it is a shame, of course; but then, you know, 'boys will be boys.' In the third division, Lewis, Lyman, Longstreet, and two or three others, have the front seat under his very eye. They sit cross-legged; and every time he calls a man up they 'legover,' as Lewis calls it, — cross the other member; and that puzzles him beyond measure. Yes, I feel sorry for him; for, as you say, he is sincere and earnest, and I think our men are particularly hard on him. He told us the other day, in an almost tearful voice, that he had taught the Senior class here for twenty years, and that we were the very worst Seniors he had ever had any thing to do with."

"Oh, yes," returned Wilkinson, with a quick laugh. "He told our men the same thing. I believe he has told every class so, so far back that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. I am not sure that he does not say so to gain their good-will; for I believe there is scarcely a man that does not feel complimented at the charge, whether he has taken part in the irregularities or not."

"*I dare* say you are right," said Sam.

"You have the Philosopher in logic and metaphysics this year, I believe. How does that work?"

"Yes, we have the Philosopher; and I really do pity him. He tries so hard to explain the principles that underlie these branches, and give us some real understanding of what we are studying; and is so patient and painstaking, going over the ground again and again, so that it would seem as though the dullest might comprehend, while the fellows are for the most part so careless and inattentive, that he is fairly discouraged at times, as any one can see."

"The Philosopher is a favorite of yours," remarked Wilkinson, smiling at the Senior's warmth and earnestness.

"Yes: I believe there is no one I think more highly of."

"Not even excepting the Doctor?"

"No, not even excepting him."

"I haven't heard about your class elections: they came off Friday, I understood. I haven't been in town for a week."

"Yes, every thing passed off very pleasantly," said Sam, as he settled himself in his chair complacently.

"I take it for granted that Villiers was chosen orator: there was hardly any one to dispute the place with him, I should say."

"No: Villiers was chosen on the first ballot, and the vote was made unanimous; it was nearly so at the very first. I never saw one more completely taken by surprise. I don't think he had the remotest idea that any thing of the kind would happen."

"Well, he will do you credit."

"I believe there is no one who doubts that he will."

"Do I know any of the marshals?"

"Tom was chosen first marshal, and Adams third."

"And I suppose Mr. Wentworth is to be the second," laughingly.

Sam bowed modestly.

"I thought the crack oar of the class must come in for some honors."

Sam did not think it necessary to state that he might have been first marshal, but that his refusal to take the place away from his friend was unchangeable.

"Lyman is on the Class-Day committee, and Lewis is odist," continued Sam.

"Where is your chum? didn't he get any thing?"

"No," said Sam, half sadly. "I was sorry for him. His name came up several times. Villiers and I did all we could for him; but it was no use. He got into rather a bad mess with that society business, you know; and none of the society men would vote for him. And, though he was pretty strong with the outsiders, their vote alone wasn't enough to do him any good."

"I should say not. I hadn't heard of any trouble with the societies. I knew he didn't stand exactly as he used to with the class; but I always supposed he was a deucedly strong man. What was the matter?"

Hesitatingly, "It is no secret, Wilkinson, or I should be the last one to mention it, and perhaps I ought not; but it was this way: Of course, chum wanted to come in with us: his old set was here pretty much; but you didn't elect him last year, as you know; and when I came back at the beginning of the year, I *found that* he had not only not been elected, but there

was an extraordinary feeling against his coming in at all. At length, the list had been filled except three places; and you know what an undertaking it is to elect anybody when it gets so close as that."

"I should think I did," returned Wilkinson, laughing. He had been a leading society-man in his day.

"Well, I worked for him the best I knew how, and so did Villiers; and together we talked Tom over. And at last, Lyman, who had been the most determined, declaring that he should want to go out if the other came in, yielded, and accordingly one night I brought him the news of his election; and I believe I had not had a happier hour for a long time," and Sam's voice grew lower. "I went into the Institute on his nomination or suggestion, almost the first man of the second ten; and one good turn deserves another, you know." For a moment, the two puffed away in silence.

"I thought he didn't seem altogether exultant over the good fortune at first, though he was more jubilant by and by; and we went about initiating him, and Lyman had him in hand to put through."

"I dare say Lyman enjoyed that," said Wilkinson, with a short laugh.

"Yes: I thought Lyman seemed to enjoy it rather better than chum did. We were getting on with it, however, and Lyman was nearly through, when the president of the other society buttonholed Tom one day, and said he understood that we were initiating Huntingdon.

"'Yes,' said Tom, in surprise, and wondering what business it could be of his.

"'Well,' he continued, dryly enough, 'he had pledged

himself to us before you elected him; and, not knowing of that event, we elected him in due course. Oh, we don't claim him, or don't want him: you are welcome to your man;' and he turned on his heel, and left Tom pretty much speechless with astonishment."

"By Jove!" said Wilkinson, "that was a bad go! Of course, you dropped him at that."

"Yes: there was no help for it."

"It is most remarkable how that man has fizzled out," said Wilkinson. "Why, he kinged it over the class for the first year and a half; and, with his splendid abilities, there is nothing he might not have aspired to. I always said, the shadier a man kept the first two years, the better it was for him; and I am more convinced of it now than ever before."

"I think you are right, though I doubt if it was that altogether."

"And there is Villiers," continued Wilkinson. "How green and awkward that man was at first, and how everybody roughed him! and now he is your very strongest man."

"Oh, altogether so; but it was impossible that he should not get on."

As the law-student rose to go, Sam said, "Come and see us often, Wilkinson. I have enjoyed the evening above every thing." The guest departed, thinking that he too had enjoyed an uncommonly pleasant evening, and feeling pretty sure of a card to at least one spread on Class Day.

If this chapter on Senior year is dull, it is not because *the year* is uninteresting. Socially the Seniors are at

this time especial pets of their friends, if for no other reason, because Class Day is coming soon; and there is hardly a man who does not enjoy society pleasures, dancing and feasting and flirting, to his fill, in one circle or another. Our friends were no exceptions to the rule, but on this memorable winter were the gayest, and the most flattered and petted.

The very best and most interesting chapter of the present volume ought to be one about the Senior societies; for the four years present nothing that approaches the peculiar enjoyment these organizations afford to the members. But for the most part the matter is a sealed book.

It is well known that there is a theatre in the society rooms, and, if rumor is to be believed, a very complete and pretty one, where plays, burlesques, and original operettas (for these last are from time to time published in the "Advocate") are brought out there, in a way that is perfectly enjoyable to the audience. It is generally understood that the young gentlemen occasionally make up into "stunning" ladies, and even appear in ballet, and that the old members go back at times to these entertainments, on which occasions there is feasting and music and mirth. And when the many peculiarities of genius that exist in a class of a hundred and fifty college-students are considered, it will be readily believed that these good times surpass, in point of fact, any high repute that rumor may have given them.

Though Sam was usually very reticent about these matters, he told one story that threw some light on this society business, and gave him an opportunity to show how he had made Kate the victim of a practical joke,

though he was quite willing to admit that an opportunity to entrap her did not frequently occur.

"We used to dress up the fellows for the female characters in our plays," said he; "and we had no end of fun at it too. You can have no idea what perfectly splendid women they used to make sometimes. Smith was the best we had: the figure was pretty stout, but we did not care for that. In certain costumes he was divine, absolutely divine!

"On a certain night we were going to bring out a little opera which Lewis had written, and I was to make love to Smith (a splendid tenor) in double bass.

"'What sort of rig shall I wear, Sam? have you any choice?' Smith said to me before he went to order the costumes.

"'Yes, indeed,' I replied. 'Get a white dress, by all means: nothing becomes you so well. In a white dress and one of those yellow, curling wigs. you will be so charming that I shall forget myself, and make love to you in earnest.' We had our rehearsals, and it was necessary that I should be very soft and tender"—

"I am sure you found no difficulty in that," interrupted Kate.

"So the manager thought when he cast me for the part," said Sam, roguishly; "but I couldn't get up much enthusiasm at the rehearsals, so I saved it up for the occasion itself. Play night came, and there was a crowd of old members besides our own men, and the hall was packed; and at last every thing was in readiness except the prima donna. 'Come, hurry up, Smith!' said Lewis, who was stage-manager, rushing into the dressing-room, which was in a precious state of confusion, "we are waiting for you.'

"'I am thinking you will have to wait a little longer, Fred,' said Smith, between his teeth; and I wish you could have seen him, or rather her, as she stood there: golden curls, classic features, a most decided dishabille, while clustered around her were half a dozen grotesque figures, the characters of the opera, assisting her out of some difficulty that was blocking the progress of events.

"'What's the matter?' half whispered Lewis. 'Why don't you put your dress on?'

"'I can't get it on,' said Smith, desperately. 'It's too small. I don't see what is going to be done, Fred. If I only had that old goose [the costumer] here, I'd teach her to be more careful next time!'

"Smith had ordered, and the old lady had supplied, a white dress, a very elegant garment indeed of satin, with low neck, short sleeves, and a girth to fit the waist of a slender girl. 'Look here!' said he, holding it up: 'I can't do any thing with that.'

"Generally the costumer was very careful, and took pains to fit the dresses to the young gentlemen; but this time there had been some mistake.

"'You must get into it the best way you can,' said Lewis, impatiently; and, thus exhorted, Smith slipped the skirt over his head like an adept, and thrust one sinewy arm into the strap of a sleeve, where it stuck fast a little above the elbow.

"'Here, let me rip it for you,' said Lewis, producing a knife. 'You must get it on some way.'

"'Confound the thing!" said Smith, in disgust: 'why, there are no sleeves and no neck to it; and I am as brown as a berry. I can't show myself this way.'

"'We can chalk you, I guess,' said Lewis, testily. 'You ought to have looked out for this. I wouldn't have had it happen for a thousand dollars.' Lewis, that monument of good-nature and self-control, was losing his temper very fast.

"Meantime it was rip! rip! tear! tear! and at last the armhole admitted the thews and sinews, and the other arm was introduced into the other armhole; and finally on it went. Ha, ha, ha!" and Sam laughed tearfully at the recollection. "You ought to have heard the fellows roar. The little waist with its trimming and flummery about half covered Smith's broad chest; and no amount of coaxing and pulling could make it meet. The audience outside the curtain caught sound of the laughter, and applauded to the echo. They were becoming impatient; but the play could not go on, or even begin, till the prima donna was dressed.

"One of the boys had been rummaging in the trunk, however; and, as good luck would have it, it appeared that the old lady had been thoughtful enough to put in a loose white waist made of some thin material, with sleeves and a high neck, and of abundant girth. The satin waist was detached from the skirt in a twinkling, and Smith was ready in a trice. Good-nature once more possessed the cheery face of the stage-manager; the stage was speedily cleared; the bell rang; the curtain rose. The opera was an immense success, and at its close Lewis was called out, and received three times three, which he fully deserved.

"But this is all by way of preface," continued Sam, with a droll glance at his sister: "the story is yet to be told. Smith was so divine, that I persuaded him the

next morning to array himself in his robes, after which we took a carriage, and went to a photographer's where he sat for his picture. It is in my album there now; and I challenge any one to pick it out as not being a lady's picture. Then, shortly before the May recess, I sent one of them to Kate, and wrote her that it was a Miss Smith, whose acquaintance I had recently made in Cambridge, and with whom I had been very much charmed, — so much so that after careful and serious thought I had asked her to marry me, and she had consented, though the engagement was not to come out till Class Day; at the same time I begged her not to tell mother till I should come home. Smith was one of Kate's very particular friends, and had been in our house scores of times, besides meeting Kate at Worcester and at Cambridge; and I never imagined but that she would discover the original in the photograph. But she was thoroughly deceived. She reasoned with me and talked to me, when I went home in May, in a way that was too comical. She even cried about it; said the young lady was coarse and stagy-looking, and not a bit nice; and she was such a picture of grief, sobbing, with her head on my shoulder, that I finally told her who the original was." Sam went off in a hearty laugh.

"Yes; I give in," said Kate, joining in the mirth. "I ought to have been brighter, I confess; but Sam had had so many affairs with divine young ladies in Cambridge and its vicinity, and his letter was so straightforward and honest, and he seemed so happy about the engagement when he came home, that I never should have guessed the truth."

Sam had behaved very well during the year that had elapsed since his suspension. In the summer following that event, his mother and sister had made the tour of the mountains with him, returning in time to have a week at home together before the Senior year should call the young man back to Cambridge; and the last days of his suspension had been different from the first. He had come out of the mist which had at that time enshrouded him, and made every thing look so gloomy, and saw something of that divine fitness of things which Villiers had so earnestly endeavored to point out to him. He had even come to rejoice at his two "hair-breadth escapes," as he was wont to call his two love-affairs. He still vowed that Rose Thorne was the fairest creature alive; but his infatuation for her had apparently passed away. "It is all over," he said, heart-ily, a score of times, — "all over, and a good thing to have been through with; for, after all, the most glorious heritage a man has, or can have, is his freedom; and I wouldn't barter it away, to be tied down to any woman. Eh, Villiers?" To this sage interrogatory, it was Villiers's wont to make no reply.

For Mrs. Wentworth, the last days which her son spent at home had indeed been delightful days. Sam was more like the happy, free-hearted boy he used to be before he went to college, than it had at one time seemed possible he could ever be again; and, in addition to this, there was something about him, — a deeper current to his life, a manliness and character in his conduct, that made her proud of him, as she might well be. She had no fears for the Senior year; nor could her fears, if she had entertained any, have been aught but ground-

less. It came and passed by, with its elevating and ennobling work, leaving its inevitable impress for good on all the members of the class, and, in not the least degree, on the sensitive and impressionable mind of her son. He had become very nearly a scholar, very nearly a gentleman, in the truest sense. He caught glimpses, ay, more than glimpses, of that perfect manhood, the attainment of which he by degrees understood to be the one great object of life; and he realized too, before the Senior year was done, for how much of this noble ambition he was indebted to the college, and the four years he had passed there.

Where was Ruth Leigh all this time? She was, ere this, in the enjoyment of a very considerable income of her own, and had become quite a little lady. She was working hard at an excellent school, a score of miles from Cambridge, trying to make up for lost time; for all which good things she was indebted to Mr. Villiers, and his thorough-going way of attending to business. She and Sam had never met since that December morning in the Junior year, when he had left her well-nigh heart-broken. He had quite a pile of letters from her, however, filed away among his private papers; and they plainly told the story of her improvement. They were cramped in penmanship, childish in expression, and full of errors, at first; but the latest ones were very faultless epistles indeed; and he was to see a very intelligent and polished young lady on Class Day, which was close at hand.

Yes; the shadow of Class Day, that festival which crowns with its joys the close of every student's life at

Harvard, had at last drawn very near. The work of the course was completed. The Seniors had formed in front of Holworthy, and marched in single file to Harvard Hall, for the last annual. It was hardly possible for the student to realize that it was the last, as he came sedately out of the hall, and folded and laid away the examination-paper. Was there really to be no more digging? The mind failed to comprehend it all, for a time.

The arrangements for Class Day and the spreads were at last completed. What a deal of intriguing, and wire-pulling, and trading-off of rooms, there had been, that the right men might come together! Some of the rooms of the lower classes, particularly the "tree" rooms, had been spoken for these two years. There had been a vast deal of manœuvring, before every thing could be finally settled, and there had been some hard feeling; but all was satisfactorily arranged at last.

XXX.

THE TRIAL TRIP.

The two friends finished their last annual by the Monday noon preceding Class Day.

"I am going down for mother and Kate this afternoon. Come with me, will you? We shall have just time for dinner at Parker's, and the afternoon train."

Villiers stood irresolute.

"We are all coming up Wednesday morning; and the change will rest you, and freshen you for Friday."

"I am afraid I ought not, Sam," said conscientious Villiers, who saw a score of duties for the two days that would thus be devoted to pleasure.

"Don't disappoint me," continued Sam, earnestly, putting his arm through his friend's. "There is time enough for every thing; and I want your judgment on 'The Ruby' [the boat he had built for Kate]. The builder is going down with her to-day, is there now perhaps; and we must try the craft before Kate uses her."

Villiers yielded at that, and evening saw the two students at Mrs. Wentworth's mansion.

They had planned an excursion in "The Ruby" for the next morning. But, though the boat-builder had delivered his work as complete, Sam found many little

changes to make; and the forenoon wore away, and the party had not started. Both boats lay at the landing, the old one with her sails set and idly flapping in the sultry breeze, for the day had been most oppressive. Sam was sitting on a thwart, working at the water-breaker, vainly trying to extract the bung. Every thing else had been already transferred to "The Ruby," and it remained but to fill this cask at the spring, when all would be in readiness for the start. "Confound it!" he said, hot and impatient with his fruitless efforts. "I should think it had grown in there;" and he jumped out, and hurried up to the house for a hatchet or hammer.

Just then Kate came down the path with some wraps and a lunch-basket. She dropped the wraps into "The Ruby," deposited the basket on the landing, and glanced out over the bay. How the waters gleamed and danced in the sunlight! The sails of the honest old craft, now quite eclipsed by the new canvas, moved gently in invitation. "I believe there is time for a little sail: we cannot go now till after dinner," she thought. And she stepped aboard, and cast off, and was half a mile from the landing before Sam, hatchet in hand, came running down the path.

To his disgust, he saw the boat gliding smoothly and swiftly away, and hailed with all his might; but the distance was too great. "If she had only waited till I had taken out the water-cask," he said, a little irritated, "she might have gone in welcome. Well, we can't do any thing now until after dinner;" and he disappeared into the boat-house.

Meantime Kate, taking such a course as would enable

her to return easily, was gliding over the water with a free wind; and the motion was so exhilarating that she was well out on the outer harbor before she realized that it was time for her to return. But the breeze, which had been growing lighter, failed entirely as she put the boat about; the sails hung loosely; the boat rolled unpleasantly; there was not a breath of air, and she waited half an hour.

"This is certainly provoking," she said, and rising looked over the water in every direction. There seemed to be a breeze farther in shore, if she could row in till she reached it; and she looked for the oars. But Sam had taken them out. There was literally nothing in the boat save the empty water-cask with its tight-fitting bung. She could do nothing but wait; and the sails flapped idly as the boat rolled in the sea way while the water swashed up against the sides, and occasionally a little came aboard; for it had been blowing fresh all the night, and was rough; and thus another half-hour slipped away.

A sudden flaw of cold east wind struck and half capsized the boat, sending a shiver through the girl; a lull succeeded, as the gust rushed landward, and in a moment a smart shower with big drops drenched her, and cut off the shore from view.

Then once more every thing was still. The troubled surface of the sea grew black as the sky seemed to be obscured in all quarters at once; but there was no wind.

Masses of clouds low in the heavens came dark and angry from the south, and twisted and twirled across the zenith in a wild dance; but still there was no wind.

At this she began to be alarmed. "I must take the

sails down, for there is going to be a storm;" and she wished herself safe at home.

But the sails refused to come down. It happened that the halyards were new, and had scarcely been used; moreover, the rain had wet the new rope, which was kinked and twisted in an inextricable tangle; it appeared also in its swollen condition to be too large for the blocks. The foresail fell half way, and stuck fast; the mainsail would not lower at all. She looked at the black, threatening clouds, and then at the spread of canvas which all her efforts could not make less. "If I only had a knife!" flashed through her brain; and she searched every part of the boat with a desperate eagerness, though in vain; then, since she could do nothing more, she sat quietly at the tiller, and awaited the event.

In the midst of her own great peril, her heart grieved at the destruction which threatened the faithful old boat. The sails hanging so helplessly seemed mutely to appeal to her for assistance, as though beseeching her not to put their strength to this impossible test; but, even as she rose to make one more effort, the squall came surging over the water, striking with resistless force. The mainmast went with a crash; the sail, catching the wind, ballooned up for an instant; and mast and sail and rigging were lifted high into the air, and swept to leeward like a leaf. The foresail which was half down and tied up, strained hard; the mast bent, but held; and the old craft, plunging forward before the gale, pointed straight out to sea. Kate bowed her head with a prayer that God might guide it in its mad course. The broad ocean was before, the roaring hurri*cane* and rising waters behind.

Even in this hour of peril she could but feel a certain enjoyment in the wild magnificence of the scene, as she flew before the fury of the storm. The sky, dark and lowering, torn and rent in shapeless masses, shut down close on every side. The shore was cut off from view; the clouds whirled along in a swift fantastic dance; the air was filled with flying spray; every wave was white-capped; the sea ran high, and every moment higher. Kate felt the grandeur of it all in spite of her imminent danger.

For a moment there seemed to be a lull, and she took heart. Then with a frightful roar, and a rain of blinding spray, the storm came again to the charge. Her hat flew into the air; she was well-nigh lifted from her place in the boat. The foresail with a loud flap was torn away from the stops into a thousand shreds. She felt that she must meet death now. So long as the sail held, and she could scud before the tempest, she was comparatively safe; for the fury of the wind must abate before long. But now she knew the boat would soon lose steerage, and come broadside to, and then the sea would break over her, and she would go down, and there was not even an oar to cling to. She was a brave girl, but life was sweet to her, — how sweet, she had never known till now. She thought of her mother, ever so gentle and patient and kind; of her splendid brother; of her lover — for such she then felt Villiers to be. With a shudder she covered her face, as a big white-crested mountain towered above her for an instant, and then curling and breaking poured tons of cold, green, pitiless water into the helpless boat. She felt the boat sink under her, when, lo! something dashed against her

body, and her arms clasped and her hands clutched with all the strength of instinct and despair, the abused and forgotten water-cask, which was there to save her life. At the same instant, above the roar of the tempest, a shout of encouragement reached her ears.

Villiers had taken it upon himself to drive to a neighbor's some ten or twelve miles away, and bring two young lady friends of Kate's to go on the excursion; and the trio reached the house just as the sky seemed to threaten a squall, and it appeared that the sail would have to be given up.

"Kate went down to the landing an hour ago," said Mrs. Wentworth, as they rested for a moment in the broad porch. "I will send for her."

"And I will be your messenger," said Villiers, "if you will permit me. Perhaps I had better take an umbrella." Thus equipped he strode down the path to the landing. There was no one there. There were the wraps in "The Ruby" as Kate had left them; the lunch-basket was on the wharf; the sail was loosed from the stops, and was ready to hoist; but the old boat was gone. Climbing the hill half way to the house, he could see it far out on the bay. "Surely they can't have gone out in this weather," he thought, forgetting how pleasant it was an hour ago. "Perhaps they are in the boat-house;" and with hasty strides he reached the door.

"O Villiers!" hailed Sam, out of the half gloom, "you don't say that you have come at last! Are you all ready? I believe a little dinner would please me now as well as any thing;" and he rose leisurely from a pile of fishing-gear he had been overhauling, at the *same time* knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"Where is Kate?" asked Villiers, almost fiercely.

"Kate?" was the reply, in a tone of surprise. "Hasn't she come back yet? She went out for a sail an hour — My God!" as, emerging from the gloom, Sam looked hurriedly at the sky. "It is going to blow a hurricane, and she is out there alone. Why don't she get her sails down, and reef them? She must see that there is a squall coming on."

"Come!" shouted Villiers, as, plunging down the hill, he leaped aboard "The Ruby." "We are wasting time: we must go for her. No girl could manage that boat in such a storm as we are going to have. Hand me that basket;" and he stowed it away, together with the wraps. "Now the oars; you take in a reef, and I will pull her out."

"Wait!" shouted back Sam, half-way up the hill. "I must tell mother. Wait! I must tell her."

Mrs. Wentworth met him at the door, and understood but too well. The sea! Was it indeed to be the grave of all she loved? She drew him to her an instant, in a close and tearful embrace; and then he dashed down the path, just in time, for Villiers with boundless impatience had reefed and hoisted the sail, and cast off just as Sam sprang aboard. It was his love's life that was waiting, — more to him than all the world.

Villiers had already possessed himself of the oars, and was pulling like a giant. Sam stood at the tiller, watching the threatening clouds. It seemed as though the storm must burst every second; but it held off. It was necessary to change their course, on passing into the bay; and if they could fairly get outside before the

squall came, they would escape a dangerous passage through a narrow, rocky, and tortuous channel, which both feared they might not otherwise accomplish.

"Let me take the oars," said Sam; for it seemed impossible to stand there doing nothing.

"No. We are doing as well as we can;" and indeed the boat was ploughing rapidly through the water.

"There it comes!" shouted Sam. "In with your oars, or you will lose them. We shall certainly need another reef." They were half through the narrow channel, when the squall struck them broadside. The boat careened till the standing-room was half full of water; but they must clear the ledge, just now to leeward of them, or go down in the attempt. It was only half a minute, and then they were past it, out in the bay; and, as the boat's head fell away, she rose promptly to even keel, and, getting square before it, almost buried herself as she plunged forward.

"There she is!" cried Sam, getting sight, for the first time, of the chase. "The squall hasn't struck her yet; one of the sails is part way down. Why don't she lower them? She must see it coming."

Villiers, working with tremendous force, was bailing out a ton of water, and just glanced ahead.

"There goes the mainsail like a kite. Ah! the foresail holds, and she falls off. We *must* overhaul her soon!"

Then the thick-flying spray hid the object of their chase from view; and both young men looked forward with agonizing expectancy and straining eyes, with hats gone, and hair blown wildly about: they too could only wait.

From the windows of the house, Mrs. Wentworth, with white face and straining eyes, watched the young fellows pull out on to the bay, saw the storm burst in its fury; and in a few seconds all was hidden from view. Words cannot tell her grief. She stood mute and motionless while the old house rocked on its foundations; and branches torn from trees, bricks from chimneys, loose boards, and clouds of dust, flying past in mad confusion, bore witness to the violence of the blast. It was almost past her comprehension; and she too could only wait.

Still the little "Ruby" hasted on. It seemed as if she had been built for this hour. Almost any other boat in such a hurricane, and under such a press of canvas, must soon have run herself under; a lighter sail must have gone to tatters at the first burst of the tempest; a single flaw in the mast would have sent it by the board. The strain was terrible; but every thing was new and staunch, and every thing held. The pace was grand, terrific almost. They seemed to leap from wave to wave, and at times to shoot from the water.

"There she is, Sam!" shouted Villiers, in a suppressed voice, and pointing nervously, — "way off there, to right of us!"

"If things only hold together five minutes longer!" said Sam between his teeth, as he changed his course; and then, with that second attack of the storm, they saw the sail blown into shreds. Villiers's face grew white, as he saw the helpless old boat broach to, and knew what must soon follow. The seconds were like hours. They were almost within hailing distance: if she would only look around, and take courage! But

Kate's thoughts are no longer of safety, no longer of life. Villiers raised his voice: it was lost in the war of the elements. A sea rolling crosswise turned the boat broadside to the wind; a broken-crested mountain of water filled and sank her before their very eyes.

"My God!" said Sam, wildly. "And there is nothing for her to cling to. I stripped the boat of every thing, this very morning."

"Ha!" shouted Villiers, galvanized into life, "she is floating! see, on top of that wave. Shout! she must hear us." And again and again they sent their voices over the waters. The sound reached her ears, and revived her heart, though her eyes were blinded by the salt spray.

"Now, Sam," said Villiers, desperately, "do you steer for your very life, and I will pick her up. As soon as I catch her, clamp the tiller, and help me pull her in."

He nerved himself for the struggle: he summoned all the forces of his manhood to this one effort. Reader, you cannot know the dread danger of failure, or the fearful effort that alone could crown success. They were shooting on with a desperate speed which no power of theirs could abate; now plunging into a huge wave, now toppling on the crest of a breaker, now dropping down, down into a yawning abyss. They stood breathless, almost heart-sick. She rose on top of the next wave; there was a dive downward like a flash, a struggle, a sound of rushing water; and with a superhuman effort such as scarcely any other man could be capable of, before Sam could render aid, he drew her into the boat, half drowned, senseless, but alive. Villiers's clutch on her arm left its marks for months.

Sam flung his arms around Villiers's neck, and kissed him; and they both cried for joy.

When the Glee Club and the Pierian Sodality gave their annual concert on Wednesday evening before Class Day, Sam was in his place among the *bassi secundi*, as if nothing unusual had transpired; and Mrs. Wentworth and Kate, and Villiers, Miss Eldredge, Will Adams, and Mr. Cartier, were a part of the brilliant company that thronged the little hall in spite of the pouring rain; for it is said always to rain on the occasion of this concert. If Kate was more quiet than was her wont, the friends missed her sparkling talk and merry laughter without guessing the cause; and no one was surprised that Mr. Villiers should be more abstracted, grave, and dignified than usual.

The next day was a busy one. The final preparations for the festival of the college year were completed. The lawn in front of Holworthy had been clipped and rolled, the walks also trimmed and swept and sprinkled and rolled; bright dresses fluttered hither and thither. Class Day eve came at last; and with many an anxious look at the cloudy sky, and many an earnest wish for a fair morrow, the Senior retired to be fresh and strong for the duties and pleasures of the morning.

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XXXI.

CLASS DAY.

The day dawned at last, on which the class — a unit for four years — met together for the last time; and for the first and last time the characters in this little story also are all of them brought together.

The morning was bright. "Wake up, chum!" shouted Sam, knocking on the partition of Huntingdon's room. "Wake up, and see what a glorious morning it is: it has rained during the night, and is clear;" and he leaned half out of the window to survey the azure sky. He dodged in again, however, just in time to escape a drenching from water showered down from the window above by Longstreet, who, ever alert, had heard his first call. Almost instantly there was a shout through all Holworthy, a cry of "Heads out!" Frowzy heads and white shoulders protruded from all the rear windows of the Hall. There was a universal exclamation of delight at the prospect of fine weather. Sleep for the Seniors was at an end. Class Day had begun!

Sam breakfasted with his mother and Kate, as he had done every day since their sojourn in Cambridge. "Some one must go for Ruth: I am afraid I can't get off," he said, as they rose from the table.

"Mother and I will go," exclaimed Kate. "We can

take a carriage, and drive to the station for her. For one, I am dying to see her, and have been for a year. I believe you don't care half as much about it as I do," she added, with an impatient glance at her brother's cool, easy indifference.

"No, probably not. There are very few emotions so strong as female curiosity. Now, don't crush her with your grand airs, Kate, as you generally do young ladies when you meet them for the first time. Remember she is a tender little thing, and be kind to her for my sake."

"How are we to distinguish her from others? We have never met her," suggested Mrs. Wentworth.

"You ladies never more than half conclude your arrangements. She should have worn a pale red rose in her hair," said Sam, enjoying Kate's perplexity.

"Pale red nonsense!" returned that young lady. "We counted on you, to be sure, to go and meet the 'tender little thing' with us. Who could have guessed your time was going to be so immensely precious?"

"There seems to be no help for it now," said Sam, not ill pleased; and they drove swiftly up to Porter's, where they waited for the train that was to bring Ruth; the ladies in the carriage on the bridge, Sam on the platform below. It came at last; and Sam scanned carefully the company of gayly attired ladies thronging the platform, for the childish and bewitching face so well remembered.

"I don't see her," he said: "women are always late; left behind, I dare say!" and he was more disappointed than he would have believed he could be, when a soft touch was laid on his arm. He turned; and, lo! it was Ruth. But how changed! What may not a year and a

half at a fashionable boarding-school accomplish in the way of transforming a simple, unaffected child into an elegant young lady? What is there in the matter of social difficulties that can daunt a bright Yankee girl, after such advantages?

"I should hardly have known you," exclaimed Sam, with ill-concealed surprise and pleasure at the bewildering vision; and he kissed — who would not? — two sweet lips that were put up to him with the utmost simplicity and confidence. It was plain that there was no change in her heart, however much Ruth might have been transformed in appearance: Sam had been too truly her hero to be forgotten in a year and a half. But how much did that kiss, and the easy indifference with which it was bestowed, tell her of the change that had taken place in this whilom lover of hers! He had forgotten her, — forgotten his kindness as he used to be kind! She flushed with shame and mortification: then her face paled, and her lip quivered, as her disappointment struck chill to her heart. It was only for a second: an air of determined gayety came at her summons, and she took on a dignity and reserve that Kate herself could hardly have surpassed. It was plain that, if Sam should want any more favors, he would have to begin at the beginning like another, and work for them.

But Ruth had taken his arm; and they were chatting merrily as they climbed the steps to the bridge above, and approached the carriage. Kate darted an eloquent look at her brother, as he handed in the guest, and whispered, "A 'tender little thing,' I should think," as she made room for him beside her, in a way that made

it difficult enough for the young man to suppress his mirth. In spite of herself, she contrived to awe the young lady not a little; and the poor child, not yet recovered from that first disappointment and chagrin, nestled close to Mrs. Wentworth, in whom she instinctively felt she had a friend.

The momentary embarrassment passed quickly away: Kate's kind heart soon won the stranger's shy confidence; and was she not now where for months she had been dreaming she should be? Sam was too genuine a son of Adam to stand on his dignity long: the charming girl so near him was too attractive not to rouse all his gallantry, even if she had not been an old sweetheart. He would hardly attempt the rôle of grandfather again with her. Before the short drive was ended, he was as devoted and "splendid" as the most exacting young lady could desire.

"I must tear myself away," he said, mournfully, looking down at her fresh beauty, "and don my harness; but I'll be back as soon as possible; and please remember you are my guest to-day, and that you are not even to smile at any one else. Ah! here comes Haskill;" and the young doctor came up, and was presented. "Mother and Ruth are to have my seats in the church; you and Kate will have to range for yourselves."

"Which, through the courtesy of Villiers, we are very capable of doing," said Haskill, holding up two bits of white pasteboard; "that is, if Miss Kate will accept of my escort."

Sam had lifted his hat, and strode off; and the rest of the party entered the house, Kate and the doctor in the rear.

As the orator of the day, Villiers had the honor of walking down the aisle and across the street arm in arm with the President; and that gentleman too was pleased to bestow his sincerest praise on what the student had said.

Sam lost no time in seeking out his mother and Ruth; and, with one on each arm, sauntered slowly along, with hundreds of others, towards Holworthy and the spreads. It was a proud and happy moment for every Senior; the very highest pinnacle of college glory; and Sam, for he was quite overflowing with happiness, ran on with a string of talk vastly entertaining to Ruth at least; and presently they arrived at the rooms in the old hall, where they found Kate and Haskill already in possession, the guests fast arriving, and the spread in readiness. A spread given by so many and so distinguished Seniors as this one was (for among its hosts were the orator, two of the marshals, a member of the Class Day committee, and the odist) could not but be a very brilliant and fashionable affair; and, for the next two hours, there was a jam of elegant ladies and gentlemen thronging this particular entry and these particular rooms: yes, a veritable jam, that sadly disordered the attire of the ladies, and made them flushed and breathless. Little rivulets of melted cream trickled down on to their elegant drapery; strawberries and bits of salad were trodden into the fabric of their robes. It was almost impossible to breathe sometimes, and frequently quite impossible to stir; but the young people seemed to enjoy it, and will probably, as long as these occasions bring them pleasantly together, and afford an opportunity for feasting and flirting, and the display of elegant toilets.

"They like the eating part too," said Haskill to Kate. She had received a score of invitations, and under the doctor's protecting escort had visited many spreads, and paid her compliments to the hosts, and was now ensconced in the cool, comfortable window-seat in her brother's room. "Do you see that delicate creature in pink?" Haskill asked, pointing out of the window. "She has been to six spreads to my certain knowledge, and has had a generous supply of salad, strawberries and cream, and ices, at each occasion; and is evidently not yet disposed to cry, 'Hold! enough!' See her crowd up the steps."

"Nonsense!" said Kate, laughing merrily. "You must be mistaken."

"Not a bit," returned the doctor, stoutly. "I declare," he continued, "it is a good thing to see Villiers dispense his hospitality: he is as polite as some of those old fellows you read about in books, isn't he?"

"I must agree with you this once," Kate replied, with a smile. She had seen little of her lover thus far during the day; but she felt that the splendidly noble part he had enacted was all hers, and she could wait with perfect content for the attentions which in good time were sure also to be hers.

Ruth had been pleased to keep very near to Mrs. Wentworth; and Sam had been both attentive and vigilant, and turned off any number of gentlemen who had been eager to carry her away. The young lady was content and happy, — as happy as she had dreamed she might be. All Kate's friends had been most kind to her; and she had found time to say a great deal to Mrs. Wentworth.

"I was terribly afraid of Mr. Villiers at first. I had a feeling that he disliked or distrusted me."

"I am sure it must have been quite groundless," said Mrs. Wentworth.

"Oh, yes, indeed! he has been more than kind; but he has a way of looking through one, that is very uncomfortable. Do you not think so?"

"I think I have noticed it; but he does not mean to cause distress."

"Oh, no, indeed! I don't mind it at all now. Oh, I owe every thing to him, more than I shall ever be able to repay. I might have been with aunty still; and I was so very, very wretched. There was over six thousand dollars of my interest-money that had accumulated in her hands; and Mr. Villiers made her produce every dollar, and told the judge that he thought my services had more than recompensed her for any trouble or expense she had been at on my account; and the judge said he thought so too. It was wicked, I know, but I couldn't help hating her; and I was delighted to see her frightened, as she most thoroughly was."

"She must have been a very unamiable person."

"Mr. Villiers has been to the school to see me several times, to see how I was coming on; and that I have had the best possible care and instruction is owing to his good offices, I am sure."

Then Lyman came to claim Kate for a waltz in Harvard Hall. "I have been feeding the hungry long enough, and am going to dispense with my hospitality for the present. It will be less crowded than later in the afternoon;" and the twain disappeared down the stairs.

By this time the music of the band playing for the dancers on the green below came up strong and clear; and few remained in the rooms save the especial friends of the Seniors. Sam came up to the group around his mother, looking hot and tired.

"I believe Class Day is hard work: don't you find it so, Will?"

"Yes; it is a consolation that it comes only once," said Adams: "it has been a task, though a pleasant one, these last two hours."

"I knew he would be quite worn out if he remained there any longer entertaining those stupid people: so I fairly rescued him from his friends, and brought him in here to enjoy a little rest with Mrs. Wentworth," said Mary Eldredge.

"You haven't tasted a morsel of any thing yourself," said Ruth, looking shyly up at Sam.

"I believe I haven't, though I had forgotten it;" and the young man looked ruefully at the melted cream, and the unsavory fragments of the feast.

"I think there must be something more tempting in that apartment," said Ruth, giving a nod at the room where the caterers had established their headquarters. "I am interested to know," continued the girl, with an honest blush, "because I am hungry myself. I thought you might prefer even my poor company to feasting alone, and have waited for you."

"That is just splendid!" exclaimed Sam, his face flushing with pleasure. A requisition on the ebony gentlemen was forthwith honored by an abundance of fresh viands; and the two seated themselves in the recess of the eastern window for a cosey lunch.

"Hunger is the best sauce; but I have something better for this feast," said Sam, presently.

"Indeed! what is that?"

"Somebody that I haven't seen for a year and a half," he said, with an admiring glance at the lovely face so near him.

She had not lost that trait of changing expression with every varying feeling, which of old used to be her chiefest charm; and, as Sam looked at her, her confusion was complete.

"You have not improved in the least," she said, coolly, after a moment.

"That certainly is more than can be said of every one I know," Sam replied, with a bow.

Ruth flushed with pleasure and pride at this: had she not worked with all the energy in her power, that this compliment might be deserved?

"What is his majesty perplexing himself about now?" asked Ruth, as the ice-cream disappeared before Sam's silent but determined attack, while a doubtful expression settled over his face.

"I was wondering what in the deuce I have been thinking of, that two people have not met for a year and a half," he said, honestly.

"I have wondered why many times," Ruth replied, in a soft voice.

"Do you remember the first time we had tea together in your aunt's house? It was different from our feast to-day; but I believe I never enjoyed a pleasanter hour," said Sam.

"Can I ever forget it?" said Ruth, tenderly, "or how you wrapped me in your own great-coat, and scolded me

all the way home, getting quite drenched yourself all the time?"

If it was necessary, as it seemed to be in the morning, for Sam to begin and win Ruth's favor over again, he had done his work so well the first time, that it would be an easy matter now. He was very near her: their faces were very close together as they sat in the window's recess, talking over those bygone days; they were both well pleased. It seemed for the moment as though an engagement might have to be chronicled as one of the results of Class Day; but the Fates — naughty trio — had decreed otherwise. Who was that looking through the doorway at the happy pair as they sat billing and cooing, half hidden by the drapery of the window? Had this woman come with her impassive, cold, fascinating beauty, all the way across the ocean, to separate these two now so nearly drawn together? Had she come to unsay the word she had spoken two years ago? At least she was there! There was a rustle of drapery on the threshold; Sam's eyes glanced towards the door; the color faded out of his face; he sprang forward with an exclamation. Yes, it was she! it was Rose Thorne! and as Sam stood before her, looking into those calm, wondrous eyes, and listening to that familiar and well-loved voice, the two years that had gone by were like forgotten dreams, and he was as much her slave (and he knew it too) as he had ever been in his most devoted moment. Ah, yes; freedom is a grand thing, a glorious heritage; but it is not for you, my bonny Senior, at least not as yet. And Ruth, who sat there quite forgotten amid the confusion and surprise attendant upon the arrival of this new and

unexpected guest, — did not the poor child take it all in at a glance? Could she fail to recognize the destroyer of her happiness, so nearly made perfect, in that beautiful, emotionless face? "Discipline, discipline! education and discipline: that is the true end of life:" it almost seemed as though our worthy friend Villiers uttered the words, as he comprehended it all; as he saw the flush on Sam's face, and the glitter in his eye, which he had been wont to note there of old; and the desperate look about the little white mouth half hidden in the recess of the window. "It is not to be happy; it is not to have one's heart's desire; it is not to be successful in our plans, or to prosper in our undertakings: it is to be disciplined after God's own will into the perfections of manhood and womanhood, — that is the true end and object of life." The words seemed almost to ring in the air. It might well be asked how a little of his theory would fit his own broad shoulders. He had certainly never had it to wear as yet.

Lyman, with Kate on his arm, had at length elbowed his way up the steps into Harvard Hall, where the "round" dances were in order. "It will not be so crowded if we go in for the first," he had said.

"I do not see how it could well be much more crowded," was Kate's thought as they revolved quickly, keeping time with the delicious waltz-music. Dancing in this close, crowded hall on the hot June afternoon, when the air soon became filled with a thick, fine dust, while the slightest exertion caused a profuse perspiration, and where no cooling breeze, no refreshing

draught of air could come, used to be a Class-Day custom. Delicate girls who would not have thought they could walk half a mile used to dance there by the hour, the whirling waltz, the quick-moving galop, — while outside under the broad-spreading elms, beneath the cool shade and on the firm green turf, with comfort, and opportunity for pleasant chatting, and room in abundance, the band would vainly summon the dancers to what would seem a most attractive pastime. The many who came to see the dancing on the green, and the hundreds who could not gain admission to the hall, would promenade around the enclosure. The windows above were always filled with spectators, but the dancers were not there.

"Excuse me, but please take me out," said Kate, after the first round; and she leaned heavily on Lyman's arm, till after a struggle they gained the open air once more, and wended their way back to Holworthy, where greatly to her surprise and joy she found her dear friend Rose.

The hours passed slowly but steadily away with music and dancing, and chatting and flirting, and all the gayeties of Class Day. The throng grew denser, as the afternoon waned; the square became quite choked with vehicles; for hundreds came to see the exercises at the tree, who cared for nothing else.

The tree, a noble elm, around which the class was to meet at eventide, and sing "Auld Lang Syne," stands almost in the centre of a little quadrangle formed by the rear of Hollis, Harvard Hall, a side of Holden Chapel, and Harvard Square; the intervening space being rather more than a hundred feet wide, and a

hundred and fifty feet long. A stout rope had been stretched around the tree, enclosing a circle of perhaps a hundred feet diameter. Late in the afternoon our old friend the janitor brought a heap of little bunches of flowers, which he proceeded to fasten securely to the tree eight or nine feet from the ground, girdling its old trunk with a beautiful garland. As the last bunch in the wreath was secured, he removed his ladder, and smiled complacently on his work. "I believe that will puzzle them," he thought, as he walked quietly away. How many years he had performed this service, he alone knew; but it came around once for every class, and was his last duty for them, and his pleasantest.

Before these preparations were fully completed, the space between the rope and the buildings, by no means a large one, had begun to fill up; and it was not long before every inch of standing-room was taken. The day had been hot; and the sun, though low in the sky, poured its burning rays full upon the expectant company, who waited with the utmost patience, and endured the discomfort of the situation without a murmur. Every one of the hundred windows that commanded a view of the tree was set with bright faces; the dance and the promenade were deserted; and the attention of every one was centred on the most interesting feature of the day soon to occur.

For the last time the Seniors had formed in front of Holworthy; but how different was the appearance they presented from that gathering in the morning, when each man had been in faultless attire! All the oldest and most shocking hats had been reserved for this occasion, and were now donned; while on their tops or

fronts, pasted in large white figures, appeared the year of the class. Old coats, which might still be decent, had been substituted for the swallow-tails; and the class, before so gentlemanly in appearance, stood transformed into a rabble of rowdyish and seedy-looking characters.

In this guise, with the band at their head, they visited in turn each of the buildings, and with three or nine cheers passed on. They then planted the class ivy at Gore Hall. The round face and rounder figure of the librarian greeted them at its wide-open portal, and the old library echoed with their ringing salute and the tramp of their feet; thence they marched on to the tree, the band playing the class song.

Within the enclosure, about the tree, gathered in a group by themselves, stood the Freshmen, — Freshmen no more after this day, but now about to be "roughed" for the last time by the Sophs. They were making their preparations for the struggle that was presently to come, quietly, but with a determination that spoke for itself. They had resolved that there should be no flinching, and that their ring should not be broken; and they were grasping one another's hands with a clutch that became more nervous as the dread moment drew near.

In a second part of the circle stood the Sophomores, assembled in full force. It was their business to break the ring which the Freshmen would presently form, as speedily and in as many places as possible; to drown the cheers of the Freshmen with their own lusty yells, and to improve to the utmost this final opportunity of making it uncomfortable for the young fellows. Mean-

time the Juniors, collected in a group, were recruiting their ranks in a way that excited the amusement of the spectators. The Juniors as a general thing do not care to turn out for this tree business, many preferring to look on from some comfortable position, with the ladies, to whom they can explain the proceedings. They have been there as Freshmen, to stand up for their rights; as Sophomores, to bully their inferiors; they must perforce go when they shall be Seniors: what wonder that they like to beg off this once? There was quite a little group of them, however, within the circle; and these seemed determined to make it uncomfortable for the shirkers, who were screening themselves behind the ladies at the windows, now and then peering out at their classmates below. As they caught sight of such a one, it was, "One, two, three," and a shout of "Dixon!" from the entire body, which performance they repeated until Dixon came down and joined them; after which another shirker was singled out and summoned in the same noisy manner.

The music of the band had been heard for some time, and the distant "Rah! rah! rah!" of the Seniors, as hall after hall was saluted; the sounds came nearer, and grew plainer; the tramp of feet became audible; and amid the cheers of the undergraduates, the plaudits of the spectators, and many exclamations of wonder and delight at their remarkable appearance, the Seniors marched rapidly into the circle, and took their stand in the remaining vacant space. The marshal waved his baton, and all was still; then the hundred students sang their class song, after which the cheering began. They cheered first their own and the three lower

classes, each class in turn joining in and swelling the salute, till it came to the Freshmen, when there was raised a tremendous howl by the Sophomores. There was something indescribably stirring about these class salutes. Then they cheered everybody, — the President and the goodies, the Faculty and the pocos, the proctors and the professors, while the ladies came in for three times three, and then as many more; after which they cheered the classes again, and once more there was silence.

Again the marshal raised his baton; and at the signal the dense groups of students who had thus far stood separate in the four parts of the enclosure were galvanized into sudden activity; and almost in a second of time four complete rings, each of a hundred men, had formed around the old elm. It was indeed a pretty movement, and the spectators murmured their admiration. The rings thus formed stood motionless, the Seniors nearest the tree; the Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, in due order.

"After the Seniors have sung 'Auld Lang Syne,'" said Hawes, "I will wave my hand, and the classes will move around the tree, the Seniors and Sophomores to the right, the Juniors and Freshmen to the left. When I hold up my baton, the running will cease."

He nodded to the chorister, who started the song.

The Freshmen who formed the outside ring stood nervously waiting for the running to begin, breathing hard, and with hand grasping hand. The Sophomores were also expectant; but their attitude and appearance boded ill to the Freshmen. It was a moment of intense interest.

Meantime the Seniors, hand in hand, were singing their farewell song; swinging their arms to the rhythm of the music, slowly at first, they increased the movement till it could be no faster, when Hawes gave the long-looked-for signal, and the running around the tree began.

It lasted for a few seconds only: the marshal held up his baton almost immediately; but the action which in the outside rings had degenerated into a tussle between the two lower classes was kept up longer there. The Freshman line was soon broken in a score of places, some hard knocks were given and taken, and more than one pair rolled in the dust in a close embrace; but it was all without malice, and forgotten the next day.

The Seniors, as soon as Tom held up his baton, one and all made a rush for the garlands of flowers about the tree; and the attention of all was soon fixed on this surging mass, leaping, climbing, jumping, and vainly trying to reach the wreath.

"They are too far from the ground; no one can reach them at that height!" exclaimed Ruth; and for a time it appeared as though the garland must remain unbroken. If one climbed on to the shoulders of a classmate, the moment he approached the tree, and stretched forth his hand to pluck the flowers almost within his grasp, an unfriendly hand was sure to pull him prone to the ground.

"There goes Sam with Longstreet astride his shoulders!" cried Kate: "they will be more successful;" and all watched the two Seniors working their way through the throng towards the tree. Sam elbowed his way slowly but with unflagging perseverance; and Longstreet

successfully beat off all assailants, striking mercilessly right and left, and maintained his position in spite of all attempts to dislodge him. The clapping of a thousand hands resounded, as the little fellow plucked the first bouquet from the wreath, and, turning deliberately toward the window from which our friends were looking down, kissed his hand to the ladies. Then he scattered the nosegays among the students below him. Villiers with Adams on his shoulders had attacked the wreath on the opposite side; others had climbed to it on the shoulders of classmates; and in a trice the tree was stripped bare, and every man had some of the flowers.

But all was not over, though the end was near. For a moment there was quiet; and then came the parting scene, when these classmates of four years rushed into one another's embraces. These two had pulled many a mile together in the same boat; these two had for four years sat side by side at recitation, lecture, and examination; these, kindred pursuits and congenial tasks have led along the same pleasant paths; the bonds of the same society have brought these very close together. The petty jealousies of clique were forgotten, and for once the warm feeling of brotherhood melted down the reserve of the coldest; and the blows of the old hats, and the sometimes rough embraces, were often but the cloakings of warm emotions and tender feelings. The sun set as the boisterous demonstrations were ended; and the crowd dispersed, for the crowning event of the day was ended.

Thus far it had been hard work for our Seniors, a day no one of them would care to go through with again; but a cosey tea in the gray twilight, at which all

the friends were present, was a delightful and restful re-union. Villiers had had many demands upon his time; but his duties were now over, and he was ready to relieve Haskill of his charge. Kate turned to him with a look that made him forget that he was tired, as she was wont in after-days, when her lord was weary with toil, to charm him into fresh life with a touch or a caress.

In truth, it had been hardly more than a look that had pledged these two to walk the journey of life together. He had put out his hand, she had put hers in it; and thereafter each belonged to the other. It would have needed an unusually close observer to discover that they were more than very good friends, even in after-years. Villiers never abated towards his wife one whit of the grave, considerate courtesy that had marked his days of courtship.

Ruth, after her cruel awakening from that blissful afternoon dream, had shown a very proper spirit indeed. She had flirted desperately with Dr. Haskill, whom she declared to be "perfectly splendid;" had danced with him in Harvard Hall, not minding the heat or the dust; had quite ignored "Mr. Wentworth," — and had been very unhappy. She sat nestled close to Mrs. Wentworth in the deepening twilight, a hand in one of hers, so quiet. If any one could have seen her heart, if Sam could have seen it — but he was devoting himself to Rose.

"Stay for the evening, and let me drive you home," he pleaded, in a whisper; and as gracefully, pleasantly, charmingly as ever, Rose replied, "Yes, I will stay."

The illuminations were not yet quite ready; the music for the promenaders had not arrived; it was not time yet for the President's reception; and all our friends gathered in the twilight were inclined to be very quiet. Yes, they were all together here, — Sam and his mother and sister, Villiers and Huntington and Cartier, Rose and Ruth, Miss Eldredge and Adams, Lyman and Haskill. Happy, if quiet, one would say. Ah! there is envy, jealousy, despair, and passion, as well as peace, rest, and content, in some of these hearts.

As the class had assembled for the last time to-day, so have those whom the Fates have brought together at this hour met for the last time in the pages of this little story.

The jam at the President's reception was immense, an hour later. "What any one goes there for, Miss Leigh, when it is so much pleasanter outside, is more than I could ever understand," said the doctor, as he and Ruth with difficulty escaped from the crowd to the soft lawn.

"For the entertainment, I should say," replied Ruth, sarcastically.

"Yes, that's good: I never thought of that;" and they strolled slowly down to the enclosed space, where the band was discoursing soft music, interspersed with the songs of the Glee Club. The lights on the trees twinkled sleepily, and the throng of promenaders glided noiselessly along, half visible in the gloom. The doctor was more than charmed with his companion. "If I could only have a little of Wentworth's luck," he

thought, "how grateful I should be!" and he made himself agreeable to the best of his powers, telling her now about some wonderful surgical operation at which he had assisted, now about his home in the West, and the "perfect trump" of an old man who was waiting for him there, and the glorious field for work and usefulness spread out before him. He was really eloquent. Suddenly Ruth remarked, —

"You know all about Sam's attachment for Rose Thorne, doctor. Tell me about it: is it a hopeless case?"

This was rather a hard blow; but Haskill did not flinch.

"Yes," he said after pausing a moment to take breath, "I do know as much about it as anybody. I saw them when they first met at the regatta ball; and since then it has been a hopeless case in more senses than one."

"Please explain."

"Well, she'll never marry him; and for his sake I hope she won't. She was at his house all that first summer, and he was devoted; all the next year he danced attendance; and then she went off, and left him disconsolate."

"That is in 'one sense:' now the other, please," with a nervous little laugh.

"Well, Sam — he" — and the doctor hesitated.

"He is too infatuated to take No for an answer."

"Yes, that is about the truth in plain English."

"Thank you," she said, very softly.

Other words fell on the air of this summer night, from figures that passed noiseless in the gloom: —

"I can't see what is going to be gained by waiting, Mary, or why we can't be married at once, say Monday."

"Oh, Will! I must have time to get ready first."

"You have had four years. I gave you fair warning that I wouldn't wait an hour after Class Day. We shall be too late for Switzerland if we delay."

* * * * * *

"I am going back to Paris. It is the only place in the world. It was a foolish day when I took it into my head to come here. It has been wasted time."

"And you regret the four years, Mr. Huntingdon? There have been those who have found much good in them."

"Yes," bitterly: "your brother, for one, is wonderfully improved. But, after all, it is boys' play. Cartier and I sail to-morrow."

"Yes; I have my degree, my father has relented, the position is waiting for me; and I am sure to have my revenge on this gentleman, though it is long deferred."

* * * * * *

"My dear Mrs. Wentworth, you place the matter in too strong a light. I have been careful for Sam, as I best knew how to be, because the splendid young fellow has been dearer to me than a brother. That he is successfully and safely through college" —

* * * * * *

"Rose," said Sam with a faltering laugh, "there must be some requisite, some ideal standard that can be achieved. Tell me what it is."

"No, Sam, there is none. But," and the words came so faint and low that he had to bend his ear to catch them as they fell from her lips, "before I could marry a man, I should have to feel and know that I could not live without him."

* * * * * *

Perhaps we cannot part with our friends better than to leave them thus wandering under the elms.

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